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JOHN WILMOT
EARL OF ROCHESTER

COLLECTED WORKS OF
JOHN WILMOT
EARL OF
ROCHESTER

Edited by
JOHN HAYWARD



THE NONESUCH PRESS

16 *Great James Street, W.C.*

MCMXXVI

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The Dedication

TO
F. L. LUCAS



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PREFATORY NOTE

THE Earl of Rochester's work has never been edited. For the last hundred years or more it has never been reprinted. The eighteenth century kept the memory of him alive by frequent editions of some of his poems. They were for the most part obscene, so that a demand for them was nothing unusual. The greater part, and generally the best part, of his work was forgotten. Eleven years after Rochester's death, Thomas Rymer, collaborating with that excellent publisher Jacob Tonson, produced a text which compares favourably with its predecessors and which was used by Johnson in his edition of the English Poets. In the nineteenth century his political satires were reprinted privately, and recently a short selection of his lyrics has been published in one of a series of poetic anthologies (The Pembroke Booklets). None of the many other editions of his poems show signs of editorial supervision.

This edition is nothing more than the largest collection of his poems and letters that has yet appeared in print. In no sense is it a definitive edition; the bibliography of his work is hardly less involved than that of Defoe's, and quite impossible to establish with any degree of assurance or satisfaction. Since his poems were written without a thought of futurity, it is unlikely that all of them will be found; certain poems compare so closely with those of his certain composition as to be attributable to him. But such attributions are not permanent, based only on fragmentary and often insufficient evidence, and are lucky if they are acceptable to other editors.

Some will say, some have already said, that the Earl of Rochester is not worthy the honour of having his work collected and discussed. Accordingly he has been, and will continue to be, unjustly neglected. In his lifetime he was a subject for scandal and admiration, while his poems received equal measures of praise and blame. To-day it is far less easy to understand or to appreciate either him or his work, and until more light is thrown, not only on the literature of the Restoration, but also on the life of the age itself, both must remain in obscurity. What history conceals, fancy cannot bring to light. The period of Rochester's life, the last decade of the seventeenth century, is full of subjects for romance: "*wovon man nicht sprechen kann, darüber muß man schweigen.*"

The main outlines of Rochester's life are given in Grammont's Memoirs, in Bishop Burnet's Life and Death of the Earl of Rochester, and in an account of him, attributed to Saint Evremond, in a letter to the Duchess of Mazarine. Minor details are to be found in manuscripts and miscellanea of the period, and these are mentioned where necessary in footnotes.

Throughout my work I have been helped and encouraged by Mr. F. L. Lucas and Mr. Charles Whibley. I owe much to Messrs. Birrell and Garnett for their kindness in lending me books. I have also to thank the Rev. Montague Summers, a high authority on the literature of the Restoration, for his advice.



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ALL the editions of Rochester's poems were published posthumously. The abbreviation of his life and a disinclination to prepare his work for the press were a cause of labour greater than his editors were prepared to undertake, with the result that as little was known of the authenticity of his text in the year of his death as is known to-day. During his lifetime a few poems were stolen from him and printed anonymously in miscellanies; some broadsides were cried about the streets of London; for the rest, they were passed round from hand to hand, copied no doubt, added to, and after his death if there was anything left of the paper, collected by a publisher, or friends, and printed. The story is involved but romantic. The autograph manuscripts, like so many printed ephemera of the period, are lost and probably do not exist; what text the printer used lies beyond the bounds of conjecture, but it was often hopelessly corrupt and probably constituted by the aid of verbal memory. Edition after edition appeared, full of fresh matter, for many years, since the legend of Rochester's life and death was cherished far into the eighteenth century. It is almost impossible to know exactly what was written by him, what was taken from him, how much the manuscripts were altered or added to in the press, and how many of his poems found their way into the rare miscellanies of the period, for as Burnet says: "When anything extraordinary . . . came out, as a child is fathered sometimes by its resemblance, so it was laid at his door as its parent and author." Much, indeed, of Rochester's reputation as an obscene writer has been built up on attributions of this nature.

In 1680, the year of his death, some of his poems were collected and surreptitiously printed in a small volume in duodecimo: "Poems on Several Occasions, by the Rt. Hon. the E. of R. Antwerpen." (London.) The text is hopelessly corrupt, and contains poems by the Earl of Dorset, Oldham, Captain Radcliffe and doubtless others, although it is impossible to pierce the veil of anonymity behind which everything is concealed. In 1685, 1701 and 1702 there are reissues of this edition—"with modifications as by a late person of honour. Printed by A. Thornecombe." The text has been improved considerably. The most satisfactory edition with Jacob Tonson as publisher appeared for the first time in 1691, with omissions and additions, a preface by Rymer, and *Valentinian*, a tragedy, which had been printed six years earlier in quarto. "This book," says Rymer, "is a Collection of such Pieces only, as may be received in a virtuous Court, and not unbecome the Cabinet of the Severest Matron." It was reprinted in 1696 and 1705, and forms the basis of several later editions (e.g. 1710, to which is added *Advice to a Painter*). In 1707 a new collection was made: "The Miscellaneous Works of the Right Honourable the Late Earl of Rochester and Roscommon . . . Printed by B. Bragge." This contains, for the first time, Saint Évremond's account of Rochester's life in a letter to the Duchess Mazarine, and a collection of poems by divers hands. Edmund Curll issued a second edition in 1709. The same text with certain alterations was printed in 1711 and 1714. Tonson's text with the addition of Rochester's letters to Henry Savile and Mrs. Barry was printed in duodecimo in 1714 and 1732. Two unauthenticated and curious editions belong to the year 1718: (i) "The Works of the Rt. Hon. J. E. of R.,

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consisting of Satires, Songs and Translations and other occasional Poems." (ii) "Remains of the Rt. Hon. J. E. of R. being Satyrs, Songs and Poems. Never before published. From a Manuscript found in a Gentleman's Library that was contemporary with him." In 1721 began the long series of editions of the "Works of the Earls of Rochester, Roscommon, Dorset, the Duke of Devonshire, etc., in Two Volumes, adorn'd with Cuts." Later editions contain the notorious "Cabinet of Love" and other additions, besides Memoirs of the Authors. The best editions are those of the years 1731-1732 and 1739, but there are some ten reissues during the eighteenth century. In 1761 an anonymous publisher issued an extraordinary forgery, entitled: "The Poetical Works of that Witty Lord John Earl of Rochester, left in Ranger's Lodge in Woodstock Park where his Lordship died, and NEVER BEFORE PRINTED . . ." A Preface explains how the poems were given by Rochester on his death-bed to a manservant, who was commanded to have them destroyed, but who disobeyed his master's wishes, and dying many years after, left the manuscripts to his daughter. She, believing herself to be in possession of her father's will, visited a young advocate who told her what the papers were, and knowing her to be poor, received them instead of a fee. The story seems to be a mere fabrication, for few of the poems can be by Rochester.* Some of them had been published in 1718 in the second of the two editions mentioned. Almost all of them exist in two manuscript volumes, formerly at Oxford and now in the British Museum: Harleian MSS., 6913 and 6914: they were the source of the printed text. Some poems from this edition are reprinted here.

The miscellanies, if used with caution, are found to contain valuable material. The most reliable is the set of four volumes of Poems on Affairs of State (1697-1707); others are: Tate's Miscellany, (1685); "The Temple of Death," (1701); Gildon's Miscellany, (1698); "Examen Miscellaneum," (1702). There are many more, too numerous to be mentioned,† and I do not profess to have examined those that may exist in private collections outside the British Museum and the Bodleian. The same remark applies to unpublished manuscripts, hidden away, perhaps, but almost certainly extant.

The text of the poems in this edition is taken from various sources; these are mentioned in the Textual Notes. The predominant texts are those of the editions of 1685, 1691 and 1707. I am fully aware that the first business of an editor is to exclude all but the earliest editions and thus avoid the errors of most editors in the last century. Whereas that is the only sure way of re-editing work that can be regarded as authentic and accurate in its earliest form, in this case, even when allowance has been made for the inefficient and hurried work of the printing-house, it is impossible to trust implicitly to the first edition of the text. In matters of personal judgment the greatest care is needed, and I have guided my decisions with extreme caution. My aim has been to choose a text which, after a careful comparison with that of other editions, seems to be least corrupt, and most likely to be Rochester's. Some people may be disappointed at the absence of certain poems, which have been assigned to

* The 1761 edition contains corrections for the text of the first act of *Hamlet*, including the well-known emendation *PolPaxe* for *Pollax* (line 71) which is mentioned by Furness in his Variorum edition.

† Where use has been made of them, reference is given in the Textual Notes.

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Rochester in the past. Thus there are poems in this volume from the Cabinet of Love edition, but none from the Cabinet of Love section itself. I do not believe that the Earl of Rochester was the author of such incompetent pieces as "Bath Intrigues," "Lord Rochester on his Whore-pipe," "The Dream," "The Perfect Enjoyment," etc., which only appear in editions many years after his death and bear no resemblance to his authentic work. Moreover, commonplace books of the last quarter of the seventeenth century in the British Museum, though containing the greatest part of Rochester's work, do not record these particular pieces. Acquaintance with his poetry leads to a recognition of his peculiar style. For example, there is no mistaking his manner in the "Satire on Man," and "His Farewell to the Court," or even in pornographic poems, as the "Imperfect Enjoyment" and "The Charms of Hidden Treasure." It is not surprising, therefore, having concluded from internal evidence that many of the poems in the first edition are by different hands (e.g. "The Ramble," "The Satires on E.H.," etc.), to find that external evidence is in entire agreement. If more was known of Mr. Radcliffe,* Captain Ayloffe, and Mr. Fishbourne it would be possible to say who were the authors of much of the bawdy verse, wrongfully fathered on the Earl of Rochester.

There are people who would print, indiscriminately, all that has ever been attributed to Rochester, leaving to the intelligence and industry of the reader the labour of sorting the good from the bad. Personally, I do not wish to be numbered among the pedants. In printing the largest collection of Lord Rochester's work that has yet appeared, and in introducing it again after so many years, I have had to consider the patience of the reader as well as the reputation of the author.

The Earl of Rochester's adaptation of Fletcher's tragedy of "Valentinian" was first printed in the year 1685 in quarto with the following title-page: VALENTINIAN / A / TRAGEDY. / As'tis Alter'd by the late / Earl of ROCHESTER / And Acted at the / THEATRE-ROYAL. / Together with a Preface concerning the Author / and his Writings. / By one of his Friends. / (Printers Device) LONDON: / Printed for Timothy Goodwin of the Maiden-head against St. / Dunstons-Church in Fleet-street. 1685. All the later editions of Rochester's *Valentinian* in octavo and duodecimo are reprints of this quarto. The Preface, full of splendid praise for Lord Rochester's character and genius, was written by one of his intimate friends, Robert Wolseley, the eldest son of Sir Charles Wolseley.

Moreover, in the British Museum there is a manuscript† of Rochester's *Valentinian* that may well be the original text. The title reads: Lucina's Rape / or / The Tragedy of / Vallentinian / very much altered. /‡ The variant readings of the printed and manuscript versions are not considerable: in both there are additions and omissions, as well as differences in the arrangement of scenes.§ The quarto text was printed from a MS. copy used by the prompter at the first performance. By Genest we are told the names of the actors on this occasion. The actors, however, named in the manuscript are different; the difference gives rise to an interesting problem—the date

* His *Carnal Ejaculations*, London, 1683, contains several poems printed in the first edition of the Earl of Rochester's poems (1680).

† Add. MSS. 28692, 75 folios.

‡ These words have been inserted by a different pen.

§ Cf. Textual Notes to *Valentinian*, page 335.

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of composition. The following are names of the actors appended to the dramatis personæ of the quarto and MS. texts respectively:

<i>Manuscript.</i>		<i>Quarto, 1685.*</i>
Valentinian Emperour	Mr. Hart.†	Goodman.
Æcius, The Roman General	Mr. Moon.	
Maximus, Lt Generall	Mr. Winter—ell.†	Kynaston.
Pontius, a Captain	Mr. Liddle.	
Licinius	} Servants to the	
Balbus		
Proculus		
Emperour.		
Chylax	Mr. Cartwright.	
Lycias	Mr. Clarke.†	
Lucina	Mrs. Marshall.†	Mrs. Barrey
Claudia	Mrs. Cox.†	
Marcelina	Mrs. Boutall.	
Ardelia	Mrs. Cere.	
Phorbia	Mrs. Knept.	
Phidia		
Aretus		

There is no earlier record of a performance of *Valentinian* than the entry (L.C. 5/145. p. 120) among the plays acted by the united companies in the Lord Chamberlain's Department of the Public Record Office: Warrant dated Jan: 10th 1684/85 for plays acted from Nov. 5th 1677 to Jan. 2nd 1684/85: Feb: 11th at Valentinian—106.† Two other entries are interesting. The first is addressed to the actors at the Theatre Royal: "These are to require you to Act the Play called the Tragedy of Valentinian at Court before his Ma^e upon Munday night next being the Eleaventh of this moneth: Feb. 6th 1683/84." The second to the Lord Steward: "These are to signify unto you His Ma^es Pleasure that you give order for Candles, and all other usuall Allowances of Bread, Beere, Wine and Coales to bee delivered unto John Clarke Keeper of the Theatre in Whitehall for the use of His Ma^es Comoedians who are to act a Play at Court on Munday night next being the Eleaventh of february instant—And that you give order for Coales for ayreing the Play house the day before." Feb. 9th 1683/84. To the Duke of Ormond, Lord Steward."

From internal evidence of the names of the actors appended to the dramatis personæ of the manuscript, we must conclude that *Valentinian* was written before 1679, probably in the latter half of the previous year. Rochester's health was then failing;§ his interest in literature was also declining, and there is no doubt that the play was hurriedly put together. "I am desir'd to let the World know," writes Wolseley in

* Cf. Downes: *Roscius Anglicanus*, Genest.

† Hart did not act after the amalgamation of the theatres in 1682. He died 20th August, 1683. Mr. Wintershall, who died in 1679. Mrs. Marshall was not on the stage in 1680. Mr. Clarke and Mrs. Cox were not known after 1682.

‡ L.C. 7/1 and L.C. 5/145, page 14.

§ Cf. Rutland MSS., Vol. II, page 50: "Ld Rochester hath bin at the gates of Death."

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the Preface, "that my late Lord Rochester intended to have alter'd and corrected this Play much more than it is, before it had come abroad, and to have mended not only those Scenes of Fletcher which remain, but his own too, and the Model of the Plot itself. If therefore the Reader . . . think the Plot too thin, or any of the Scenes too long, 'tis hop'd he will be so just to remember, that he looks upon an unfinish'd Piece. . . . We have all the reason imaginable to conclude from the correctness of his other Poetry, that had he lived to put the last Hand to this, he wou'd have left true Criticks and impartial Judges no business but to admire."

Rochester intended to produce *Valentinian* in his lifetime and had chosen a cast for it; but the depression and weakness which overcame him in his fatal illness kept him away from the Court and Stage. His sensational decease and the widespread interest it produced in London were sufficient to guarantee a successful production of *Valentinian* even three years after. It was acted at the Theatre Royal in February, 1683-84, and published in quarto in the following year from the manuscript used by the prompter at the first performance;* certain rearrangements were made in the order of the scenes,† and a mask (Act III, Scene 3), written by Sir Francis Fane, was probably included.‡ *Valentinian* was revived on May 16th, 1687, at Whitehall.§

The plot of *Valentinian*, according to Langbaine, is taken from the *Chronicles of Cassidorus*, the *History of Marcellus*, the second book of *Evagrius*, from *Procopius* and others. It follows, with fair accuracy, the historical facts.||

There is no record of a revival of *Valentinian* on the stage.

In the volume which contains the manuscript of *Valentinian* there is a transcript in the same hand of: "A Scaen from Sir Robert Hoard's play by the Earl of Rochester." It is printed here for the first time, and has been punctuated throughout, the MS. text being unstopped.

Dryden's brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard, had written a play entitled *The Conquest of China*,¶ and coming upon it many years later in an unfinished state had asked Dryden to revise it. In a letter to his son at Rome, dated September 3rd, 1697, Dryden mentions this play. "After my return to town," he writes, "I intend to alter a play of Sir Robert Howard's, written long since, and lately put by him into my hands: 'tis called *The Conquest of China by the Tartars*. It will cost me six weeks' study, with the probable benefit of an hundred pounds." Nothing more is known of this play, and the manuscript scene by Rochester is all that has been preserved.

Mr. Allardyce Nicoll** would attribute it to Dryden on the frail evidence of (1) Dryden's letter to his sons, (2) the conjecture that the manuscript was written after Rochester's death, certain passages in *Valentinian* having been deleted, according to him, by the amanuensis after Jeremy Collier's attack on the stage; (3) the fact that some of the verses are worthy of Dryden and that so much was attributed to Rochester

* Cf. Prompter's notes, Act III, Scene 3; Act IV, Scene 2; Act V, Scene 1.

† Cf. Textual Notes.

‡ Printed as an Appendix, page 315.

§ L.C. 5/147, page 361.

|| It seems unjust to speak of the "indescribable indecencies introduced by Rochester into *Valentinian*." Cf. Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*, p. 166.

¶ Elkanah Settle's homonymous tragedy throws no light on this isolated scene.

** *Times Literary Supplement*, January, 1921.

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hat was not his. This savours too much of a form of criticism that fathers on the lesser Elizabethans any passages in Shakespeare that are not of the highest merit.

In spite of his remarkable interest in the stage, Lord Rochester had little of the playwright's sense of the theatre. Doubtless he had experience of acting at Court, and he is known to have produced Crowne's *Masque of Calisto*, but his experiments in dramatic writing are more the recreations of the talented amateur than the considered work of a professional dramatist. He lacked patience; steady application to his working out of an idea was foreign to his nature. He took Fletcher's tragedy and left it more or less as he found it, designing but not completing a sketch for a new Fifth Act. The merit of the scene for Sir Robert Howard's play is not in the relationships of the actors so much as in the heroic verse in which they express themselves; it is poetic, not dramatic.

The Earl of Rochester's letters to Henry Savile, and his Love Letters to Mrs. Barry were first published in two volumes at the beginning of the year 1697.* 'Familiar Letters: written by the Right Honourable John Late Earl of Rochester and several other persons of Honour and Quality. With LETTERS written by the most ingenious Mr. Thomas Otway and Mrs. K. Philips. Publish'd from their original copies. With other modern letters, By Tho. Cheek, Esq., Mr. Dennis, and Mr. Brown. London: Printed by W. Onley, For Sam. Briscoe, at the corner of Charles Street, in Russel Street, Covent Garden. Vol. I.' The second volume has a different title-page. "Familiar Letters: Vol. II. containing Thirty Six Letters by the Right Honourable John, Late Earl of Rochester. Printed from his original Papers, &c." There was a second issue later in the year. The third edition, printed for Richard Wellington appeared in 1699. The same collection of letters was added to the duodecimo edition of the Works published by Tonson in 1714 and 1732 and is reprinted here from the first edition.

The majority of the letters to the Countess of Rochester, to Charles Wilmot, to the Earl of Lichfield, to Sir John Warre, and to his mother, although a few were printed in Antony Hammond's *Miscellany*, 1720, and reprinted in *Whartoniana*, 1728, are printed for the first time in this edition from the important autograph manuscript Harleian 7003 at the British Museum. The carelessness and obvious haste with which some of them were written have made it necessary for me to supplement the punctuation. MSS. Add. 4162 contains copies of many of these letters. The letter to Lord Essex on behalf of Nell Gwynne (p. 298) is printed for the first time from an autograph copy in the Correspondence of Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, 1672-1679 (Brit. Mus. MSS. Stowe, 211, f. 330). The letter to Dr. Pierce, master of Magdalen College, and afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, is reproduced from: A Supplement to the Anecdotes of some Distinguished Persons. London. 1797. The letter to Dr. Burnet is printed from the first edition, a broadsheet, published in 1680, the year of Rochester's death, by Richard Bentley in Russel Street near Covent Garden.

Very few of the letters are dated, but where internal evidence is sufficiently obvious I have supplied dates in square brackets, arranging the letters in chronological order as far as possible.

Of the many publications of a purely pornographic character which were produced after the Restoration, the play *Sodom* is perhaps the only one that has survived to

* Arber: The Term Catalogues.

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this day. To the ordinary reader the play can have little interest, although to the *amateur de pornographie* it may seem to possess outstanding merits. It is supposed to have been printed in 1684 at Antwerp, and the initials E. of R. are given on the title-page. No copies of the original edition are known to exist, the last having been destroyed by the executors of the Heber Library in the nineteenth century. Reprints of it are extremely scarce and difficult to come by, while the trouble of obtaining the manuscript at the British Museum is poorly rewarded. Several manuscripts exist, amongst which are Harleian 7312 at the British Museum and a transcript in the Town Library at Hamburg, bound up with the manuscript of *Beverlandia Otia Oxoniensa*.* Adaptations in French were made in 1744, 1752 and 1767; extracts are given by Pisanus Fraxi in *Centuria Librorum Absconditorum*: London, 1879, and the whole of the German MS. has been reprinted recently at Hamburg.

The principal text is the manuscript at the British Museum with the following title: "Sodom, or The Quintessence of Debauchery, by the E. of R. Written for the Royal Company of Whoremasters." There is no date or motto. There are five acts, two prologues (72 11: 29 11), two epilogues (29 11: 51 11), followed by ten lines of obscene verse.

The manuscript at Hamburg is a poor transcript, probably by a German amanuensis, with certain variations: "Sodom, a play by the E. of R. (motto)." The five acts are preserved, but there is only one prologue (100 11), the *dramatis personæ* are given, and the epilogues remain unchanged. One of its owners, Z. C. Offenbach of Frankfort, has expanded the initials on the title-page to "the Earl of Rochester." It was presented to the Hamburg Stadt Bibliothek by Professor Wolff. The modern reprint, with a painstaking preface wholly in the tradition of German scholarship, endeavours to prove that Rochester was the author. There is sufficient evidence, I hope, to show that this was not so. The value of internal evidence has been overrated, but a single reading of this play makes it difficult to believe that Rochester had any hand in its composition. For it seems to lack those "peculiar Beauties" which, according to Saint Évremond, makes his looser Songs and pieces "too dangerous to peruse." There are three pieces of external evidence: (1) Rochester wrote a poem "on the Author of a Play called Sodom" in which these lines occur:

"Weak feeble strainer at meer Ribaldry
Whose Muse is impotent to that Degree,
That must like Age, be whipt to Lechery."

It is possible, but it seems unlikely, that he wrote this against himself. (2) In a footnote to this poem in the edition of 1731 the author of *Sodom* is given as "one Fish-bourne a wretched Scribbler." Nothing is known of him except that he was a member of the Inns of Court, but the belief that he was the author of *Sodom* is shared by the authors of most of the contemporary and later reference books on drama.† In *Biographia Dramatica* there is the following entry: "Sodom. A Play by Mr. Fish-

* A third MS. is mentioned by the editor of the German reprint, bound up in a volume of poems wanting the title, prologues, epilogues, *dramatis personæ* and the whole of Act V; it is at The Hague. Another MS. is in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington.

† Of Genest, Baker, etc.

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bourne. At what time this infamous piece was published we know not; but the bookseller, with a view of making it sell, by passing it on the public as Lord Rochester's, put the letters E. R. in the title-page." Another account is not without interest: "Mr. Fishbourne. This gentleman belonged to the Inns of Court, and is only mentioned here by way of perpetuating that infamy which he has justly incurred, by being known to be the author of a dramatic piece entitled: SODOM. This play is so extremely obscene, and beyond all bounds indecent, that even the Earl of Rochester, whose libertinism was so professed and open, and who scarcely knew what the sense of shame was, could not bear to undergo the imputation of being the author of this piece (which in order to make it sell, was published with initial letters in the title, intended to misguide the opinion of the public, and induce them to fix it on that nobleman), and published a copy of verses to disclaim his having had any share in the composition; nor has it indeed any spark of resemblance to Lord Rochester's wit, could that ever have atoned (which, however, it could by no means have done) for the abominable obscenity of it. . . ." (3) The last piece of evidence is important. Otway, in the eighth stanza of "The Poet's complaint to his Muse," reviewing the poets of the town, writes:

"The first was he who stunk of that rank Verse
In which he wrote his *Sodom* farce
A Wretch whom old Diseases did so bite
That he writ Bawdy sure in spight,
To ruin and disgrace it quite.

.
Then next there followed to make up the Throng
Lord Lampoon and Monsieur Song."

It is reasonable to conjecture that the Earl of Rochester is intended to be "Lord Lampoon," which therefore differentiates him from the author of *Sodom*.

The suggestion that *Sodom* was acted at Court cannot be verified, although it seems likely that the Court played *Sodom* at a private performance, in the nature of a charade in which Rochester may have taken a part.

INTRODUCTION

“THE year 1648,” says Saint Évremond,* with elegance, though inaccurately, “was distinguished from other years by two extraordinary events, the martyrdom of King Charles I by a prevailing party of his subjects at his own Palace Window, and the birth of my Lord Rochester, as eminent for Wit and Gallantry as that unfortunate king was for Piety and Religion.” Charles I was beheaded in 1649; John Wilmot, who was to become the second Earl of Rochester, was born two years earlier, on the 1st of April, 1647,† at Ditchley in Oxfordshire, before the second outbreak of civil war which was to end in the abolition of the Monarchy and the birth of the Commonwealth. In retrospect it is clear that the spirit of revolution, which destroyed the peace of the country after a remarkable period of prosperity, had disturbed also the repose of men’s minds. Slowly, imperceptibly, a change was stealing over the people, for whom many of the old traditions and beliefs were no longer acceptable. Before, they had been content to applaud the triumphant march of the Renaissance across Europe; their early amazement afterwards turned to enquiry, and they began to look for a meaning in that proud manifestation. The change in attitude, sudden enough from our point of view, was not so apparent then. Standing outside and beyond a given period of time, a man may feel the rhythm of that period, as a succession of varying impulses that elude the vigilance of a contemporary. Thus it is that an age, rather than sixteen years, separates John Wilmot’s birth from that solemn preaching of Death’s Duel by Dr. Donne. For the horrors of corruption and the fear of hell-fire were losing their ancient dominion; they belonged, together with Milton’s cosmology and the imagination of a Sir Thomas Browne, to a class of almost mediæval superstition which was soon to be engulfed by a wave of fresh and vital thought. The end of the seventeenth century is the beginning of a new, the so-called modern world. Into this changing world Lord Rochester, a singularly modern character, was born.

Little is recorded of his childhood, but his family, although supporting the Royalist cause, was glad to continue quietly in the country, unmolested by the passage of the Puritan regiments. When his son was four years old, Henry Wilmot saved Charles’s life after Worcester field, hid him in the famous oak, and finally succeeded in reaching the Continent, where he died at Cologne in 1658, worn out in the service of his exiled

* “Some Memoirs of the Life of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, by Monsieur de Saint Évremond in a letter to the Duchess de Mazarine.” This is a preface to the 1707 edition of Rochester’s and Roscommon’s works. Des Maizeaux, Saint Évremond’s editor, is uncertain of the author of the essay. [Cf. Cibber’s *Lives*, II, p. 273.]

† The year of Rochester’s birth is usually given as 1648, an error which was perpetuated by Saint Évremond and Wood from Burnet, but Gadbury in his almanack for 1695 gives the year 1647 from direct evidence. In his *Ephemeris* for 1698, Gadbury preserved Rochester’s horoscope: “John, Earl of Rochester was born anno 1647 on April the 1st day, 11 h. 7 m. A.M. and endued with a noble and fertile muse. The sun governed the horoscope, and the moon ruled the birth-hour. The conjunction of Venus and Mercury in M coeli, in sextile of Luna, aptly denotes his inclinations to poetry. The great reception of Sol with Mars and Jupiter posited so near the latter, bestowed a large stock of generous and active spirits, which constantly attended on this excellent native’s mind, insomuch that no subject came amiss to him.”

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master. In that year John Wilmot succeeded to the titles which had been conferred upon his father by Charles, benefits without emolument, the only value of which was the dignity and respect conferred upon their holder when he made his first appearance at Court after the Restoration as "Earl of Rochester, Baron Wilmot of Adderbury in England, and Viscount Wilmot of Athlone in Ireland."* His father's remains were brought to England, and committed without ceremony to the family vault at Spilsbury Church in Oxfordshire. To the wisdom and economy of his mother the young earl owed the advantages of a careful education. She was a woman of great parts, of the ancient Wiltshire family of the St. Johns, extraordinarily judicious and broadminded, and commanding the respect of her son at all times, a respect which, if we read some of his letters, amounted sometimes almost to fear. "I have been as good a husband as possible," he writes, "but have been fain to borrow money."† And elsewhere in a letter to his wife: "Excuse the ink and paper to my mother, they are the best the time and place afford."‡

He was sent to the Grammar School at Burford, then governed by John Martin, where he showed for the first time his inclinations towards literature; we learn from St. Évremond that "he was so extremely docile and made such an early progress in learning on his first Application to letters at School, as discover'd the seeds of that great genius, that afterwards appeared more conspicuously in his riper years."§ At home he was cared for by Mr. Giffard,|| chaplain to his mother; Hearne, the Oxford antiquary, remembers Giffard telling him that he was "tutor to the Earl of Rochester (Mad Rochester) before he came to Wadham College . . . and that he was then a very hopeful youth, very virtuous, and good natured (as he was always), and willing and ready to follow good advice . . . [that] he was to have come to Oxford with his Lordship, and to have been his governor, but was supplanted. Mr. Giffard used to lie with him in the family, on purpose that he might prevent any ill accidents."¶ But the seclusion and limitations of a country school were not sufficient to satisfy an almost precocious love of letters for their own sake; so that, on the 18th of January, 1660, at the age of twelve, he entered Wadham College, Oxford, as a nobleman, and was placed in the care of that admirable Divine, Dr. Blandford, afterwards Bishop of Worcester. This was the year of the restoration of the monarchy. On the 8th of May Charles II was proclaimed king in Westminster Hall, and on the 28th he reached Dover; three days later, amidst general rejoicing, he passed "through a lane of happy faces" to Whitehall. "When Rochester went to the University," says Burnet, "the general Joy which overran the whole Nation . . . but was not regulated with that Sobriety and Temperance, that became a serious gratitude to God for so great a Blessing, produced some of its ill effects on him; he began to love these disorders too much."** We can only conjecture what form these disorders took, but in one so young they can only have been a liveliness of spirits and a natural taste for any frivolous

* Cockayne's *Peerage*.

† Letter LV.

‡ Letter LXXI.

§ Letter to the Duchess of Mazarine.

|| Francis Giffard, a non-juror, was born in 1631, and retired to Oxford at the end of his life for "honest company and the public library."

¶ *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*. Entry November 16th, 1711, so that Giffard's reminiscences of what had happened fifty years earlier cannot be entirely reliable.

** "Some Passages of the Life and Death of . . . the Earl of Rochester by Gilbert Burnet, D.D., 1680," page 3.

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adventure. However, the young earl is placed in the more immediate care of one of the fellows of the college, Phineas Berry. "By degrees his Governor made him perfectly in Love with Knowledge; in the pursuit of which he always spent those hours which he sometimes stole from the Witty and the Fair."* Saint Évremond adds that in spite of the restrictions of a tutor he was tempted by pleasures to which his tastes were singularly well adapted, so that before long his application to study relaxed. A physician, Robert Whitehall, a fellow of Merton College, was also engaged as a tutor for Lord Rochester; according to Anthony Wood he is said to have "absolutely doted" on his pupil, and by the same authority we are told that Rochester's contributions to the Oxford Miscellanies in 1660 and 1661 on the restoration of Charles and on the death of Princess Mary of Orange were composed by Whitehall, who proudly added the name "Johannes Wilmot" to each before he sent them to press.† During his residence at Oxford his love for the classics, more especially for Latin, deepened; "he never lost a true taste of any Sovereign Beauty," writes Saint Évremond, "of those great Authors of that language in its most flourishing Age, I mean that of Horace, Virgil, Ovid and the like. . . ." These were the authors that were to solace his hours of leisure in the country in after-life. As regards his learning, there is an agreement among his biographers that is wholly convincing. "He was a person," writes Wood, "of most rare parts, and his natural Talent was excellent, much improved by Learning and Industry, being thoroughly acquainted with the Classic Authors, both Greek and Latin; a thing very rare (if not peculiar to him) among those of his quality." Burnet, moreover, seeing him, perhaps for the first time, some four years after, tells us that Rochester "had made himself Master of the Ancient and Modern Wit, and of the Modern French and Italian as well as the English." Only his earliest tutor, Giffard, still jealous perhaps in his old age of those who had supplanted him fifty years earlier, says "that my lord understood very little Greek, and that he had but little Latin, and that therefore 'tis a great mistake in making him (as Burnet and Wood have done) so great a master of Classic Learning."‡ And Mr. Collins of Magdalen told Hearne thirty years after Rochester's death that "the mad Earl understood little or nothing of Greek."§ Rochester was not a scholar, "he was perfectly well-bred," but the memories of two old dons, though they deserve recording, cannot persuade us that Rochester knew nothing of the Ancients. In the autumn of 1661, on the 9th of September, Rochester was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts. The scene of his admission in Convocation was peculiarly honourable, "for he, and none else, was admitted very affectionately into the Fraternity by a Kiss on the left Cheek from the Chancellor|| of the University who then sat in the supreme Chair to honor that Assembly."¶ As a record of his affection for Wadham, he presented to that college in 1662 four silver pint pots.**

There is no evidence when Rochester set out on his travels; it was probably at the end of 1661 or early in the following year. Dr. Balfour was appointed as his tutor,

* Letter to the Duchess of Mazarine.

† *Athenæ Oxoniensis*. Antony Wood. See these poems, page 49 *seq.*

‡ *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*. § *Ibid.*

|| Lord Clarendon, Chancellor of England and of the University of Oxford.

¶ Wood: *Fasti Oxoniensis*.

** I am told that these were replaced for four *others* (which bear his inscription, however) in order to match a set.

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and together they travelled in France and Italy. Forgues suggests that they visited the Pope, Antony Hamilton, Anne de Gonzague at the Hôtel de Nevers, Madame de Sévigné, and supped at Saint Cloud "chez M. de Ryer, avec Desbarreaux,"* but the source of this information is not exposed, so that it cannot be regarded as more than reasonably likely. In 1664, at the age of seventeen, he presented himself at Whitehall and made his first brilliant appearance at Court. London was still celebrating the King's marriage with Katherine of Braganza, which had drawn England into alliance with France and Portugal against Spain and had increased English trading facilities in the East and West Indies. "It was a golden age, truly, in which life seemed desirable for its own sake, and in which nobody thought of its drearier purpose."† Freedom from the mortifying restrictions of the Puritans produced that excitable, care-free state of mind, half hedonist, half Hobbist, characteristic not only of the courtiers but also of the King himself; and this same carelessness of manner exercised itself in what Rochester calls "the three businesses of the Age, Women, Politicks, and Drinking,"‡ and often in all of them at the same time, so that we find in later years the Council summoned to the cabinet of the King's mistress, while the most disgraceful political intrigues are planned in the secrecy of the "Backstairs." The tragedy of Charles's reign is a tragedy of incompatibility. Above the brightness of masque and revelry hung the cloud of politics, and the men who were destined for the service of the State were also those whose interests were fixed more on the winning of a woman's heart than on a victory at sea. Lord Rochester's appearance at Court is almost contemporaneous with that of Philibert, Comte de Grammont,§ its early chronicler, who, accustomed as he was to the grandeur of Versailles, was "surprized at the politeness and splendour of the Court of England." If the Court, ever ready to welcome a new-comer into its society, had received the Frenchman with pleasure and respect, it saluted the young Earl of Rochester with every mark of the highest admiration. "He appeared," writes Burnet, "with as great Advantages as most ever had." Indeed, the memory of the father would have drawn attention to the son even if the boy's personal beauty had not been remarkable. But "his Person was graceful, tho' tall and slender, his Mien and shape having something extremely engaging,"|| and the charm of his appearance subdued the hearts of all who saw him.

The adventurous spirit that had been so hardly governed at Oxford, now no longer guided by the hand of a tutor, broke loose in the following year when he attempted to abduct a young lady who had rejected his suit. An entry in Pepys' Diary for May 28th, 1665, records the details of the affair: "To my Lady Sandwich, where, to my shame, I had not been a great while. Here, upon my telling her a story of my lord Rochester's running away on Friday night last (May 26th) with Mrs. Malet,¶ the great beauty and fortune of the North, who had supped at White Hall with Mrs. Stewart,** and was going home to her lodgings with her grandfather, my lord Haley,††

* E. D. Forgues: *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, August, 1857.

† Charles Whibley: *The Court Poets*.

‡ Letter XIII.

§ He arrived in England in 1662 after the royal marriage.

|| St. Évremond. Letter to the Duchess of Mazarine.

¶ Elizabeth Malet, daughter of John Malet of Enmore in Somerset.

** "La belle Stewart" who became Duchess of Richmond, and who, tradition says, was the loveliest woman at the Court of Charles II.

†† Lord Hawley.

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by coach: and was at Charing Cross seized on by both horse and footmen, and forcibly taken from him, and put into a coach with six horses, and two women provided to receive her, and carried away. Upon immediate pursuit, my lord Rochester (for whom the King had spoke to the lady often, but with no success) was taken at Uxbridge; but the lady is not yet heard of and the King mighty angry and the Lord sent to the Tower. Thereupon my Lady did confess to me, as a great secret, her being concerned in this story. For if this match breaks between my Lord Rochester and her, then, by the consent of all her friends, my Lord Hinchinbroke stands fair, and is invited for her. She is worth, and will be at her mother's death (who keeps but a little from her) £2500 per annum. Pray God give a good success to it!" On the 6th of June Pepys is told by Lady Sandwich that "my Lord Rochester is now declaredly out of hopes of Mrs. Malet, and now she is to receive notice in a day or two how the King stands inclined to the giving leave to my Lord Hinchinbroke to look after her, and that being done, to bring it to an end shortly." But the affair fell into abeyance, and Rochester's suit succeeding, he was married to her early in 1667. Until this date he was otherwise occupied. Charles's favour did not keep him long in the Tower, because at the outbreak of the first Dutch War in the summer of 1665 he volunteered his services,* and on the 1st of August he is on board the *Royal Catharine* with Sir Thomas Teddeman in the harbour of Bergen. In a letter to his mother,† addressed "from the coast of Norway amongst the rocks . . ." he gives a vivid description of the unsuccessful attack on the Dutch fleet. On this occasion we cannot doubt his self-control and courage, though they were called in question in after years.‡ "Mr. Montague," he writes, "and Thomas Windham's brother were both killed with one shott just by me, but God Almighty was pleased to preserve me from any kind of hurt." After the death of these two friends his mind was strongly influenced by certain speculations which had been his study at Court and which, according to Wood, made him "a perfect Hobbist." "He loved to talk and write of Speculative Matters, and did it with so fine a thread that even those who hated the Subjects that his Fancy ran upon, yet could not but be charmed with his way of treating them."§ Bishop Burnet relates how he became more confirmed in these courses: "When he went to sea in the year 1665, there happened to be in the same ship with him Mr. Montague and another Gentleman of Quality; these two, the former especially, seemed persuaded that they should never return to England. Mr. Montague said, He was sure of it: the other was not so positive. The Earl of Rochester, and the last of these, entered into a formal Engagement, not without Ceremonies of Religion, that if either of them died, he should appear, and give the other notice of the future State, if there was any. But Mr. Montague would not enter into the Bond. When the day came that they thought to have taken the Dutch Fleet in the Port of Bergen, Mr. Montague, though he had such a strange Presage in his Mind of his approaching Death, yet he generously staid all the while in the place of greatest danger: The other Gentleman signalled his Courage in a most undaunted manner,

* Letter LV. "It was not fitt," he writes, "for mee to see any occasion of service to the King without offering my self."

† *Ibid.*

‡ A Person of Honour told Burnet, "he heard the Lord Clifford, who was in the same ship, often magnifie his Courage at that time very highly."

§ Burnet: *Life*.

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till near the end of the Action, when he fell into such a trembling that he could scarce stand; and Mr. Montague going to him to hold him up, as they were in each other's Arms, a Cannon Ball killed him outright, and carried away Mr. Montague's Belly, so that he died within an hour after.* The Earl of Rochester told me that these Presages they had in their minds made some impression on him, that there were separated Beings; and that the Soul, either by natural sagacity, or some secret Notice communicated to it, had a Sort of Divination: But that Gentleman never appearing was a great snare to him, during the rest of his life."†

A faithful record of Rochester's next adventure is kept by Burnet. "The rigours of the Season, the hardness of the Voyage, and the extreme danger he had been in [did not] deter him from running the like on the very next Occasion; For the summer following he went to Sea again, without communicating his design to his nearest Relations. He went aboard the Ship commanded by Sir Edward Spragge the day before the great Sea-Fight of that Year: Almost all the Volunteers that were in the same Ship were killed. Mr. Middleton . . . was shot in his Arms. During the Action, Sir Edward Spragge, not being satisfied with the behaviour of one of the Captains, could not easily find a Person that would cheerfully venture through so much danger, to carry his Commands to that Captain. This Lord offered himself to the Service; and went in a little Boat, through all the shot, and delivered his Message, and returned back to Sir Edward; which was much commended by all that saw it."

The gaiety of the Court to which Rochester returned was not damped by the disastrous plague of the previous year or the equally disastrous fire in the early autumn of 1666. At Whitehall Rochester was received honourably by the King, who appointed him Gentleman of the Bedchamber,‡ a position carrying an emolument of £1000 a year,§ and placed him in command of a troop of horse.|| His reputation was now advanced to that high state of honour, that he could try his hand once again with the heiress he had attempted to seduce. Her great fortune was a prize that many hoped to win; "Mr. Ashburnham at dinner," writes Pepys, on November 25th, 1666, "told how the rich fortune, Mrs. Malet, reports of her servants; that my Lord Herbert would have her; my Lord Hinchingbroke was indifferent to have her; my Lord John Butler might not have her; my Lord Rochester would have forced her, and Sir [Francis] Popham (who nevertheless is likely to have her) would do anything

* Cf. Arlington Letters, II, 87.

† For an account of this engagement see Sir Gilbert Talbot's relation in Harleian MSS. 6859.

‡ State Papers, Domestic, CXXXV, 3.

§ "1673. Jan. 22nd. Order by Thomas, Viscount Latimer to Sir Robert Howard, Auditor of the Exchequer, to pay to John, Earl of Rochester, one of the gentlemen of H.M. Bedchamber, his yearly pension of £1000." (Laing MSS., Edinburgh University.)

|| I can trace but two references to Lord Rochester's troop, one an entry among the State Papers, Domestic, for August 24th, 1681, when Stephen College, who had tried to bring about the Countess of Rochester's conversion to Popery, is mentioned as a Trooper in this regiment; the other in State Papers, Domestic, CLXV, 14, where there is a grant of a Commission of Quarter Master to the Troop. On June 13th, 1667, Rochester became a Captain in Prince Rupert's Regiment of Horse. [Cf. Ent. Bk. 20.]

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to have her." The many suitors retired in favour of Lord Rochester who was married to "la triste heritière"* on January 29th, 1666-67.†

About this time, according to Burnet, "the Court fell into much extravagance in masquerading, both King and Queen, and all the Court, went about masked, and came into houses unknown, and danced there with a great deal of wild frolic." At Whitehall there were magnificent Balls; the courtiers, avoiding the gloomy subject of politics, spent their time discussing the latest intrigues of the ladies-in-waiting and the sumptuous preparations for the next entertainment. The Playhouses were thronged at every performance. "My wife and I out to the Duke's Playhouse," writes Pepys, "and there saw *Heraclius*, an excellent play, to my extraordinary content; and the more from the house being very full, and great company; among others, Mrs. Stewart, very fine, with her locks done up with puffs. . . . There I saw my Lord Rochester and his lady, Mrs. Malet, who hath after all this ado married him; and, as I hear some say in the pit, it is a great act of charity, for he hath no estate."‡ In the middle of all this careless revelry the Dutch sailed up the Medway and fired the English Fleet. The disgrace, however, meant little to the nobility, who were glad to make the Treaty of Breda, signed in July, 1667, an occasion for further celebrations. During these festivities Lord Rochester made the acquaintance of four of the brightest luminaries of the Court: George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham; Charles Sackville, who was to become Earl of Dorset; Sir Charles Sedley, and Henry Savile. These were his companions in adventures that, in later years, were to bring so much notoriety on his name. He was now twenty years old; "his Wit was strong, subtil, sublime, sprightly; he was perfectly well-bred, adorn'd with a natural modesty which extreamly became him. He was Master of both the Ancient and Modern Authors, as well of as all those in the modern French and Italian, to say nothing of the English, which were worthy of the Perusal of a man of fine Sense. From all which he drew a conversation so engaging that none could enjoy without Admiration and Delight, and few without Love."§ Besides, we are to infer that "his Genius was so luxuriant, that he was forc'd to tame it with a Hesitation in his Speech to keep it in view."|| These extraordinarily engaging qualities were exploited by all who kept him company, and it is after his return to Court that two "Principles in his Natural Temper," as Burnet calls them, "a violent love of Pleasure, and a disposition to extravagant mirth," appeared more strongly than ever before. Excessive drinking, which finally ruined his health, was due to a not uncommon cause, since the charms of his conversation "drew every man of Taste to engage him with a Bottle, his pleasing extravagance encreasing with his Liquor, the Frolicks that inspir'd, affording Talk for the Town, as well as the adventures in it for some time after."¶ The same tale is told by Antony Wood**: "The eager Tendency," he says, "and

* The title, according to Hamilton, of the supposed portrait of Mrs. Malet.

† "Jan. 29, 1666/7. This morning the Earl of Rochester was married to Mrs. Malet, Lord Hawley's grand-child, to whom Lord John Butler had for some time made his addresses." MS. belonging to S.H. Le Fleming at Rydal Hall.

‡ 4th of February, 1666/7.

§ Saint Évremond. Letter to the Duchess of Mazarine.

|| Nathaniel Lee: *Princess of Cleve*, Act I, Scene 2. See post, page xlv.

¶ Saint Évremond. Letter to the Duchess of Mazarine.

** *Athenæ Oxoniensis*.

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violent Impulses of his natural Temper, unhappily inclining him to the excesses of Pleasure and Mirth; which with the pleasantness of his unimitable Humour, did so far engage the Affections of the dissolute towards him, that to make him delightfully adventurous and frolicsome to the utmost degrees of riotous Extravagancy, they for some years heightened his Spirits (enflamed by Wine) into one almost uninterrupted fit of Wantonness and Intemperance.”* At Court, the admiration he had excited on his first appearing there, grew first of all into respect, and in a short time to a degree of fear that amounted, more especially among the ladies-in-waiting and their mistresses, to terror. Very few escaped his satire, and the reputation of many crumbled before the violence of his invective. “He was the only man who had a true vein for satire,” writes one whose fame was largely built on his own talent as a satirist.† “There were some people,” he told Burnet, “who could not be kept in order or admonished but in this way.” The Temples and Prices winced at the frightful and hideous way in which their characters were torn to pieces. Concealed behind the beauties of his conversation and the charm of his flattery was the uncertainty of his object, which might be either a desire to pick up subject matter for a lampoon or a real longing to show his affection and interest. “Il entre dans vos goûts, dans tous vos sentiments, et tandis qu’il ne dit pas un mot de ce qu’il pense, il vous fait croire tout ce qu’il dit.”‡

It was Lord Rochester’s custom to spend the summer months in the country, sometimes at his wife’s home at Enmore in Somersetshire, sometimes at his own house on the green at Adderbury. These periods of voluntary exile were a means of conserving his powers, both physical and mental, giving him the leisure necessary for the writing of verses and satires. These he considered as recreation, a pleasant relief after the fatigues and excitement of Whitehall; in no sense was he a journeyman of letters, nothing being more inimical to him than the “Grub Street pens” or the swarms of heroical and anti-heroical poetasters whose scribblings strewed the London book-stalls. Accordingly he was at no pains to collect his manuscripts for publication or even to prevent them from being altered as they circulated among his acquaintance. This prolonged annual rustication was a disappointment to his friends, who found life insipid without the salt of his lordship’s wit and invention. “Your friends in town,” writes Dryden, “are ready to envy the leisure you have given your selfe in the country, though they know you are only their steward, and that you treasure up but so much health as you intend to spend on them in the winter.” In the country, however, he was content to remain, enlivening his sojourn there with feasts and country dances, sometimes practising his wit at the expense of the villagers. Two stories of him are still remembered, having survived some eight generations of those who once knew him—the tenant of Adderbury House in Oxfordshire. It is recorded that one day, disguised as a tinker, he walked to Burford, a neighbouring village, and

* One of the effects of overmuch drinking on Rochester’s health is explained in a conversation that Hearne had with Giffard: “Giffard says my Lord had a natural distemper upon him, which was extraordinary, and he thinks might be one occasion of shortening his days, which was, that sometimes he could not have a stool for three weeks or a month together, which distemper his lordship told him was a very great occasion of that warmth and heat he always expressed, his braine being heated by the fumes and humours that ascended and evacuated themselves that way.” *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, November 16th, 1711.

† Andrew Marvell. *Aubrey’s Life of Marvell*.

‡ Miss Hobart to Miss Temple. *Mémoires du Comte de Grammont*.

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asked the people for their pots and pans to mend. On receiving them, he knocked the bottoms out, whereupon he was put in the stocks. He then persuaded a man to take a note from him to Lord Rochester at Adderbury; upon which his carriage at four arrived, the stocks were dug up and he returned home. Shortly afterwards he sent the people new pots and pans. On another occasion he disguised himself as a tramp, and on meeting a vagabond asked him where he was going; he replied that he was going to Lord Rochester's—not that it was any use, for he never gave anything. Lord Rochester offered to accompany him. On reaching the house the vagabond went round to the back door, while Rochester gave his servants instructions to detain him and put him in a barrel of beer. Every time the tramp put his head up, Rochester threatened to “bash him.” At length he was released, given a good meal and a new suit of clothes, and told that he was never to say again that Lord Rochester gave him nothing.*

In the late autumn he returned to London, alone for the most part, although his wife sometimes accompanied him. On October 5th, 1667, he was summoned to the House of Lords. During the year there had been important political changes, the ministry of Clarendon had fallen, and Charles's foreign policy had arranged the peace treaty of Breda and the first of the disastrous secret treaties with Louis XIV, the commencement of the period of French aggression. That Rochester was well instructed in home and foreign affairs is clearly shown by the wide range of his political satires; he attended the sessions of the House of Lords, supplementing the information he received there with a mixture of truth and gossip picked up on the Backstairs of Whitehall. But he never cared to take an active part, or soil his hands, in the irregular politics of his country; a kiss stolen from one of the King's mistresses or an inappropriate lampoon was his nearest approach to upsetting the balance of affairs. The graces of his conversation and looks, which would avail nothing in Parliament, were fatal when applied to women. Hamilton relates how the “hermaphrodite” Miss Hobart tried to turn the affections of Miss Temple away from Lord Rochester on to herself: “he is dangerous . . . to such a degree that there is not a woman who gives ear to him three times but she irretrievably loses her reputation.” Accordingly, the innocent Miss Temple was persuaded to turn her back to his lordship's advances. When she attempted to do so, Rochester only smiled, and being resolved that her resentment should be still more remarked, he turned round, and posting himself face to face “Madam,” said he, “nothing can be so glorious as to look so charming as you do after such a fatiguing day: to support a ride of three long hours, and Miss Hobart afterwards, without being tired, shows indeed a very strong constitution.”

His conduct towards women was not so much a peculiarity of his own constitution as a characteristic of an age in which men, like children who soon tire of one plaything, were not content with anything that had lost the charm of novelty, and soon abandoned a passion after its early bloom had ceased to call forth their admiration. “You are

* These stories are taken from a short account of the village and its history. *Adderbury* by Henry Gepp. Banbury, 1924.

† “Love, like other little Boys,
Cries for Hearts, as they for Toys,
Which, when gain'd, in childish play,
Wantonly are thrown away.”

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stark Mad," he writes to his mistress, "and therefore the fitter for me to love."* As long her seeming madness, so long his love endures; but neither can outlast the other. The peril of uncertainty, the motto *carpe diem*, which is appropriate to the social life of the Restoration, belong to a state of mind that is familiar to-day. There is a new background of philosophy to the period in the misanthropic deism of Hobbes, and in Saint Évremond's imported Epicureanism, a philosophy expressed in some of the swan-songs of the love poetry which had been one of the treasures of the Renaissance in England:

"Then talk not of Inconstancy
False Hearts, and broken Vows;
If I, by Miracle, can be
This live-long Minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heav'n allows."†

Of Rochester it was written: "He was soon cloy'd with the Enjoyment of any one Woman, tho' the fairest in the World, and forsook her."‡ This fate befell Mrs. Roberts, Mistress to the King, whom she abandoned for the possession of Rochester's heart. But it was not in her power to hold his affections for long. He deserted her, and she was compelled to implore pardon of His Majesty, her hair dishevelled and on her knees, but was forgiven and afterwards restored to her former rank. At the end of the year 1668, Pepys "heard the silly discourse of the King, with his people about him, telling a story of my Lord Rochester's having of his clothes stole while he was with a wench; and his gold all gone, but his clothes found afterwards stuffed into a featherbed by the wench that stole them."§

The love, tinged with fear, that he inspired in women, was partly due to a knowledge of his power over their sex. And since the frailty of their nature was emphasised in casual intrigues at Court, he was careful to arrange a ready escape from his passions, however involved. So that the affairs of the heart were kept within discreet limits, like those well-defined couplets that had already decided the requisite measure of emotion suitable to each period of verse. In dealing with men, Rochester failed to perceive that a different treatment was required. Of all the many companions of his adventures, Henry Savile was, perhaps, his only friend. "If there be a real good upon Earth," he writes, "'tis in the Name of Friend, without which all others are meerely fantastical."|| But it was not in his nature to keep a friend for long, however much he was aware of the importance of friendship—a subject he returns to in most of his letters to Savile. "If it were the Sign of an honest Man to be happy in his Friends, sure I were mark'd out for the worst of Men; since no one e'er lost so many as I have done, or knew to make so few."¶ For the sting of his satire, poisoned sometimes by jealousy at another man's success, wounded his best companions; on such occasions it is impossible to excuse his conduct. One of these was early in 1669,

* Love-letter XXII.

† Page 18.

‡ Saint Évremond. Letter to the Duchess of Mazarine.

§ December 3rd, 1668.

|| Letter to Henry Savile, p. 258.

¶ Page 258.

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and much offended Pepys, who records it in his Dairy:* "The King dining yesterday at the Dutch Ambassador's, after dinner they drank and were pretty merry, and among the rest of the King's Company there was that worthy fellow my Lord Rochester, and Tom Killigrew, whose mirth and revelry offended the former so much that he did give Tom Killigrew a box on the ear in the King's presence:† which do give much offence to the people here at Court to see how cheap the King makes himself, and the more, for that the King hath not only passed by the thing and pardoned it to Rochester already, but this very morning the King did publicly walk up and down, and Rochester I saw with him as free as ever, to the King's everlasting shame to have so idle a rogue as his companion." But even the long-suffering King found offence in Lord Rochester's satires on the royal mistresses, and from 1669 until the end of his life he was banished from Court at least once a year. He was in disgrace soon after the quarrel with Killigrew and went over to France during the King's pleasure.‡ Montague, the English ambassador, in a letter dated July 6th, mentions an assault made on Lord Rochester: "The King has put the people in prison that injured my Lord Candish and my Lord Rochester, and has expressed a great displeasure against them; and the least that will happen to them, they say, is losing their employments; but all their friends having spoke to me to speak for them to the King and my Lord Candish desiring it too, I spoke to his most Christian Majesty, and entreated him to forgive them, the English having had all the satisfaction that could be desired. He returned to me a great many expressions how sorry he was such a thing should happen to be done by his officers to any strangers, much more to the English and to people of that quality; so I believe after some few days they will be forgiven."§ A further ambassadorial letter to Lord Arlington recommends Lord Rochester's good qualities: "The reasons of my Lord Rochester's coming into France, I suppose, are not unknown to your Lordship; upon his return into England I believe there is nothing he is more desirous of than your Lordship's favour and countenance; and if hereafter he continues to live as discreetly as he has done ever since he was here, he has other good qualities enough to deserve it, and to make himself acceptable wherever he comes. I have assured him that you are so just and so good-natured to everybody, that it will be his own fault if he does not always find a great deal of kindness and good usage from your Lordship."|| Whatever came of this introduction, we know that Arlington did not escape his lordship's satire.

On the 30th of August of this year his first child, Anne Wilmot, was christened. Though absent from his family for several months every year, he never allowed his preoccupation at Court to damp what was certainly the truest and most lasting affection of his life—the love of wife and children. A stronger passion could not have endured the vicissitudes of his temperament. As it was, it came nearer than anything

* February 17th, 1669.

† A criminal offence, punishable by severe fines and sometimes by the loss of the offending hand or foot.

‡ "March 16th, 1668/9. On Tuesday night (11th) there was a quarrel between the Duke of Richmond and Mr. James Hamilton, after they had well dined at the Tower with Sir Henry Savile. . . . The Earl of Rochester was one of the party, who, upon his disgrace at Court, intends to go to France for sometime." Fleming MSS., Rydal Hall.

§ Buccleugh and Queensbury MSS., Montagu House, July 6th, 1669.

|| *Ibid.*, July 15th, 1669.

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to a solution of the tangled problem of his existence, a relief after the inconstancies of Court, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. This bond of sympathy was rarely shaken by the outbursts of ill-feeling which destroyed the happiness of his other attachments and brought upon him the reproach of infidelity. The country was, in fact, an antidote to the ills of London, the calm of its landscapes instilled itself into the hearts of those who dwelt there. Patience and the pleasures of content were the gifts it bestowed on Lady Rochester, so that even when her husband was absent from her, her affection for him did not depart, while his ungenerous behaviour was generously tolerated. "If I could have been troubled," she writes on one occasion, "at anything when I had the happiness of receiving a letter from you, I should be so because you did not name a time when I might hope to see you, the uncertainty of which very much afflicts me. Whether this odd kind of proceeding be to try my patience or obedience I cannot guess, but I will never fail of either where my duty to you requires them."* Like chains these firm qualities held his affections when they were in danger of drifting, and drew him again to her side. In a moment of fatigue he complains to her: "I have no news for you, but that London grows very tiresome, and I long to see you; but things are now reduced to that Extremity on all Sides, that a Man dares not turn his Back for fear of being Hanged."† So far he was not tempted to turn his back, for neither age nor ill-health had yet dimmed his extraordinary vitality, while the buoyancy of spirits, which bore him safely through the subterfuges and perfidies of his neighbours, expressed itself in satire, not in the want of enthusiasm or spirit of disgust that embittered the last months of his life. Moreover, at this time he was beginning to interest himself in the drama, of which he was soon to be one of the most powerful patrons. The first dramatist to whom he began to pay attention was John Dryden, who dedicated to him three years later (1673) his *Marriage à la Mode*. The cringing tone of the dedication demonstrates the effectiveness of Rochester's dominion more than the servility of the author. "I am sure," he writes, "if there be anything in this play, wherein I have raised myself above the ordinary lowness of my comedies, I ought wholly to acknowledge it to the favour of being admitted into your lordship's conversation. . . . And not only I, who pretend not to this way, but the best comic writers of our age, will join with me to acknowledge that they have copied the gallantries of courts, the delicacy of expression, and the decencies of behaviour, from your lordship, with more success, than if they had taken their models from the court of France." Before long, however, Lord Rochester grew jealous of Dryden's success, and quarrelling with his patron Sheffield, Duke of Mulgrave, began openly to disparage his plays. To qualify his spite he patronised Dryden's feeble rivals Elkanah Settle and John Crowne. For the Court performance of Settle's *Empress of Morocco* in 1671 he composed a prologue‡ which he is said to have recited, and some four years later, Crowne, in preference to Dryden, was ordered to compose a Masque for the Theatre Royal: *The Masque of Calisto* was written and produced under Rochester's supervision early in 1675. In the same year it was printed with a title-page that recalls the splendour and success of the performance: "Calisto, or The Chaste Nymph—the late Masque at Court, as it was frequently Presented there, by several Persons of Great Quality. . . ." Dryden, in order to regain his lordship's

* Harleian MSS. 7003, British Museum.

‡ Page 54.

† Letter LXIII, page 285.

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favour, wrote an epilogue which Rochester refused to accept. One wonders if Dryden, in those overclouded times when his reputation was governed by the whimsies of a young nobleman, recalled a sentence from an early dedication:* “. . . That, which I admire is, that being so absolute a courtier, you have not forgot either the ties of friendship, or the practice of generosity,” words that were to lose their meaning altogether when, some years after, he was actually assaulted at Rochester’s instigation.

Even at this period the unpleasantness of Rochester’s behaviour was sufficiently remarked. For Dryden was supported from another side by Sheffield, Duke of Mulgrave, a bitter enemy of Rochester. “I was informed,” writes Mulgrave in his memoirs,† that the Earl of Rochester had said something of me, which, according to his custom, was very malicious. I therefore sent Colonel Aston,‡ a very mettled friend of mine, to call him to account for it. In the morning we met the Lord Rochester at the place appointed, who, instead of James Porter whom he assured Aston he would make his Second, brought an errant Lifeguardsman, whom nobody knew. To this Mr. Aston took exception upon the account of his being no suitable adversary; especially considering how extremely well he was mounted, whereas we had only a couple of packs: upon which we all agreed to fight on foot. Lord Rochester refused to dismount. “I took the liberty,” continues Mulgrave, “of representing what a ridiculous story it would make if we returned without fighting; and therefore advised him for both our sakes, especially for his own, to consider better of it, since I must be obliged in my own defence to lay the fault on him by telling the truth of the matter. His answer was that he submitted to it . . . [this] intirely ruined his reputation as to courage (of which I was really sorry to be the occasion) tho’ nobody had still a greater as to wit; which supported him pretty well in the world, notwithstanding some more accidents of the same kind, that never fail to succeed one another when once people know a man’s weakness.” The reputation for bravery that Rochester had won at Bergen and in the Channel was much damaged by the report of this ridiculous duel in which it appears that Mulgrave was prettily fooled at the expense of “a very profane wit.”§ Rochester’s refusal to fight except on horseback was owing to a distemper which prevented him from fighting on foot, while the substitution of a well-armed Lifeguardsman seems to have been made more in joke than in self-defence.|| For he was as careless of what others thought as his enemies were careful; so that whereas he was content to accept the reproach of cowardice, Lord Mulgrave was anxious to clear himself of the calumny. The fulfilment of a passing whim at any expense, his refusal on this occasion to fight except on horseback, on other occasions, the smashing of valuable scientific instruments, the brawl in the Epsom tavern, the incident on the Newmarket road, show that he did not trouble himself with the consequences of his actions. A coward is unusually careful of what he does. Indeed, he was no more a coward than Falstaff, that “merry fat gentleman” for

* *Of Marriage à la Mode*.

† Buckingham’s *Works*, 1723, 2 vols. Mulgrave became later Duke of Buckingham; it is important to distinguish him from George Villiers, who had the same title.

‡ Aston is mentioned in some of the lighter poems of the period.

§ Evelyn at dinner at Windsor in 1670 when he met the Earl of Rochester.

|| That Rochester was given to duelling is shown by a memorandum among the Fleming MSS. at Rydal Hall: “March 25th, 1673. A duel between the Earl of Rochester and Lord Dunbar has been prevented by the timely intervention of the Earl Marshall.”

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whom he had an especial admiration, in spite of those other sins of ingratitude, pride and jealousy which lost him many friends and prompted him in his unworthy treatment of the dramatists he had once supported. But his enemies, isolating from its context in a long poem a single line of verse,* made it serve as a summary of the character of the man they feared. So Sir Carr Scrope in his *Defence of Satire*:

“ He that can rail at one he calls his Friend,
Or hear him absent wrong’d and not defend;
Who for the sake of some ill-natur’d Jest,
Tells what he should conceal, invents the rest;
To fatal Midnight quarrels can betray
His brave Companion, and then run away;
Leaving him to be murder’d in the street
Then put it off with some Buffoon conceit,
This, this is he, you should beware of all,
Yet him a pleasant witty Man you call,
To whet your dull Debauches up and down
You seek him as top Fiddler of the Town.”

From Mulgrave, also in an *Essay on Satire*, comes equally violent abuse:

“ Mean in each Action, lewd in ev’ry limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him.
For (there’s the Folly that’s still mixt with Fear),
Cowards more Blows than any Hero bear.
Of fighting Sparks some may her Pleasures say,
But ’tis a bolder thing to run away. . . .”

Evidence for Rochester’s cowardice was sought again in an adventure to which he was party, at Epsom on July 22nd, 1676. “The Lord Rochester doth abscond,” writes Charles Hatton, “and soe doth Etheridge and Captain Burgess who occasioned the riot Sunday sennight. They were tossing some fiddlers in a blanket for refusing to play, and a barber, upon the noise, going to see what the matter, they seized upon him, and, to free himself from them, he offered to carry them to the handsomest woman in Epsom, and directed them to the constable’s house, who, demanding what they came for, they told him a whore, and, he refusing to let them in, they broke open his doores and broke his head, and beate him very severely. At last, he made his escape, called his watch, and Etheridge made a submissive oration to them, and soe far appeased them that the constable dismissed his watch. But presently after, the Lord Rochester drew upon the constable. Mr. Downes, to prevent his pass, seized on him, the constable cryed out murther, and, the watch returning, one came behind Mr. Downes and with a sprittle staff cleft his skull. The Lord Rochester and the rest run away, and Downes, having noe sword, snatched up a sticke and striking at them, they run him into the side with a half pike, and soe bruised his arme that he were never able to stirr after.”† Evidently there was no lack of courage, only an absence of caution and co-ordination in minds heated with overmuch drinking, a habit

* “For all men would be Cowards if they durst.” *Satire on Man*.

† Hatton Correspondence. June 29th, 1676.

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Three years before the scuffle at Epsom, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, had been his companion in another of these daring escapades. To understand it we look back some four years. The year 1672 was not eventful; Rochester had passed the summer with his lady on his estate at Enmore.† Earlier in the year there had been balls at Court, and on June the 17th a "great dinner for Lady Mary Bertie's brother" at Adderbury with "sixteen dances after Supper and dancing all over the garden because of the hot weather."‡ In October Lord Rochester was made deputy-lieutenant for Somersetshire.§ His interests, at this time, were with his own domestic affairs, and, at Court, with the production of plays and the patronage of the drama. In the following year, however, he was banished for a libel on the King.|| On this occasion Rochester's exile was occupied with an affair that was to prove more fruitful in its results than any of his former adventures, one that conferred on his age a benefit outlived by his verses alone, that was remembered long after he was dead by men who knew him only by hearsay.

His enthusiasm for the stage was then at its zenith. Dryden had been displaced by Crowne and Settle, and they, too, were to fall from his lordship's favour to make way for Lee and Otway.¶ But the whims and fancies of his patronage were supported by a far more permanent interest. At Court he had made the acquaintance of a young waiting-woman, Elizabeth Barry, a girl of ancient family and of good estate, whose fortune had been damaged by the attachment of her father to Charles I. At one time she may have been in the service of Lady Shelton of Norfolk,** or it was suggested that she was fortunate to be taken under the patronage of the Lady Davenant.†† Lord Rochester had noticed her at Court and, impressed with her vitality, had the idea of training her as an actress.‡‡ The unusual pains he took with her, and constancy of purpose that seemed to dispel any idea of failure, were extraordinary in a man whose

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interests were notoriously transient. His enthusiasm did not waver when her début in the King's Company was considered hopeless, since she had no ear for verse, a thin voice and but few gestures.* Whether he knew that she was destined one day to become one of the greatest tragediennes of the English stage is a question that cannot even be conjectured, but, confident in the possibility, "he made her rehearse," says Betterton, the actor, "near thirty times on the stage and about twelve in the dress she was to act in." Her reputation was established in the part of Monimia,† and from her performance in this character, in that of Belvidera,‡ and of Isabella,§ she acquired, according to Downes, the name of "the famous Mrs. Barry." Dryden praises her in his preface to *Cleomenes*, in which she played Cassandra; "Mrs. Barry," he writes, "always excellent, has in this tragedy excelled herself, and gained a reputation beyond any woman I have ever seen on the stage." And Colley Cibber, writing many years after, remembers that "Mrs. Barry in Characters of Greatness had a presence of elevated dignity; her mien and motion superb and gracefully majestic; her voice full, clear and strong; so that no violence of passion could be too much for her; and when distress or tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting melody and softness. In the art of exciting Pity she had a power beyond all actresses I have yet seen, or what your imagination can conceive."||

At the beginning of the next year (1674) royal favour announced the grant to the Earl of Rochester of the rangership of Woodstock Park in Oxfordshire.¶ The keepership was presented to him on May the 2nd of the same year,** and thenceforward his home was the Ranger's Lodge on the edge of the Park.††

Since the honour thus conferred was a sinecure, it did not imply rustication or even occasional residence at the Ranger's Lodge. For the next five years he is

* She was actually dismissed, but Rochester is said to have taken a considerable wager that after six months she would be a finished actress.

† Otway's *Orphan*.

‡ Otway's *Venice Preserv'd*.

§ Southerne's *The Fatal Marriage*.

|| Colley Cibber: *Apology for His Life*.

¶ State Papers, Domestic, February 27th, 1674. Warrant for revocation of a grant made 2nd November, 1670, to Lord Lovelace of the office of Keeper of Woodstock Park, in so far as concerns the rangership, and for a grant to John, Earl of Rochester, of the said rangership and of the walk and lodge thereto belonging, lately held by Sir William Fleetwood, deceased. Since February 28th, 1668, Lord Rochester had been Keeper of the King's Game in Co. Oxford. [Cf. Warrant Bk. 14 of the Sec. of State.]

** *Ibid.*

†† In 1675 there is some discussion between the Earl of Rochester and the Earl and Countess of Lichfield regarding the patent granted for the Keepership of Woodstock, "his Majesty having signed a warrant for a grant to Sir Walter St. John and three others of the office of Ranger of Woodstock Park, after the determination of the Earl of Rochester's state." (State Papers, Domestic, October 7th, 1675.) On October 29th Sir J. Williamson informs Lord Rochester that "To-morrow being the day appointed by the Lord Keeper for hearing the matter . . . concerning Woodstock . . . the King commands me to signify to you that you take order that some person, whomsoever you shall choose, be there to hear it jointly with the Lord Keeper." (*Ibid.*, Whitehall, Friday, October 29th, 1675.) There is no further reference to the dispute, which was settled presumably in the Earl of Rochester's favour, since he continued to live at Woodstock in the capacity of Ranger until his death.

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more frequently at Court than in the country, indulging in those debauches which finally ruined his health and made the last months of his life unendurable. During the year 1675 we catch glimpses of him in unusual and various situations. The Court performance of Settle's *Masque of Calisto*, which has already been mentioned, took place early in the year at the same period, possibly, as the adventure, related by Grammont in his memoirs, which befell Miss Hobart and Miss Temple in the Park at the hands of Rochester and his companion, Killigrew. On April 30th a further honour was conferred on the Earl of Rochester, being "a grant of the office of Master of the King's Hawks during life."* A less reputable event took place on the 25th of June when "my Lord Rochester in a frolick after a rant . . . beat downe the dyill which stood in the middle of the Privie [Gard]ing, which was esteemed the rarest in Europ. I doe not know," writes one, "if upon that accompt he will be found impertinent, or if it is by the fall beate in pieces."† If he was found impertinent soon after and expelled from Court, it was for a different reason; a violent satire—*The Restoration or The History of Insipids*—a direct attack on the throne, came to the King's notice and its author was punished accordingly. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, being at that time in disgrace at Court, the two noblemen left London together in search of adventure. Their inclinations led them along the Newmarket road, the scene of many royal progresses to the famous race-course, and after some time they reached a deserted inn which was to let. Lord Rochester's talent for mimicry at once suggested a way of alleviating the discomforts of exile. Disguising themselves as innkeepers, they took possession of the inn, and, having carefully observed the pretty girls in the district (they considered not whether maids, wives or widows), with the object of seducing them, they invited the neighbours, who had either wives or daughters, to frequent feasts, where the men were plied hard with good liquor, and the women sufficiently warmed to make as little resistance as would be agreeable to their inclinations. But these elaborate entertainments could not last long without arousing suspicion among the guests; discretion, mingled with a desire for other amusement, persuaded their hosts to abandon this game, and, knowing that the King would shortly pay a visit to the races, they hastened to despatch an adventure which as yet they had been unable to compass. There was an old covetous miser in the neighbourhood, who, notwithstanding his age, was possessed of a very agreeable young wife. Her husband watched her with the same assiduity as his money, and never trusted her out of his sight, but under the protection of an old maiden sister, who had never tasted the joys of love herself. The Duke of Buckingham, having invited the husband to supper, Lord Rochester, disguised as a country wench, with a bottle of spirits under his arm (for he had heard that the old woman was addicted to them), arrived at the house. It was with some difficulty, however, that the governess was persuaded to speak with him, and then only with the outer door half closed. His lordship was compelled, therefore, to have recourse to an ingenious expedient. Simulating an attack of giddiness, he fell fainting on the threshold; the disturbance he made brought the young lady to the door, and she commanded him to be helped indoors,

* State Papers, Domestic. An office that was shared by the notorious William Chiffinch.

† Laing MSS., Edinburgh University, June 26th, 1675. George Scott of Pitlochrie to James Scott of Edinburgh. This accident recalls a similar occasion, mentioned by Aubrey, when the astronomical balls of the palace were smashed up by Rochester and Sedley during a "rant."

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having regard to his sex and the unhappy condition he was in. By degrees he began to revive, and the old dame was persuaded to taste the cordial that had hastened his recovery. Unobserved by her, he drew from his pocket another bottle, qualified with opium, which he placed to her lips. While she lay heavily asleep, Lord Rochester discovered himself to the young wife, who was more delighted with his manners than startled by his intrusion, and readily yielded to his embraces. When the first transports were over, he arranged for the escape of the young adulteress, and about the middle of the night she set out with him for the inn, with a hundred and fifty pieces of her husband's money concealed about her. In their flight they narrowly escaped falling into the enemy's hands, but concealed in the grass and in each other's arms, they waited till the cuckold was out of sight and hearing. The old miser on his return fell into a fit of madness, during which he hanged himself, and Lord Rochester, handing his treasure to his companion, was fortunate soon afterwards to meet the King, whose pardon was easily obtained.*

The Court at this time was entirely given over to pleasure, the King and his subjects packing every minute with masques and entertainments, fearful that an end might come to their revelries before they had taken their fill, and yet somehow content with the ecstasy of moments however brief. For these kinds of frivolity Lord Rochester had a capacity not exceeded by anyone at Whitehall, and the more than usual brilliance he gave to anything in which he took part was an excuse for recalling him from exile. "The King, it was said, loved his company for the diversion it afforded,"† and the charm of his presence was shared by a chosen party of royal favourites, "Henry Killigrew,‡ Henry Savile,§ Henry Guy,|| Baptist May,¶ the Earl of Dorset, the Earl of Mulgrave . . . who were the King's Companions at most suppers in the Week an: 1676,77, either in the lodgings of Lodovisa, Dutchess of Portsmouth,** or in those of William Cheffing,†† near the Backstairs, or in the Apartments of Eleanor Quinn,‡‡ or in that of Bapt: May,"§§ and, we may add, in Lord Rochester's own apartment in the Palace.|||| Edmund Waller, for whom his lordship had an unqualified admiration, gives an entertaining account of one of these parties.¶¶ "Grammont," he writes, "once told Rochester that if he could by any means divest himself of one-half of his wit, the other half would make him the most agreeable man in the world. This observation of the Count's did not strike me much when I heard it, but I have often marked the propriety of it since. Last night I supped at Lord R.'s with a select party: on such occasions he is not ambitious of shining; he is rather pleasant than arch; he

* The substance of this story is taken from an account by Saint Évremond in a letter to the Duchess of Mazarine.

† Burnet: *History of His Own Times*.

‡ Groom of the Bedchamber.

§ Rochester's correspondent and formerly Groom of the Duke of York's Bedchamber.

|| Cupbearer to His Majesty.

¶ Keeper of the Privy Purse.

** *Maitresse en titre*.

†† William Chiffinch, confidant of the King's Amours.

‡‡ Nell Gwyn.

§§ Wood: *Athenæ Oxoniensis*.

|||| Previously he had occupied the Arbor House in Portugal Row in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

¶¶ In a letter to St. Évremond.

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is comparatively reserved; but you find something in that restraint, which is more agreeable than the utmost exertion of talents in others. The reserve of Rochester gives you the idea of a copious river, that fills its channel, and seems as if it would easily overflow its banks, but is unwilling to spoil the beauty and verdure of the plain. The most perfect good-humour was supported through the whole evening; nor was it the least disturbed when, unexpectedly, towards the end of it, the King came in. . . 'Something has vexed him,' said Rochester; 'he never does me this honour, but when he is in an ill-humour.' The following dialogue, or something very like it, then ensued:

The King: How the devil have I got here? The knaves have sold every cloak in the wardrobe.

Rochester: Those knaves are fools. That is a part of dress, which, for their own sakes, your Majesty ought never to be without.

The King: Pshaw!—I'm vexed.

Rochester: I hate still life—I'm glad of it. Your Majesty is never so entertaining as when——

The King: Ridiculous. I believe the English are the most untractable people on earth.

Rochester: I must humbly beg your Majesty's pardon if I presume in that respect.

The King: You would find them so, if you were in my place and obliged to govern.

Rochester: Were I in your Majesty's place I would not govern at all.

The King: How then?

Rochester: I would send for my good Lord Rochester, and command him to govern.

The King: But the singular modesty of that nobleman——

Rochester: He would certainly conform himself to your Majesty's bright example. How gloriously would the two grand social virtues flourish under his auspices.

The King: *O, prisca fides.* What can these be?

Rochester: The Love of Wine and Women!

The King: God bless your Majesty!

Rochester: These attachments keep the world in good humour, and therefore I say they are social virtues. Let the Bishop of Salisbury deny it if he can.

The King: He died last night; have you a mind to succeed him?

Rochester: On condition that I shall neither be called upon to preach on the thirtieth of January, nor on the twenty-ninth of May.*

The King: These conditions are curious. You object to the first, I suppose, because it would be a melancholy subject; but the other——

Rochester: Would be a melancholy subject too.

The King: That is too much.

Rochester: Nay, I only mean that the business would be a little too grave for the day. Nothing but the indulgence of the two grand social virtues could be a proper testimony of my joy upon that occasion.

The King: Thou art the happiest fellow in my dominion. Let me perish if I do not envy thee thy impudence."

* Anniversaries of Charles I martyrdom and Charles II restoration.

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The "two grand social virtues" were cultivated by the members of a club or society to which Rochester belonged. "The Ballers," as they were called, seem to have been the wildest and most mischievous set of young men and women that have ever met together. Unfortunately the nature of their fellowship is not revealed, and all we know is that Pepys one day found himself in their company and was slightly perturbed at their behaviour,* and that, on another occasion, a consignment of "leather instruments," imported by Lord Rochester from France, was burnt at the request of the wives of the Customs officials, an action which so irritated one of its members that he wrote to Rochester, inviting him, as "General of the Ballers," to take revenge.† Wine and Women, however easily enjoyed, did not exclude that still lively interest he took in the stage. In 1675 Sir Francis Fane dedicated *Love in the Dark* to him, a compliment which was returned when Rochester himself wrote an epilogue for it, and in the same year Nathaniel Lee dedicated to him his *Tragedy of Nero*. Moreover, in the following year he was to be paid an even greater compliment and have the ingenious pleasure of seeing himself portrayed on the stage. Some years before this Rochester had taunted his friend, "the gentle George Etheredge," with idleness. He had written:

"There's none had more fancy, sense, judgment, and wit:
But in th' crying sin, idleness, he was so harden'd,
That his long seven years silence was not to be pardon'd."‡

In 1676, therefore, to vindicate himself from this not unjust accusation, Etheredge produced his most attractive play, *The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter*. But the title did not draw attention from what was after all the chief character, Dorimant, in whom were easily recognisable the graceful and peculiar qualities that made Lord Rochester one of the most agreeable men in the world. There is nothing unkind in this vivacious study of a man whom history, neglecting half the evidence at hand, has stamped a monster. If it is the tribute of a friend, it is none the less a true delineation, and the appearance of Dorimant on the stage is, as it were, the sudden crystallisation of those fluid qualities in Lord Rochester, that men had been unable to analyse in the past. While in the years to follow, when the legend of the last of the Stuarts begins to grow dim, this picture still remains unfaded. "Now I remember very well," writes one in the early years of the eighteenth century,§ "that upon the first acting

* Pepys. May 30th, 1668. "To supper in an arbor . . . and here I first understood the meaning of the company that lately were called Ballers; Harris telling how it was by a meeting of some young blades, where he was among them, and my Lady Bennet (cf. Wycherley. Preface to *The Plain Dealer*) and her ladies; and their there dancing naked, and all the roguish things in the world. But, Lord! what loose cursed company was this, that I was in to-night, though full of wit, and worth a man's being in for once, to know the nature of it, and their manner of talk, and lives."

† British Museum Add. MSS. 4162, January 26th, 1670. Letter from Henry Savile to Rochester. An Act of Parliament in 1672 forbade the importation of French goods. In a *Miscellany of Poems*, 1672, there is a poem entitled "The Baller's Life," which, however, adds nothing to the little information already available.

‡ From *A Trial of the Poets for the Bays*, page 131.

§ From *A Defence of Sir Fopling Flutter*. This is a reply to the attack made on the play by Steele in the *Spectator*, May 15th, 1711, where it is described as "a perfect contradiction to good manners, good sense, and common honesty."

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of this Comedy, it was generally believed to be an agreeable Representation of the Persons of Condition of both Sexes, both in Court and Town; and that all the World was charm'd with Dorimant; and that it was unanimously agreed that he had in him several of the Qualities of Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, as, his Wit, his Spirit, his amorous Temper, the Charms that he had for the fair Sex, his Falsehood, and his Inconstancy; the agreeable Manner of his chiding his Servants* . . . and lastly, his repeating on every Occasion, the Verses of Waller, for whom he had a very particular esteem. . . . For Dorimant," he concludes, "not only pass'd for a fine Gentleman with the Court of King Charles the Second, but he has pass'd for such with all the World, for Fifty Years together."

Death, that relieved this restless spirit of the follies and misunderstandings of human relationships, stayed, likewise, the violence of its satire. But in the heyday of Lord Rochester's manhood, no one, either man or woman, was proof against his recurring fits of bitterness. "Our Journeymen, nowadays," says the old shoemaker to Dorimant, "instead of harmless Ballads, sing nothing but your damn'd Lampoons." Damning, indeed, they were, but the condemnation was founded on fact (exaggerated, perhaps, since, he remarked rather comically, "Lies in . . . Libels came often in as Ornaments that could not be spared without spoiling the beauty of the Poem"), but never entirely on the imagination. He arranged, moreover, for a ready supply of scandal and implication. It is said that "he found out a footman that knew all the Court and furnished him with a red coat and a musquet, as a sentinel, and kept him all the winter long, every night, at the doors of such ladies as he believed might be in intrigues. In the Court, a sentinel is little minded, and is believed to be posted by a captain of the guards to hinder a combat; so that this man walked about and visited at forbidden hours."† Whether this spy ever overheard the King in the company of his mistresses is not recorded, but a libellous poem‡ on His Majesty that was written at this time admits the possibility. On its coming to the knowledge of the King, Lord Rochester was once more expelled from the Court. During his exile he amused himself in a manner more daring and perhaps more ingenious than any of his earlier adventures. He was a renowned mimic; "he would have gone about the streets as a beggar," writes Burnet, "and made love as a porter,"§ and on one occasion he dwelt in the City "among the capital tradesmen and rich merchants, where politeness was not so much cultivated as at Court, but where pleasure, luxury and abundance reigned with less confusion and more sincerity. . . . As he was able to adapt himself to all capacities and humours,|| he soon deeply insinuated himself into the esteem of the substantial wealthy aldermen

* "The publick chiding of his servants, which would have been ill-breeding and intolerable in any other man, became not only civil and inoffensive, but agreeable and entertaining in him."
Preface to *Valentinian*.

† Burnet: *History of His Own Times*.

‡ Page 104.

§ "He took pleasure to disguise himself as a porter, or as a beggar, sometimes to follow some mean amours, which, for the variety of them, he affected. At other times, merely for diversion, he would go about in odd shapes; in which he acted his part so naturally that even those who were in the secret, and saw him in these shapes, could perceive nothing by which he might be discovered."—Burnet's *Life*.

|| "The strange facility he had to talk to all Capacities in their own Dialect, and make himself good Company to all kind of People at all times." Preface to *Valentinian*.

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... he made one in all their feasts . . . and, whilst in the company of the husbands, he declaimed against the faults and mistakes of the Government, he joined their wives in railing against the profligacy of the Court ladies, and in inveighing against the King's mistresses . . . after which, to out-do their murmurings, he said, that he wondered Whitehall was not yet consumed by fire from heaven, since such rakes as Rochester, Killigrew and Sidney were suffered there, who had the impudence to assert that all married men in the City were cuckolds, and all their wives painted. This conduct endeared him so much with the cits, and made him so welcome at their clubs, that at last he grew sick of their cramming and endless invitations.* During his exile for the satire on the King and Nell Gwyn, disguised as a German astrologer, he set up his sign on Tower Hill, and drew up an advertisement of the many cures he could effect and the mysteries he performed.† For the preserving of youth and beauty he had secret remedies, so that in a short time many people were persuaded to visit the famous "Alexander Bendo"; ladies disguised as maids escaped from Court to hear his prognostications, while their own maids, recognised by the magician, were tempted to reveal to him the secrets of their mistresses' chambers.‡ These confidences were excellent material for satire, so that he set out forthwith for Woodstock and spent the summer in retirement with his wife and family of a son and three daughters.§

The next year (1677), unmarked by any extraordinary event, is important for the change which, thenceforward, came over Rochester's attitude to life. It did not come suddenly, it came almost unperceived, prompted not so much by a revolution in his own mind as by that of a whole generation and the spirit of the age in which he lived. England had never settled down after the excitement of the Restoration, and even her strongest intellects had hardly survived the buffetings of the new philosophy. In France Descartes had profoundly stirred the stagnant wells of mediæval thought, and Hobbes had done the same thing on this side of the Channel, had even destroyed some of the older beliefs and prepared a place for Locke and his disciples. At the Restoration, the experience of the older generation was no longer of use to men who had to make a new set of values for every occasion in their lives. Like children, they were forced to find out everything for themselves, their attitude towards God, if they recognised one, towards their human relationships, whether private or public, towards life itself so far as they were able to understand it. At this period, moreover, there came that sudden and enlightened enthusiasm for scientific research, shared by the King and fostered by the Royal Society, under the stress of which the old order was yielding to the freshness and uncertainty of one as yet unformed. This unsettled state of mind, eager to experiment, was the source of so much discontent in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. And yet these inexperienced children were more advanced than their ancestors; they had thrown away most of their childish things, and become aware of a part of the significance of life, and of the unevenness of its surface more clearly than anyone before, although they still clung to the manners of their childhood.

* *Memoirs of Grammont.*

† Alexander Bendo's Advertisement, page 155.

‡ The story told by Hamilton of the visit of Miss Price and Miss Jennings to a German astrologer was earlier than this, though it is possible that Rochester was the quack to whom reference is made.

§ Charles baptised January 2nd, 1671. Anne baptised August 30th, 1669. Elizabeth baptised July 13th, 1674. Mallet baptised January 6th, 1675.

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The emptiness of this behaviour, that had carried Lord Rochester through many hazards and grotesque adventures, slowly revealed itself to him. But it was not fully shown until he had passed through a great sickness which befell him in the year 1678. Before this we catch a few last glimpses of him in such situations as had enlivened his early manhood. He is constantly in the company of Buckingham,* in London and at Woodstock; his patronage of the stage has not declined, and he honours Charles D'Avenant with an epilogue to his *Dirce*, and is honoured by the dedication of Otway's *Titus and Berenice*; and once more he is involved in a scandal, which he repudiates, however. This was in September; Robert Harley in a letter† to his father mentions "a beastly prank of my Lord Rochester and my Lord Lovelace and ten other men, which they committed on that Sabbath day when they were at Estington, which was their running along Woodstock Park naked." As a young man Rochester would not have troubled to contradict this story; now he is tired of scandal, sick in mind as in body and to Savile who had written: "I desire to know the truth from yourself,‡ who alone doe speak true concerning yourselfe, all the rest of the world not being only apt to believe but very ready to make lyes concerning you, and if your friends were like them, there has been such a story made concerning your last adventure as would persuade us grave men that you had stripped yourself of all your prudence as well as your breeches . . .,"§ he replies:¶ "for the hideous Deportment, which you have heard of, concerning running naked, so much is true, that we went into the River somewhat late in the year, and had a frisk for forty yards in the Meadow, to dry ourselves." An unwillingness to allow his behaviour to pass without explanation is an indication of the more serious views he had begun to adopt; not that he repented of his former ways; only because he had exhausted them did he begin to interest himself more in his private affairs and in the government of his country.¶ In November he was elected alderman for Taunton,** and in the spring he had petitioned for a nine

* Harleian MSS. 7003, British Museum. Buckingham to Rochester: "August 11th, 1677. My noble friends at Court have now resolved to lye most abominably of your Lordship and me, in order to which they have brought in a new Treasonable Lampoon of which your Lordship is to be the Author."

Fortland MSS.: "August 17th, 1677. The D. of Buckingham petitioned . . . that he had laid so long, had contracted several indispositions, and desired a month's air. This was by Nelly, Middlesex, Rochester and the merry gang easily procured. . . . Hereupon he laid constantly in Whitehall at my Lord Rochester's lodgings leading his usual life."

Rydal Hall MSS.: "November 5th, 1677. The Duke of Buckingham, who is steward for the City of Oxford, and has been at Woodstock with the Earl of Rochester and other nobles, this fortnight, is expected at Oxford this week."

† Portland MSS., Welbeck Abbey, September 11th, 1677.

‡ i.e. about his illness. In the autumn of 1677 his health broke down for the first time.

§ Harleian MSS. 7003, British Museum. ¶ Letter III, page 252, in reply to Savile.

¶ " . . . a considerable time before his last Sickness, his Wit began to take a more serious Bent, and to frame and fashion itself to publick business; he began to inform himself of the Wisdom of our Laws . . . and to speak in the House of Peers with general approbation. . . ." Preface to *Valentinian*. [See also Buckingham's Works, where a speech of Lord Rochester's is recorded, and The Lord's Journal.]

** Portland MSS. Letter from Andrew Marvell to Sir Edward Harley, November 17th, 1677. He had been Deputy-Lieutenant for Somerset since October 30th, 1670. [Cf. Mil. Bk. Sec. of State.]

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hundred years' lease of some property he owned in Ireland.* In the House of Lords, moreover, he had sat regularly until his health broke down, at which time he returned to the study of the ancient authors whom he had loved as a boy and devoted many hours to their perusal.

We have now entered the last stages in Lord Rochester's life. Henceforward the letters that he wrote to Henry Savile are the only source of information we can rely upon.† The fever he had contracted in the autumn of 1677 completely destroyed his remarkable constitution, leaving his body feeble and his mind depressed. In April we learn that he "hath bin att the gates of death, and so penitent that he is upon an emendment, and says he will be an exsample of penitence to the whole world. . . .‡ A shadow of loneliness darkens the last eighteen months of his life, for Savile, his best friend, had gone on a mission to France, and his own prolonged absence in the country had isolated him from his acquaintance at Court. Even there, the will to enjoy was far less strong; the political skeleton had broken from its cupboard; the misgovernment of the Cabal ministry, the quarrels between the King and his brother York and the bastard Duke of Monmouth, as well as the peril of papists made pleasure a weariness of the flesh, so that even an amorous intrigue might become the overture to a political scandal. Yet Rochester's spirit was not utterly broken. "It is a miraculous thing," he writes to Savile,§ "when a Man, half in the Grave, cannot leave off playing the Fool, and the Buffoon," meaning that his old wit had not altogether deserted him. But the merriment of his correspondence with Savile is tinged with a stain of melancholy and ennui: "The general Heads, under which this whole Island may be consider'd, are Spies, Beggars and Rebels, the Transpositions and Mixtures of these make an agreeable variety; Busie Fools, and Cautious Knaves are bred out of them, and set off wonderfully; tho' of this latter sort we have fewer now than ever, Hypocrisie being the only vice in decay amongst us, few Men here dissemble their being Rascals; and no Woman disowns being a Whore . . ."|| But the calm that was slowly coming over his mind was still broken by sudden storms of jealousy, a vice that had not been overcome by one who was neither a rascal nor a hypocrite. The end of his life is marred by a furious outburst against Dryden, whose successes he had always deprecated. A satire was brought to his notice, supposedly written by Dryden and his patron Lord Mulgrave,¶ in which, however, Dryden had no share; certain references to Rochester's cowardice in the past stung him to revenge. Ignorant in the fury of his passion of the author of the slander, he was glad of an occasion for pouring the vials of his anger upon the harmless Dryden: the repartee he left to "Black Will with a Cudgell,"** and Dryden was brutally assaulted on his way home from Will's Coffee House.†† There is nothing to redeem the folly and cruelty of Rochester's behaviour on this occasion.

* State Papers, Domestic, April 13th, 1677.

† Pages 251 to 266 of this edition.

‡ Rutland MSS. Lady Chaworth to her brother Lord Ross, April 23rd, 1678. She adds: ". . . and I hope he will be so."

§ Letter VIII, page 256.

|| Letter XV, page 263.

¶ It contains likewise an attack on Rochester's bawdy songs; Robert Wolseley in his Preface to *Valentinian* vehemently repudiates it.

** Letter XVI, page 264.

†† The Duchess of Portsmouth is supposed to have been concerned in this incident. The *London Gazette*, 18th-22nd December, 1679, has the following entry: "Whereas John Dryden esq. was on Monday the 18th instant, at night, barbarously assaulted, and wounded,

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This is the last recorded action of a life that had been remarkable for the variety and extent of its experience. At last, but only when the burden of existence was weighing upon him intolerably, death came and removed it for ever. But the period of Lord Rochester's life which covered less than half the allotted days of man, was balanced by the long agony of his death which lasted a full year. In an interval of his suffering he wrote his moving *Farewell to the Court* :*

"Tir'd with the noisome Follies of the Age,
And weary of my part, I quit the Stage;
For who in Life's dull Farce a part would bear,
Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all the head Actors are ?
Long I with charitable Malice strove,
Lashing the Court, those Vermin to remove . . .
Yet though my life hath unsuccessful been,
(For who can this Augæan Stable clean ?)
My gen'rous end I will pursue in Death,
And at Mankind rail with my parting Breath."

During this slight recovery, and in the hope of receiving some solid comfort from one who had spent much of his life inveighing—though in a different way—against the sins of the Age, he summoned Bishop Burnet to his bedside. "This was sometime in October, 1679, when he was slowly recovering out of a great Disease. . . . He was then entertaining himself in that low state of health, with the first part of the *History of the Reformation*†. . . with which he seemed not ill pleased. After I had waited on him once or twice," Burnet writes, "he grew into that freedom with me, as to open to me all his thoughts, both of Religion and Morality: and to give me a full view of his past life."‡ The record of these conversations is not only interesting in itself, but also for the extraordinary sensation it made, not only after Rochester's death but for many years to come.§ For, according to them, Lord Rochester's sub-

in Rose Street, in Covent Garden, by divers men unknown; if any person shall make discovery of the said offenders to the said Mr. Dryden, or to any Justice of the Peace, he shall not only receive fifty pounds, which is deposited in the hands of Mr. Blanchard, goldsmith, next door to Temple Bar, for the said purpose; but if he be a principal or accessory, in the said fact, his Majesty is graciously pleased to promise him his pardon for the same."

* Page 147.

† By Bishop Burnet.

‡ Burnet's *Life of Rochester*. A book "which the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety." Johnson's "Life of Rochester" in the *Lives of the Poets*.

§ Burnet's *Life* ran into many editions in the eighteenth century. During the reign of Queen Victoria it formed the basis of innumerable pamphlets issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Religious Tract Society, e.g. "The Repentance and Happy Death of the Celebrated Earl of Rochester"; "The Contrast, or the Last Hours of . . . Voltaire and Wilmot Earl of Rochester." The last edition of Burnet's *Life* was in 1875, and from Lord Ronald Gower's Preface these memorable lines are quoted: "There are Rochesters in the reign of Queen Victoria, not, however, gifted, as was the witty author of the 'Satire against Man' . . . but whose lives resemble Wilmot's in a course of selfish and wicked indulgence, and who appear as reckless of the manner in which they pass their short span of existence as if there was no such certainty as death, and after death a Judgment in store for them.

"It is in hope that some of these persons, if they meet with and read this book may have

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mission to the old Bishop's arguments led him to repent all his former courses, so that during his last hours he was a reformed character, praising God for His manifold mercies, and humbly praying for forgiveness. How far all this is true is a question which is answered with some difficulty after so long a lapse of time, but it may be presumed that in his enthusiasm for bringing the strayed lamb back to the fold, Burnet forgot to mention the difficulties he encountered on the way.* "As for his Repentance," writes that charming sceptic St. Évremond, "and these Arguments produc'd by Doctor Burnet, I am apt to depend on his Veracity, notwithstanding some Reports to the contrary, tho' asserted with the Boldness which only belongs to truth. For my Lord was a master of too much reason to be an Atheist, or when he came calmly to consider, not to be a Christian . . ."† There can be no doubt about the sincerity of Rochester's determination to avoid, if he was spared, those excesses which had brought him to his low state of health. He loathed and detested them now, as a child, surfeited with sweetmeats, is nauseated with the idea of a further indulgence. "Il n'a pas succombé," writes a French critic, "débauché, vulgaire, sous le poids abrutissant de l'ivresse sous l'écrasement des voluptés . . . un secret ressort . . . le fait réagir contre elles. Il ne s'assimile pas le poison, il le vomit à la face des empoisonneurs."‡ Unluckily, some of the poison entered his system; now that he was no longer strong enough to fight it down, he could only lie still under its tortures. "He was very much ashamed of his former practices, rather because he had made himself a beast, and had brought pain and sickness to his body, and had suffered much in his reputation, than from any deep sense of a Supreme Being, or another state."§ This confession was made during one of the early conversations with Burnet, when his vitality had just sufficient strength to retaliate, and he could smile at the old priest's "canting and enthusiasm"; while even the longest arguments only forced him to "acknowledge that the whole system of religion, if believed, was a greater foundation of quiet than any other thing whatsoever." In the end, however, the heavy ecclesiastical artillery triumphed, and the dying nobleman, *un croyant désespéré*, refrained from argument, allowing Burnet to soothe his tired spirit with comfortable words and promises of forgiveness. It was the relief he obtained from the idea, more than from the actual dogma of religion, that gave him the patience to endure his suffering, an attitude which had expressed itself in saying: "they were happy that believed, for it was not in everyone's power,"|| and which seems to have directed his so-called repentance. Thus he was aware that the acceptance of the dogma of Christianity, the Communion of Saints, the Forgiveness of sins, the Resurrection of the body, and the Life everlasting was the path of least resistance for those who never questioned the infallibility of them. It was not in his power, however, to take this path, although

their eyes opened to the reckless folly of leading what is called 'a fast life,' that I have had these pages reprinted."

* Burnet is described in one of the "Groaning Board" pamphlets in the Roxburghe collections as "the rough Scot, so remarkable for disturbing the sick." The editor of the Roxburghe Ballads observes that the Bishop's desire to be in at the death of sinners was akin to the enthusiasm of the foxhunter!

† See Giffard's account of an interview with his former pupil in *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, November 16th, 1711.

‡ Forgues: *Revue des Deux Mondes*, August, 1857.

§ Burnet's *Life*.

|| Burnet's *Life*.

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Burnet deceived himself into believing that he worked a miracle by converting a notorious sinner. The change that had come over Rochester was physical, not spiritual; the throb of bodily suffering, not the beating of a contrite heart, weakened his defence. There is a sense of unreality in the meek epistles to Burnet and to Doctor Pierce that were written for him in the last hours of his decline. He is more truly pictured by his mother in her letters to his aunt. Never again did he wish to be reminded of the past; one day it was reported how the King had drunk to his health, but he turned away his head in disgust. His vitality was now fast sinking, and he had wasted some in a moment of rashness when, believing himself recovered, he had ridden down to Somersetshire in the early summer.* He was carried back to Woodstock by coach and there attended by many eminent physicians and worthy divines, amongst whom were the Bishop of Oxford, Bishop Burnet and his mother's chaplain, Mr. Parsons. His mind was calm, nor was he subject to the hectic fits that troubled him at the beginning of his illness. Maybe he was suffering from some form of slight mental aberration, induced by mercurial intoxication after a long course of treatment for venereal disease. Casanova, who had much in common with his lordship, suffered in the same way, having fits of piety from which he afterwards recovered. "This impure and invariably harmful metal," he writes in his *Mémoires*, "so weakened my mind that I was, as it were, stupefied by it." Rochester told Burnet that "he had overcome all his Resentments to all the World; so that he bore ill will to no person, nor hated any upon personal accounts. . . . He said, he found his Mind now possessed with another sense of things, than ever he had formerly. He did not repine under all his Pain."† This new "sense of things" was what he had sought for all his life, but had always failed to find; now that he had shut out the past, it came to him. The memory of his loves and friendships, Whitehall, the wealth of royal progresses through the Park and on the river, the adventures in the Mall, the excitement of Whetstone's Park and the dreariness of Bridewell, the fascination of the drama, of wine and of lovely women, was blotted out; they were the experiences of a life, lived only from hour to hour, and left no record behind. One affection remained, and on his death-bed he called for his wife and children and greeted them with the kindness of a husband and the tenderness of a father. "He died," writes Saint Évremond,‡ "on the 26th of July, at Two in the Morning, without any Pangs at all, Nature being spent, and the Food of Life quite gone, in the thirty-third year of his age."§

* Early in the year he had been able to sit in Parliament, and accompany the King on a last visit to Newmarket, and Burnet is surprised at the extraordinary vitality that supported him when most men would have succumbed.

† Burnet's *Life*.

‡ Letter to the Duchess of Mazarine.

§ There is a curious passage in Lee's *Princess of Cleve* which refers to Rochester and deserves to be quoted at length :

Vidam of Chartres : " . . . He that was the Life, the Soul of Pleasure, Count *Rosidore*, is dead.

Nemours : Then we may say,
 Wit was, and Satyr is a Carcass now.
 I thought his last Debauch would be his Death.
 But is it certain ?

Vidam : Yes, I saw him Dust,
 I saw the mighty Thing a nothing made . . . etc.

Nemours : . . . He was the Spirit of Wit, and had such an art in gilding his failures

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“Thus he lived, and thus he died,” concludes Burnet; “Nature had fitted him for great things, and his Knowledge and Observation qualify’d him to have been one of the most extraordinary Men, not only of his Nation, but of the Age he lived in. . . .” Like a comet, he flashed across the stormy night of the seventeenth century, filling those who knew him with astonishment, leaving behind a memory that faded after many years. “This blaze of reputation,” writes Dr. Johnson, nearly a century later, “is not yet quite extinguished; and his poetry still retains some splendour beyond that which genius has bestowed.” This added splendour is no longer discernible without a knowledge and appreciation of the Restoration and all it implied. For although in many ways he was born before his time, his poetry, with very few exceptions, is of the age. Boileau he acknowledged as a master, and Cowley also, from both of whom he borrowed much and sometimes stole, for he was incurably lazy. There is strength in his plagiarism, a quality far removed from servile imitation, which might have given the world greater and more original poems had he used it with less economy and more care. But the skill and deliberation of a craftsman were in no wise expected of him, and in consequence the value of his work is lowered by flaws that might have been avoided, and our admiration decreases in proportion as our tempers are tried by his carelessness. His most perfect lyrics are not unworthy of Sir Edmund Gosse’s estimation of their writer—“the last of the Cavalier lyrists, and in some ways the best,” in spite of the fact that he was not a Cavalier poet and that between him and Suckling there is only the same frail link that binds Suckling to the Elizabethan song writers. In the writing of pastorals, in imitating the Augustans, and in the peculiar fashion of adapting them, he stands not far beneath the most genial of his contemporaries, while “his true vein for satire,” less subtle than Dryden, less polished than Pope, is no less strongly marked;* although, after two and a half centuries to understand even faintly their original effectiveness, his satires need to be supported by a large understructure of notes.

In his lifetime his nobility and personal qualities raised him above the level of professional writers: “he had a Strength of Expression,” says Saint Évremond, “and a Happiness of Thought peculiar to himself, and seems to me, of all the Moderns, to have come nearest the Ancients in Satire, scarce excepting Boileau. . . . His looser Songs and Pieces, too obscene for the Ladies’ Eyes, have their peculiar Beauties, and are indeed too dangerous to peruse; for what would have rendered them nauseous, if they had been writ by a Genius less powerful, in him, alarms the Fancy and raises the Blood and Appetite more than all the Medicaments of Cleopatra.”† Rochester’s name, even to-day, is almost a synonym for bawdry, an error that is hardly justified even after his work has been removed from that background of history without which

that it was hard not to love his faults. He never spoke a witty thing twice, tho’ to different persons: his Imperfections were catching, and his Genius so Luxuriant, that he was forc’d to tame it with a Hesitation in his Speech. . . . But, oh! how awkward, how insipid, how poor and utterly dull is the Imitation of these that have all the Affectation of his verse, and none of his Wit.” Act I, Scene 3.

* “L’aisance de son argumentation, la netteté de ses épigrammes, réalisent par moments l’idéal propre de la poésie classique—l’expression incisive et rythmée d’une idée parfaitement claire.” Legouis et Cazamian: *Histoire de la littérature anglaise*.

† Saint Évremond. Letter to the Duchess of Mazarine.

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it cannot be completely understood.* Rochester is not a great poet, although at times there is a charm in his poetry so peculiar to him that it deserves recording; it is peculiar, also, to the age in which he lived, and admirably characteristic thereof. The pleasure to be derived from it is proportionate to our knowledge of the life at Court in Charles II's reign. The reader must picture to himself the gaiety and emptiness of that life, the men and women who shared its frivolity and fatigue, and, above all, he must refer constantly to the character who gave to it so much vitality and criticized it so bitterly.

Rochester's character was composed of certain fixed and fluid qualities; some are exclusive to the age itself, the rest are entirely his own, formed out of the accumulated experience of the past. "As for his Lordship's Temper, it was various, as he was more or less inspir'd with Wine. . . . It is certain, that in his own natural Temper, that is, when he was himself, he was a good-natur'd Man, and had not that Alloy of Malice, which in many things he discover'd when it was perverted by a Debauch."† Excessive drinking, which gave the rein to his passions, and made them so wild that they were no longer controllable, led him into many extravagances which he afterwards regretted. On these occasions he was malicious and easily jealous, unable to temper his wit or restrain his actions, so that while his friends despaired of him, his enemies had ample opportunity of slandering him and bringing reproaches upon his name. These irregularities drove him into exile and spoilt his reputation. Thus the humours of that unruly age became fixed on him, and posterity has unjustly caricatured him as a type of Restoration rake or scoundrel. There is nothing to be gained by attempting to scrape away this superficial, if unpleasant, veneer. We cannot remove it, but because it cannot conceal the permanent qualities of Rochester's mind, we may pierce it through and take account of what lies on the other side.

"He was naturally modest," says Burnet, "until the Court corrupted him." Modesty came to him naturally; his genius needed no advertisement. The effect, moreover, of his life at Court was not to destroy this good quality, but to add so much vigour to his natural wit that the steady glow of the one grew faint by the brilliant sparkle of the other. The weapon of his wit, "whose Edge cou'd ease by cutting and whose Point cou'd tickle while it prob'd," became the terror of the Foplings and the Poetasters, whose follies it punished relentlessly. "Who can abstain from satire in this Age?" he had written, and the pungency and rebuke of his political and social satire, his bitter comments on the King and his mistresses show, not only the breadth of his vision, but also a power of applied criticism, that belongs more properly to the eighteenth century. "Il a la distinction amère d'un esprit que la vie

* "Tho' his obscene Poetry cannot be directly justified in point of Decency . . . it may perhaps deserve Pardon, if we consider not only when 'twas writ, but also to whom 'twas addressed . . . my Lord Rochester [did not] design [these] Songs . . . to be sung for Anthems in the King's Chapel, any more than he did his other obscene writings, for the Cabinets of Ladies, or the Closets of Divines . . . but for the private diversion of those happy few, whom he us'd to charm with his Company, and honour with his Friendship." Preface to *Valentinian*. Lord Orford is of a different mind: "The Earl of Rochester," he observes, "a man whom the Muses were fond to inspire, and ashamed to avow; and who practised, without the least reserve, the secret which can make verses more read for their defects than for their merits." *Noble Authors*.

† Saint Évremond. Letter to the Duchess of Mazarine.

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intense et libre a détruit de bonne heure, mais en l'affinant et l'aiguissant."* When his faculties were free from the tyranny of drink or debauch, he perceived more clearly than any of his contemporaries the darker side of life, so that it is not surprising to find that he shared, before his time, another mood of the eighteenth century—melancholy and fits of loneliness and depression. The rational mind had turned away from the romance of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, in order to examine itself, and the scientific significance of its surroundings. Its enthusiasm discovered some of the mysteries of the world in which it existed. Its attitude to life, however, admitted no easy solution, nor would an alembic extract the essence of its many moods. To an understanding of these, Rochester, with that "goggle-eye to business" of which he had boasted to Henry Savile, came nearer perhaps than any courtier. And this he did despite those fits of imprudence and ill-humour by which he is usually remembered. "Tis not an easy thing," he writes, "to be intirely happy, but to be kind is very easy, and that is the greatest Measure of Happiness. I say not this to put you in mind of being kind to me . . . but to shew that I my self have a sense of what the Methods of my Life seem so utterly to contradict." In that mad carousal of the Restoration he felt the romantic melancholy of the new generation; it is expressed in a lyric form which was to lie forgotten for many years:

" All my past Life is mine no more,
The flying Hours are gone
Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er
Whose Images are kept in store,
By Memory alone."

When his spirits were neither inflamed by wine nor damped by melancholy he was a subject not only for admiration and delight, but also for the most hyperbolic praise. Sometimes these compliments were made ridiculous by their exalted flattery, witness the dedications of other men's work,† but the testimonies of Saint Évremond, of Burnet, and still more of Robert Wolseley, are invaluable documents. The last of these, in a preface to the first edition of *Valentinian* five years after Rochester's death, finely appreciates the outstanding qualities of his friend: "There has not liv'd in many Ages (if ever) so extraordinary, and I think I may add so useful a Person, as most Englishmen knew my Lord to have been, whether we consider the constant good Sense, and the agreeable Mirth of his ordinary Conversation, or the vast reach and compass of his Invention, and the wonderful Depth of his retir'd Thoughts, the uncommon Graces of his Fashion, or the inimitable Turns of his Wit, the becoming gentleness and bewitching softness of his Civility, or the force and fitness of his Satire; for as he was both the Delight and the Wonder of Men, the Love and Dotage of Women, so he was a continual Curb to Impertinence, and the publick Censor of Folly. Never did Man stay in his Company unentertain'd, or leave it uninstructed; never was his Understanding biass'd, or his Pleasantness forc'd; never did he laugh in

* Legouis et Cazamian: *Histoire de la littérature anglaise*.

† For example, Sir Francis Fane, in his dedication to *Love in the Dark*: "I never return from your Lordship's most charming and instructive conversation but I am inspir'd with a new Genius. . . . I find myself not only a better poet, or better philosopher, but much more than these, a better Christian."

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the wrong place, or prostitute his Sense to serve his Luxury; never did he stab into the Wounds of fallen Virtue, with a base and cowardly Insult, or smooth the face of prosperous Villainy, with the Paint and Washes of a mercenary Wit; never did he spare a Fop for being rich, or flatter a Knave for being great." These generous words are a fair description of Lord Rochester in the strength of his manhood, such a description as would suit admirably the beauty and elegance of the portraits that were painted of him,* where there is no suggestion of intemperateness or uncontrolled passion.†

He seems to have had a talent for reciting verses extempore, a quality that suited his turn of thought and added to the pleasure of his company. Riding one day on horseback with the King, he is said to have spoken these lines at his Majesty's request:

"Here's Monmouth the witty,
Laurendine the pritty.
And Frazier the great physitian;
But as for the rest
Take *York* for a Jest
And yourself for a great Politician."‡

Only a few of his remarks are recorded; Dryden§ records a criticism of Cowley whom Rochester owned as his master: "not being of God," said Lord Rochester, "he could not stand," and another in reply to one who, to commend a bad tragedy, said it was written in three weeks: "How the Devil could he be so long about it?"|| His letters give a better idea of his wit and generosity. Those he sent to his wife are concerned with her health and the happiness of her children; even in sickness he does not forget her: "I hope you excuse my sending you noe money . . . if I had

* Several portraits exist. One by Sir Peter Lely from which White's well-known engraving was taken; there are other engravings of the same painting. At Warwick Castle, a portrait of him crowning a monkey with a laurel wreath, his left hand enclosing a manuscript copy of verses; painted by Harding and engraved by Gardiner. A fanciful engraving, in a pastoral setting, by Rhodes. A drawing after Lely's portrait by Thurston, and an extremely effective drawing by Loggan. The last of these shows an older face, with the same features, however, as the others: a tall face framed in a magnificent curled wig; full lips, the lower curved by a criticising smile; the eyes set widely apart and observant; the nostrils broad. It is interesting to find that Congreve desired to possess a picture of the Earl of Rochester.

† These lines, spoken extempore, to a Post-boy, are attributed to him in a MS. commonplace book, and dated 1674:

"Son of a Whore, God damn you, can you tell
A peerless Peer the readiest way to Hell?
I've outswilled Bacchus, sworn of my own make
Oaths would fright Furies and make Pluto quake.
I've swived more whores more ways than Sodom's walls
E'er knew, or the College of Rome's Cardinals."

‡ The magnanimity of Dryden's reference to one at whose hands he had suffered so unfairly, as "A man of Quality, whose ashes I will not disturb," is worthy of record.

§ Preface to his *Fables*.

|| *Biographia Britannica*. Article on Dryden. Of Buckhurst, Rochester is supposed to have said that "he did not know how it was, but Lord Dorset might do anything, and yet was never to blame."—Lord Orford, *Noble Authors*.

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not pawn'd my plate, I believe I must have starv'd. . . ." And there is no trace of hypocrisy in the advice he gives his son: "the way to be truly Wise," he writes, "is to serve God, learn your Book, and observe the Instructions of your Parents first, and next your Tutor, according as you employ that Time, you are to be Happy or Unhappy forever."

Wisdom he had learned, but in a harder school. He had sought it in the confusion of an unwise generation, among the plots and counterplots of those who were his companions in midnight debauches and in the city stews, and only found it when his body was broken and his spirit as weak as a child's. Death overtook him at last. He died, unaware of the grief he caused and the numerous elegies* that bewailed his decease, the poet of an age in its decline, a man of an age that had not yet come.

JOHN HAYWARD.

San Vigilio. Garda, 1925.

* Elegies on his death were written by Aphra Behn, Oldham, Nathaniel Hanbury, Mrs. Wharton, Mary Woodforde (unpublished MS. 14519, ff. 115-123, Bodleian), etc.; many of them were printed on folio sheets and sold in the streets of London.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

John Wilmot born	April 1st, 1647.
Succeeds to the Earldom at his father's death	February 9th, 1658.
Wadham College, Oxford	January 18th, 1660.
Proceeds to the Degree of M.A.	September 9th, 1661.
Foreign travel	1661-1664.
Presented at Court	1664.
Attempts to elope with Miss Malet	May 28th, 1665.
Naval Volunteer at Bergen	August 1st, 1665.
Serves again in the Channel	1666.
Present at Court balls	November 15th and December 25th, 1666.
Gentleman of the Bedchamber	1666.
Marries Miss Malet	January 29th, 1667.
Summoned to the House of Lords	October 5th, 1667.
Anne Wilmot baptized	August 30th, 1669.
In Paris in banishment	April, 1669.
Evelyn meets him at Windsor	November 24th, 1670.
Charles Wilmot baptized	January 2nd, 1671.
Settle dedicates <i>Empress of Morocco</i> to him	1671.
Dryden dedicates <i>Marriage à la Mode</i>	1673.
Banished for Satire on the King } Trains Mrs. Barry for the Stage }	1673.
Grant of the Keepership of Woodstock	1674.
Elizabeth Wilmot baptized	July 13th, 1674.
Banished for the <i>History of Insipids</i>	1675.
Malet Wilmot baptized	January 6th, 1675.
Produces Crowne's <i>Masque of Calisto</i> at Court	1675.
Grant of the Keepership of the Hawks	1675.
Tavern brawl at Epsom	June, 1676.
Etheredge's <i>Sir Fopling Flutter</i> acted	1676.
Banished for satire on the King } Sets up as a Mountebank }	1676.
Writes an Epilogue for Charles D'Avenant's <i>Circe</i>	1677.
Dines regularly with the King	1676-1677.
Mrs. Barry bears him a daughter	1677.
Health begins to fail	1678.
Henry Savile in Paris	1678.
Conversations with Bishop Burnet	October, 1679.
Dryden beaten in Rose-Alley	December 12th, 1679.
Burnet at his death-bed	July 20th-24th, 1680.
Dies at High Lodge, Woodstock Park	July 26th, 1680.
First Edition of some of his poems	1680.
Burnet's <i>Life and Death</i>	1680.
His Will proved	February 23rd, 1681.
His wife dies of apoplexy	August 20th, 1681.
<i>Valentinian</i> acted	February, 1683-1684.
<i>Valentinian</i> printed in quarto	1685.

POEMS

P O E M S

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN STREPHON AND DAPHNE

Strephon

P RITHEE now, fond Fool, give o'er;
Since my Heart is gone before,
To what purpose shou'd I stay?
Love commands another way.

Daphne

Perjur'd Swain, I knew the time
When Diffembling was your Crime.
In pity now employ that Art
Which first betray'd, to ease my Heart.

Strephon

Women can with pleasure feign:
Men diffemble still with pain.
What advantage will it prove
If I lye, who cannot love?

Daphne

Tell me then the reason why,
Love from Hearts in Love does fly?
Why the Bird will build a Nest,
Where he ne'er intends to rest?

Strephon

Love, like other little Boys,
Cries for Hearts, as they for Toys:
Which, when gain'd, in Childish Play,
Wantonly are thrown away.

POEMS

Daphne

Still on Wing, or on his Knees,
Love does nothing by degrees:
Bafely flying when moſt priz'd,
Meanly fawning when deſpis'd:
Flatt'ring or inſulting ever,
Generous and grateful never:
All his Joys are fleeting Dreams,
All his Woes ſevere Extreame.

Strephon

Nymph, unjuſtly you inveigh;
Love, like us, muſt Fate obey.
Since 'tis Nature's Law to Change,
Conſtancy alone is ſtrange.
See the Heav'ns in Lightnings break,
Next in Storms of Thunder ſpeak;
'Till a kind Rain from above
Makes a Calm,—ſo 'tis in Love.
Flames begin our firſt Addreſs,
Like meeting Thunder we embrace:
Then you know the Show'rs that fall
Quench the fire, and quiet all.

Daphne

How ſhou'd I theſe Show'rs forget,
'Twas ſo pleaſant to be wet?
They kill'd Love, I knew it well,
I dy'd all the while they fell.
Say at leaſt what *Nymph* it is
Robs my Breſt of ſo much Blifs?
If ſhe is fair, I ſhall be eas'd,
Thro' my Ruin you'll be pleas'd.

Strephon

Daphne never was ſo fair:
Strephon, ſcarcely, ſo ſincere.
Gentle, Innocent, and Free,
Ever pleas'd with only me.
Many Charms my Heart enthral,
But there's one above 'em all:
With averſion ſhe does fly
Tedious, trading Conſtancy.

POEMS

Daphne

Cruel Shepherd! I submit;
Do what Love and you think fit:
Change is Fate, and not Design;
Say you wou'd have still been mine.

Strephon

Nymph, I cannot: 'Tis too true,
Change has greater Charms than you:
Be, by my Example, wife,
Faith to Pleasure sacrifice.

Daphne

Silly *Swain*, I'll have you know,
'Twas my practice long ago:
Whilst you vainly thought me true,
I was false in scorn of you.
By my Tears, my Heart's disguise,
I thy Love and thee despise.
Womankind more Joy discovers
Making Fools, than keeping Lovers.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE BETWEEN ALEXIS AND STREPHON

Written at the Bath, in the Year 1674

Alexis

Here sighs not on the Plain
So lost a Swain as I;
Scorch'd up with Love, froz'n with Disdain,
Of killing Sweetness I complain.

Strephon

If 'tis *Corinna*, die.
Since first my dazled Eyes were thrown
On that bewitching Face,
Like ruin'd Birds robb'd of their Young,
Lamenting, frighted, and undone,

POEMS

I fly from place to place.
Fram'd by some Cruel Powers above,
So nice she is, and fair;
None from undoing can remove,
Since all who are not blind, must Love;
Who are not vain, Despair.

Alexis

The Gods no sooner give a Grace,
But, fond of their own Art,
Severely Jealous, ever place
To guard the Glories of a Face,
A Dragon in the Heart.
Proud and Ill-natur'd Pow'rs they are,
Who, peevish to Mankind,
For their own Honour's sake, with care
Make a sweet Form divinely fair,
Then add a cruel Mind.

Alexis

Since she's insensible of Love,
By Honour taught to hate,
If we, forc'd by Decrees above,
Must sensible to Beauty prove,
How Tyrannous is Fate?

Alexis

I to the *Nymph* have never nam'd
The cause of all my Pain.

Strephon

Such Bashfulness may well be blam'd;
For since to serve we're not asham'd,
Why should she blush to Reign?

Alexis

But if her haughty Heart despise
My humble proffer'd one;
The Just Compassion she denies,
I may obtain from others Eyes;
Hers are not fair alone.

POEMS

Devouring Flames require new Food;
My Heart's consum'd almost:
New Fires must kindle in her Blood,
Or Mine go out, and that's as good.

Strephon

Would'ft live, when Love is lost?
Be dead before thy Passion dies;
For if thou should'ft survive,
What Anguish would the Heart surprize,
To see her Flames begin to rise,
And thine no more alive.

Alexis

Rather what Pleasure should I meet
In my triumphant Scorn,
To see my Tyrant at my Feet;
While taught by Her, unmov'd I sit
A Tyrant in my Turn.

Strephon

Ungentle Shepherd! cease, for shame;
Which way can you pretend
To merit so Divine a Flame,
Who to dull Life make a mean Claim,
When Love is at an end?
As Trees are by their Bark embrac'd,
Love to my Soul doth cling;
When torn by the Herd's greedy Taste,
The Injur'd Plants feel they're defac'd,
They wither in the Spring.
My rified Love would soon retire,
Dissolving into Air,
Shou'd I that Nymph cease to admire,
Bless'd in whose Arms I will expire,
Or at her Feet despair.

POEMS

THE ADVICE

ALL things submit themselves to your Command,
Fair *Cælia*, when it does not Love withstand:
The Pow'r it borrows from your Eyes alone,
All but the God must yield to, who has none.
Were he not blind, such are the Charms you have,
He'd quit his Godhead to become your Slave,
Be proud to act a mortal Hero's Part,
And throw himself for Fame on his own Dart.
But Fate has otherwise dispos'd of things,
In different Bands subjected Slaves, and Kings:
Fetter'd in Forms of Royal State are they,
While we enjoy the Freedom to Obey.
That Fate like you resists does ordain,
To Love, that over Beauty he shall Reign.
By Harmony the Universe does move,
And what is Harmony but Mutual Love?
Who would resist an Empire so Divine,
Which Universal Nature does enjoin?
See gentle Brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kissing the rugged Banks on either side.
While in their Crystal Streams at once they flow,
And with them feed the Flow'rs which they bestow:
Tho' rudely throng'd by a too near Embrace,
In gentle Murmurs they keep on their Pace
To the lov'd Sea; for Streams have their Desires;
Cool as they are, they feel Love's powerful Fires;
And with such Passion, that if any Force
Stop or molest them in their amorous Course;
They swell, break down with Rage, and ravage o'er
The Banks they kiss'd, and Flow'rs they fed before.
Submit then, *Cælia*, ere you be reduc'd;
For Rebels, vanquish'd once, are vilely us'd.
Beauty's no more but the dead Soil, which Love
Manures, and does by wife Commerce improve:
Sailing by Sighs, through Seas of Tears, he sends
Courtships from foreign Hearts, for your own ends:
Cherish the Trade, for as with *Indians* we
Get Gold, and Jewels, for our Trumpery:
So to each other, for their useless Toys,
Lovers afford whole Magazines of Joys.

POEMS

But if you're fond of Baubles, be, and starve,
Your Guegaw Reputation still preserve :
Live upon Modesty and empty Fame,
Foregoing Sense for a fantastick Name.

THE DISCOVERY

C*Ælia*, that faithful Servant you disown,
Would in obedience keep his Love his own :
But bright Ideas, such as you inspire,
We can no more conceal, than not admire.
My Heart at home in my own Breast did dwell,
Like humble Hermit in a peaceful Cell.
Unknown and undisturb'd it rested there,
Stranger alike to Hope and to Despair.
Now Love with a tumultuous Train invades
The sacred Quiet of those hallow'd Shades.
His fatal Flames shine out to ev'ry Eye,
Like blazing Comets in a Winter Sky.
How can my Passion merit your Offence,
That challenges so little Recompence :
For I am one, born only to admire;
Too humble e'er to hope, scarce to desire.
A thing whose Bliss depends upon your Will,
Who wou'd be proud you'd deign to use him ill.
Then give me leave to glory in my Chain,
My fruitless Sighs, and my unpitied Pain.
Let me but ever love, and ever be
Th' Example of your Pow'r and Cruelty.
Since so much Scorn does in your Breast reside,
Be more indulgent to its Mother Pride.
Kill all you strike, and trample on their Graves;
But own the Fates of your neglected Slaves :
When in the Croud yours undistinguish'd lies,
You give away the Triumph of your Eyes.
Perhaps (obtaining this) you'll think I find
More Mercy, than your Anger has design'd :
But *Love* has carefully design'd for me,
The last Perfection of Misery.
For to my State the Hopes of Common Peace,
Which ev'ry Wretch enjoys in Death, must cease :
My worst of Fates attend me in my Grave,
Since, dying, I must be no more your Slave.

POEMS

WOMANS HONOUR. A SONG

I.

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd;
 Phillis continu'd still unkind:
Then you may e'en despair, he said,
 In vain I strive to change her Mind.

2.

Honour's got in, and keeps her Heart;
 Durst he but venture once abroad,
In my own Right I'd take your part,
 And shew my self a mightier *God*.

3.

This huffing *Honour* domineers
 In Breasts, where he alone has place:
But if true gen'rous *Love* appears,
 The Hector dares not shew his Face.

4.

Let me still languish, and complain,
 Be most inhumanely deny'd:
I have some pleasure in my pain,
 She can have none with all her Pride.

5.

I fall a Sacrifice to *Love*,
 She lives a Wretch for *Honour's* sake;
Whose Tyrant does most cruel prove,
 The difference is not hard to make.

6.

Confider *Real Honour* then,
 You'll find *Hers* cannot be the same:
'Tis noble Confidence in Men,
 In Women mean mistrustful Shame.

POEMS

GRECIAN KINDNESS. A SONG

1.

THE utmost Grace the *Greeks* could shew,
When to the *Trojans* they grew kind,
Was with their Arms to let 'em go,
And leave their lingring Wives behind.
They beat the Men, and burnt the Town,
Then all the Baggage was their own.

2.

There the kind Deity of Wine
Kiss'd the soft wanton God of Love;
This clapt his Wings; that press'd his Vine,
And their best Pow'rs united move.
While each brave *Greek* embrac'd his Punk,
Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.

THE MISTRESS. A SONG

1.

AN Age in her Embraces past,
Would seem a Winter's day;
Where Life and Light with envious haste,
Are torn and snatch'd away.

2.

But, oh! how slowly Minutes roul,
When absent from her Eyes,
That fed my Love, which is my Soul;
It languishes and dies.

3.

For then no more a Soul but Shade,
It mournfully does move;
And haunts my Breast, by absence made
The living Tomb of Love.

POEMS

4.

You wifer Men despise me not;
Whose Love-sick Fancy raves,
On Shades of Souls, and Heav'n knows what;
Short Ages live in Graves.

5.

Whene'er those wounding Eyes, so full
Of sweetness, you did see;
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad like me.

6.

Nor censure us, You who perceive
My best lov'd and me,
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve,
You think we disagree,

7.

Alas! 'tis sacred Jealousie,
Love rais'd to an Extream;
The only Proof 'twixt them and me,
We love, and do not dream.

8.

Fantastick Fancies fondly move;
And in frail Joys believe,
Taking false Pleasure for true Love;
But Pain can ne'er deceive.

9.

Kind jealous Doubts, tormenting Fears,
And anxious Cares, when past,
Prove our Hearts Treasure fix'd and dear,
And make us blest at last.

POEMS

A SONG

1.

Absent from thee I languish still;
Then ask me not, When I return?
The straying Fool 'twill plainly kill,
To wish all Day, all Night to mourn.

2.

Dear; from thine Arms then let me flee,
That my fantastick Mind may prove,
The Torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fixt Heart from my Love.

3.

When wearied with a world of Woe,
To thy safe Bosom I retire,
Where Love and Peace and Truth does flow,
May I contented there expire.

4.

Left once more wandering from that Heav'n,
I fall on some base Heart unblest;
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting Rest.

TO CORINNA. A SONG

1.

What cruel Pains *Corinna* takes,
To force that harmless Frown:
When not one Charm her Face forsakes,
Love cannot lose his own.

2.

So sweet a Face, so soft a Heart,
Such Eyes so very kind,
Betray, alas! the silly Art
Vertue had ill design'd.

POEMS

3.

Poor feeble Tyrant! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,
Against kind Nature to maintain
Affected Rules of Honour.

4.

The Scorn she bears so helpless proves,
When I plead Passion to her,
That much she fears, (but more she loves,)
Her Vassal should undo her.

A SONG OF A YOUNG LADY

To Her ancient Lover.

1.

ANcient Person, for whom I
All the flatt'ring Youth despise;
Long be it ere thou grow Old,
Aging, shaking, crasie, cold.
But still continue as thou art,
Ancient Person of my Heart.

2.

On thy withered Lips and dry,
Which like barren Furrows lie;
Brooding Kisses I will pour,
Shall thy youthful Heart restore.
Such kind Show'rs in Autumn fall,
And a second Spring recall:
Nor from thee will ever part,
Ancient Person of my Heart.

3.

Thy Nobler Part, which but to name,
In our Sex wou'd be counted shame,
By Ages frozen grasp possess'd,
From their Ice shall be releas'd:
And, sooth'd by my reviving Hand,
In former Warmth and Vigour stand.

POEMS

All a Lover's Wish can reach,
For thy Joy my Love shall teach:
And for thy Pleasure shall improve
All that Art can add to Love.
Yet still I love thee without Art,
Ancient Person of my Heart.

A SONG

1.

P*Hillis*, be gentler, I advise;
Make up for time mis-spent,
When Beauty on its Death-bed lies,
'Tis high time to repent.

2.

Such is the Malice of your Fate,
That makes you old so soon;
Your Pleasure ever comes too late,
How early e'er begun.

3.

Think what a wretched thing is she,
Whose Stars contrive in spight;
The Morning of her Love should be,
Her fading Beauties Night.

4.

Then if, to make your ruin more,
You'll peevishly be coy,
Die with the Scandal of a Whore,
And never know the Joy.

TO A LADY: IN A LETTER

1.

Such perfect Blifs, fair *Chloris*, we
In our Enjoyment prove:
'Tis pity restless Jealousie
Should mingle with our Love.

POEMS

2.

Let us, since Wit has taught us how,
 Raife Pleasure to the top:
You Rival Bottle must allow,
 I'll suffer Rival Fop.

3.

Think not in this that I design
 A Treason 'gainst Love's Charms,
When following the God of Wine,
 I leave my *Chloris* Arms.

4.

Since you have that, for all your haste,
 At which I'll ne'er repine,
Its Pleasure can repeat as fast,
 As I the Joys of Wine.

5.

There's not a brisk infipid Spark,
 That flutters in the Town:
But with your wanton Eyes you mark
 Him out to be your own.

6.

Nor do you think it worth your Care,
 How empty, and how dull,
The Heads of your Admirers are,
 So that their Veins be full.

7.

All this you freely may confefs,
 Yet we ne'er disagree:
For did you love your Pleasure less,
 You were no Match for me.

POEMS

THE FALL. A SONG

1.

HOW blest was the Created State
Of Man and Woman e're they fell,
Compar'd to our unhappy Fate;
We need not fear another Hell!

2.

Naked, beneath cool Shades, they lay,
Enjoyment waited on Desire:
Each Member did thier Wills obey,
Nor could a Wish fet Pleasure higher.

3.

But we, poor Slaves to Hope and Fear,
Are never of our Joys secure:
They lessen still as they draw near,
And none but dull Delights endure.

4.

Then, *Chloris*, while I Duty pay,
The Nobler Tribute of my Heart,
Be not You so severe to say,
You love me for a frailer Part.

LOVE AND LIFE. A SONG

1.

ALL my past Life is mine no more,
The flying Hours are gone:
Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,
Whose Images are kept in store,
By Memory alone.

2.

The Time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present Moment's all my Lot;
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

POEMS

3.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,
False Hearts, and broken Vows;
If I, by Miracle, can be
This live-long Minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

A SONG

I.

WHILE on those lovely Looks I gaze,
To see a Wretch pursuing,
In Raptures of a blest Amaze,
His pleasing happy Ruin.
'Tis not for pity that I move;
His Fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a Load of Love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

2.

But if this Murder you'd forego,
Your Slave from Death removing;
Let me your Art of Charming know,
Or learn you mine of Loving.
But whether Life, or Death, betide,
In Love 'tis equal measure,
The Victor lives with empty Pride;
The Vanquish'd die with Pleasure.

A SONG

I.

LOVE a Woman! you're an Afs,
'Tis a most insipid Passion
To chuse out for your Happiness,
The silliest Part of God's Creation.

POEMS

2.

Let the Porter, and the Groom,
Things design'd for dirty Slaves;
Drudge in fair *Aurelia's* Womb,
To get Supplies for Age and Graves.

3.

Farewel, Woman, I intend,
Henceforth, ev'ry night to fit
With my lewd well-natur'd Friend,
Drinking to engender Wit.

A SONG

1.

TO this moment a Rebel, I throw down my Arms,
Great *Love*, at first fight of *Olinda's* bright Charms:
Made proud, and secure by such Forces as these,
You may now play the Tyrant as soon as you please.

2.

When Innocence, Beauty, and Wit do conspire
To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire;
Why should I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleasing hope by base Fear be destroy'd?

3.

Her Innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her Beauty's inclin'd, or why shou'd it pursue me?
And Wit has to Pleasure been ever a Friend,
Then what room for Despair, since Delight is *Love's* End?

4.

There can be no danger in Sweetness and Youth,
Where Love is secur'd by Good-nature and Truth:
On her Beauty I'll gaze, and of Pleasure complain;
While every kind Look adds a Link to my Chain.

POEMS

5.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprize,
But her Wit leads in Triumph the Slave of her Eyes:
I beheld, with the loss of my Freedom before,
But hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

6.

Too bright is my Goddess, her Temple too weak:
Retire, Divine Image! I feel my Heart break.
Help, *Love*! I dissolve in a Rapture of Charms;
At the thought of those Joys I shou'd meet in her Arms.

UPON HIS LEAVING HIS MISTRESS

1.

'Tis not that I am weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone:
But with what Face can I incline,
To damn you to be only mine?
You, whom some kinder Pow'r did fashion,
By Merit, and by Inclination,
The Joy at least of a whole Nation.

2.

Let meaner Spirits of your Sex,
With humble Aims their Thoughts perplex:
And boast, if, by their Arts they can
Contrive to make *one* happy Man.
While, mov'd by an impartial Sense,
Favours, like Nature, you dispence,
With universal Influence.

3.

See the kind Seed-receiving Earth,
To every Grain affords a Birth:
On her no Show'rs unwelcome fall,
Her willing Womb retains 'em all.
And shall my *Celia* be confin'd?
No, live up to thy mighty Mind;
And be the Mistress of Mankind.

POEMS

UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL

I.

V*ulcan* contrive me such a Cup
As *Nestor* us'd of old:
Shew all thy Skill to trim it up;
Damask it round with Gold.

2.

Make it so large that, fill'd with Sack
Up to the swelling Brim,
Vast Toasts, on the delicious Lake,
Like Ships at Sea, may swim.

3.

Engrave not Battel on his Cheek;
With War I've nought to do:
I'm none of those that took *Mastrick*,
Nor *Yarmouth* Leaguer knew.

4.

Let it no Name of Planets tell,
Fixt Stars, or Constellations:
For I am no Sir *Sindrophel*,
Nor none of his Relations.

5.

But carve thereon a spreading Vine;
Then add two lovely Boys;
Their Limbs in amorous Folds intwine,
The Type of future Joys.

6.

Cupid and *Bacchus* my Saints are;
May Drink and Love still reign:
With Wine I wash away my Cares,
And then to Love again.

POEMS

A SONG

1.

AS *Chloris* full of harmless Thoughts
Beneath a Willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought,
To pass the Time away.

2.

She blusht to be encounter'd so,
And chid the amorous Swain:
But as she strove to rise and go,
He pull'd her down again.

3.

A sudden Passion seiz'd her Heart,
In spite of her Disdain;
She found a Pulse in ev'ry Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

4.

Ah, Youth! (said she) what Charms are these,
That conquer and surprize?
Ah! let me—— for unless you please,
I have no power to rise.

5.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he should comply:
Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,
And give her Tongue the Lye.

6.

Thus she whom Princes had deny'd,
With all their Pomp and Train;
Was, in the lucky Minute, try'd,
And yielded to a Swain.

POEMS

A SONG

1.

Give me leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due,
To call you false, and then to say
You shall not keep my Heart a Day:
But, alas! against my will,
I must be your Captive still.
Ah! be kinder then; for I
Cannot change, and would not die.

2.

Kindness has resistless Charms,
All besides but weakly move;
Fiercest Anger it disarms,
And clips the Wings of flying Love.
Beauty does the Heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade;
It gilds the Lover's servile Chain,
And makes the Slaves grow pleas'd again.

THE ANSWER

1.

Nothing adds to your fond Fire
More than Scorn, and cold Disdain:
I, to cherish your Desire,
Kindness us'd, but 'twas in vain.

2.

You insisted on your Slave,
Humble Love you soon refus'd:
Hope not then a Pow'r to have,
Which ingloriously you us'd.

3.

Think not, *Thirsis*, I will e're,
By my Love my Empire lose:
You grow constant through Despair,
Love return'd you wou'd abuse.

POEMS

4.

Though you still possess my Heart,
Scorn and Rigour I must feign:
Ah! forgive that only Art,
Love has left your Love to gain.

5.

You that could my Heart subdue,
To new Conquests ne'er pretend:
Let the Example make me true,
And of a conquer'd Foe a Friend.

6.

Then, if e'er I should complain
Of your Empire, or my Chain,
Summon all the powerful Charms,
And kill the Rebel in your Arms.

A SONG. TO CLORIS

1.

FAir *Cloris* in a Pig-Sty lay,
Her tender Herd lay by her:
She slept, in murmuring Gruntlings they,
Complaining of the scorching Day,
Her Slumbers thus inspire.

2.

She dreamt, while she with careful Pains,
Her snowy Arms employ'd,
In Ivory Pails to fill out Grains,
One of her Love-convicted Swains,
Thus hasting to her cry'd:

3.

Fly, Nymph, oh! fly, e're 'tis too late,
A dear-lov'd Life to save:
Rescue your Bosom Pig from Fate,
Who now expires, hung in the Gate
That leads to yonder Cave.

POEMS

4.

My self had try'd to set him free,
Rather than brought the News:
But I am so abhorr'd by thee,
That ev'n thy Darling's Life from me,
I know thou wou'dst refuse.

5.

Struck with the News, as quick she flies
As Blushes to her Face:
Not the bright Lightning from the Skies,
Nor Love, shot from her brighter Eyes,
Move half so swift a pace.

6.

This Plot, it seems, the lustful Slave
Had laid against her Honour:
Which not one God took care to save,
For he pursues her to the Cave,
And throws himself upon her.

7.

Now pierced is her Virgin Zone,
She feels the Foe within it;
She hears a broken amorous Groan,
The panting Lover's fainting Moan,
Just in the happy Minute.

CONSTANCY. A SONG

I.

I Cannot change, as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn:
Since that poor Swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, *Phillis*, no, your Heart to move
A surer way I'll try:
And to revenge my flighted Love,
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

POEMS

2.

When, kill'd with Grief, *Amintas* lies;
And you to mind shall call,
The Sighs that now unpitied rise,
The Tears that vainly fall.
That welcome Hour that ends this Smart,
Will then begin your Pain;
For such a faithful tender Heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

A SONG

1.

MY dear Mistress has a Heart
Soft as those kind Looks she gave me;
When with Love's restless Art,
And her Eyes, she did enslave me.
But her Constancy's so weak,
She's so wild, and apt to wander;
That my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one Day afunder.

2.

Melting Joys about her move,
Killing Pleasures, wounding Blisses;
She can dress her Eyes in Love,
And her Lips can arm with Kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my Delight, all Mankind's Wonder:
But my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one Day afunder.

A LETTER FROM ARTEMISA IN THE TOWN, TO CLOE, IN THE COUNTRY

CLOE, by your Command, in Verse I write:
Shortly you'll bid me ride astride, and fight:
Such Talents better with our Sex agree,
Than lofty Flights of dangerous Poetry.

P O E M S

Among the Men, I mean the Men of Wit,
 (At least they pass for such before they writ)
 How many bold Advent'urers for the Bays,
 Proudly designing large Returns of Praise,
 Who durst that stormy, pathless World explore,
 Were soon dash'd back, and wreckt on the dull Shore,
 Broke of that little Stock they had before. }
 How wou'd a Womans tott'ring Barque be tost,
 Where stoutest Ships (the Men of Wit) are lost?
 When I reflect on this, I straight grow wise;
 And my own self I gravely thus advise:

Dear *Artemisa!* Poetry's a Snare:
Bedlam has many Mansions; have a care:
 Your Muse diverts you, makes the Reader sad:
 You think your self inspir'd; he thinks you mad.
 Consider too, 'twill be discreetly done,
 To make your self the Fiddle of the Town.
 To find the ill-humour'd Pleasure at their heed:
 Curst when you fail, and scorn'd when you succeed.
 Thus, like an arrant Woman, as I am,
 No sooner well convinc'd Writing's a shame;
 That *Whore* is scarce a more reproachful Name
 Than Poetess—— }
 Like Men that marry, or like Maids that woo,
 Because 'tis th'very worst thing they can do:
 Pleas'd with the Contradiction, and the Sin,
 Methinks I stand on Thorns till I begin.

Y' expect to hear, at least, what Love has pass'd
 In this lewd Town, since you and I saw last;
 What change has happen'd of Intrigues, and whether
 The old ones last, and who and who's together.
 But how, my dearest *Cloe*, shou'd I set
 My Pen to write, what I wou'd fain forget?
 Or name that lost thing *Love*, without a Tear,
 Since so debauch'd by ill-bred Customs here?
Love, the most gen'rous Passion of the Mind;
 The softest Refuge Innocence can find;
 The safe Director of unguided Youth:
 Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth:
 That Cordial-drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
 To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down:

P O E M S

On which one only Blessing God might raise,
 In Lands of Atheists, Subsidies of Praise:
 For none did e'er so dull, and stupid, prove,
 But felt a God, and blest his Pow'r in Love:
 This only Joy, for which poor we are made,
 Is grown, like Play, to be an arrant Trade:
 The Rooks creep in, and it has got, of late,
 As many little Cheats, and Tricks, as that.
 But, what yet more a Womans Heart wou'd vex,
 'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own Sex:
 Our filly Sex, who, born like Monarchs, free,
 Turn Gipsies for a meaner Liberty;
 And hate Restraint, tho' but from Infamy:
 They call whatever is not common Nice,
 And, deaf to Nature's Rule, or Love's advice,
 Forsake the Pleasure to pursue the Vice.
 To an exact Perfection they have brought
 The action Love; the Passion is forgot.
 'Tis below Wit, they tell you, to admire;
 And ev'n without approving they desire.
 Their private Wish obeys the publick Voice,
 'Twixt good and bad Whimsy decides, not Choice.
 Fashions grow up for taste, at Forms they strike;
 They know what they wou'd have, not what they like.
Bovv's a Beauty, if some few agree
 To call him so, the rest to that degree
 Affected are, that with their Ears they see.

Where I was visiting the other Night,
 Comes a fine Lady, with her humble Knight,
 Who had prevail'd with her, through her own Skill,
 At his Request, though much against his Will,
 To come to *London*—
 As the Coach stopt, I heard her Voice, more loud
 Than a great-bellied Woman's in a Croud;
 Telling the Knight that her Affairs require
 He, for some Hours, obsequiously retire.
 I think she was ashamed he shou'd be seen,
 Hard Fate of Husbands! the Gallant had been.
 Though a diseas'd, ill-favour'd Fool, brought in:

Dispatch, says she, the Business you pretend,
 Your beastly Visit to your drunken Friend.

P O E M S

A Bottle ever makes you look so fine:
 Methinks I long to smell you stink of Wine.
 Your Country-drinking Breath's enough to kill:
 Sour Ale corrected with a Limon-Pill.
 Prithee, farewell: We'll meet again anon.
 The necessary thing bows, and is gone.
 She flies up stairs, and all the haste does show
 That fifty antick Postures will allow,
 And then burst out—— Dear Madam, am not I
 The strangest, alter'd, Creature: Let me die
 I find my self ridiculously grown,
 Embarrast with my being out of Town:
 Rude and untaught like any Indian Queen;
 My Country Nakedness is plainly seen.
 How is Love govern'd? Love that rules the State;
 And pray who are the Men most worn of late?
 When I was marry'd, Fools were à-la-mode;
 The Men of Wit were held then incommode.
 Slow of Belief, and fickle in Desire,
 Who, e're they'll be perswaded, must enquire;
 As if they came to spy, and not to admire.
 With searching Wisdom, fatal to their ease,
 They still find out why, what may, shou'd not please:
 Nay, take themselves for injur'd, when we dare
 Make 'em think better of us than we are:
 And, if we hide our Frailties from their sights,
 Call us deceitful Jilts, and Hypocrites:
 They little guess, who at our Arts are griev'd,
 The perfect Joy of being well deceiv'd.
 Inquisitive, as jealous Cuckolds, grow;
 Rather than not be knowing, they will know,
 What being known, creates their certain woe.
 Women should these, of all Mankind, avoid;
 For Wonder, by clear Knowledge, is destroy'd.
 Woman, who is an arrant Bird of Night,
 Bold in the dusk, before a Fool's dull sight,
 Must fly, when Reason brings the glaring Light.
 But the kind easie Fool, apt to admire
 Himself, trusts us, his Follies all conspire
 To flatter his, and favour our Desire.
 Vain of his proper Merit, he, with ease,
 Believe we love him best, who best can please:
 On him our gross, dull, common Flatteries pass;

P O E M S

Ever moſt happy when moſt made an Afs:
 Heavy to apprehend; though all Mankind
 Perceive us falſe, the Fop, himſelf, is blind.
 Who, doating on himſelf,—
 Thinks every one that ſees him of his mind.
 Theſe are true Womens Men—here, forc'd to ceaſe
 Through want of Breath, not will, to hold her peace;
 She to the Window runs, where ſhe had ſpy'd
 Her much-eſteem'd, dear Friend, the Monkey ty'd:
 With forty Smiles, as many antick Bows,
 As if't had been the Lady of the Houſe:
 The dirty, chatt'ring Monſter ſhe embrac'd;
 And made it this fine tender Speech at laſt.

Kiſs me, thou curious Miniature of Man;
 How odd thou art, how pretty, how japan:
 Oh! I could live and die with thee: Then on,
 For half an hour, in Complements ſhe ran.
 I took this time to think what Nature meant,
 When this mixt thing into the World ſhe ſent,
 So very wiſe, yet ſo impertinent.
 One that knows ev'ry thing, that God thought fit
 Shou'd be an Afs through choice, not want of Wit.
 Whoſe Foppery, without the help of ſenſe,
 Cou'd ne'er have roſe to ſuch an excellence.
 Nature's as lame in making a true Fop
 As a Philoſopher; the very Top,
 And Dignity, of Folly we attain
 By ſtudious ſearch, and labour of the Brain:
 By Obſervation, Counſel, and deep Thought:
 God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat.
 We owe that Name to Induſtry and Arts;
 An eminent Fool muſt be a Fool of Parts.
 And ſuch a one was ſhe; who had turn'd o'er
 As many Books as Men; lov'd much, read more:
 Had a diſcerning Wit; to her was known
 Every one's Fault, or Merit, but her own.
 All the good Qualities that ever bleſt
 A Woman ſo diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
 Except Diſcretion only, ſhe poſſeſt.
 But now *Mon Cher*, dear Pug, ſhe cries, adieu,
 And the Diſcourſe, broke off, does thus renew:
 You ſmile to ſee me, who the World perchance,

P O E M S

Mistakes to have some Wit, so far advance
 The Interest of Fools, that I approve
 Their Merit more, than Men of Wit, in love.
 But, in our Sex, too many Proofs there are
 Of such whom Wits undo, and Fools repair.
 This, in my time, was so observ'd a Rule,
 Hardly a Wench in Town but had her Fool.
 The meanest, common Slut, who long was grown
 The jeaft, and scorn, of ev'ry Pit-Buffoon;
 Had yet left Charms enough to have subdu'd
 Some Fop or other; fond to be thought lewd.
Foster could make an *Irish* Lord a *Nokes*;
 And *Betty Morris* had her City Cokes.
 A Woman's ne'er so ruin'd, but she can
 Be still reveng'd on her undoer, Man:
 How lost foe'er, she'll find some Lover more,
 A more abandon'd Fool than she a Whore.
 That wretched thing *Corinna*, who has run
 Through all th'several ways of being undone:
 Cozen'd at first by Love, and living then
 By turning the too dear-bought Cheat on Men—
 Gay were the Hours, and wing'd with Joy they flew,
 When first the Town her early Beauties knew:
 Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with Presents fed;
 Youth in her Looks, and Pleasure in her Bed:
 Till Fate, or her ill Angel, thought it fit
 To make her doat upon a Man of Wit:
 Who found 'twas dull to love above a day;
 Made his ill-natur'd Jeast, and went away.
 Now scorn'd of all, forsaken and oppress'd,
 She's a *Memento Mori* to the rest:
 Diseas'd, decay'd, to take up half a Crown
 Must mortgage her long Scarf, and Manto Gown:
 Poor Creature, who unheard of, as a Fly,
 In some dark hole must all the Winter lie:
 And want, and dirt, endure a whole half Year,
 That, for one Month, she Tawdry may appear.
 In *Easter-Term* she gets her a new Gown;
 When my young Master's Worship comes to Town:
 From Pedagogue, and Mother, just set free;
 The Heir and Hopes of a great Family:
 Who with strong Beer, and Beef, the Country rules;
 And ever since the Conquest, have been Fools:

P O E M S

And now, with careful prospect to maintain
 This Character, lest crossing of the Strain
 Shou'd mend the Booby-breed; his Friends provide
 A Cousin of his own to be his Bride:
 And thus fet out——
 With an Estate, no Wit, and a young Wife:
 And the cold Comforts of a Coxcomb's Life:
 Dunghill and Pease forfook, he comes to Town,
 Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone:
 Nothing suits worse with Vice than want of sense:
 Fools are still wicked at their own expence.
 This o'er-grown School-Boy lost *Corinna* wins;
 At the first dash to make an Affair begins:
 Pretends to like a Man that has not known
 The Vanities or Vices of the Town:
 Fresh in his Youth, and faithful in his Love,
 Eager of Joys which he does seldom prove:
 Healthful and strong, he does no pains endure,
 But what the Fair One he adores, can cure.
 Grateful for Favours, does the Sex esteem,
 And libels none for being kind to him.
 Then of the Lewdness of the Town complains,
 Rails at the Wits, and Atheists, and maintains
 'Tis better than good Sense, than Pow'r, or Wealth
 To have a Blood untainted, Youth, and Health,
 The unbred Puppy, who had never seen
 A Creature look so gay, or talk so fine,
 Believes, then falls in love, and then in debt:
 Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient Seat,
 To buy his Mistress a new House for Life:
 To give her Plate, and Jewels, robs his Wife.
 And when to th'height of Fondness he is grown,
 'Tis time to poison him, and all's her own.
 Thus, meeting in her common Arms his Fate,
 He leaves her Bastard Heir to his Estate:
 And, as the Race of such an Owl deserves,
 His own dull, lawful Progeny he starves.
 Nature (that never made a thing in vain,
 But does each Insect to some end ordain)
 Wisely provokes kind-keeping Fools, no doubt,
 To patch up Vices Men of Wit wear out.

P O E M S

Thus she ran on two hours, some grains of Sense
 Still mixt with Follies of Impertinence.
 But now 'tis time I shou'd some pity show
 To *Cloe*, since I cannot chuse but know,
 Readers must reap what dullest Writers sow.
 By the next Post I will such Stories tell,
 As, join'd to these, shall to a Volume swell;
 As true as Heaven, more infamous than Hell.
 But you are tir'd, and so am I.

Farewel.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY FROM M. G. TO O. B. UPON THEIR MUTUAL POEMS

Dear Friend,

I Hear this Town does so abound
 With saucy Censurers, that Faults are found
 With what, of late, we (in Poetick rage)
 Bestowing, threw away on the dull Age.
 But (howsoever Envy their Spleens may raise,
 To rob my Brows of the deserved Bays)
 Their Thanks, at least, I merit; since through me
 They are Partakers of your Poetry:
 And this is all I'll say in my defence,
 T'obtain one Line of your well-worded Sence,
 I'll be content t'have writ the *Brittish Prince*.
 I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
 Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
 But from a Rule I have (upon long trial)
 T'avoid with care all sort of self-denial,
 Which way soever Desire and Fancy lead,
 (Contemning Fame) that Path I boldly tread;
 And if exposing what I take for Wit,
 To my dear self a Pleasure I beget,
 No matter though the cens'ring *Criticks* fret.
 These whom my *Muse* displeases are at strife,
 With equal Spleen against my course of Life,
 The least delight of which I'll not forego,
 For all the flatt'ring Praise *Man* can bestow.
 If I design'd to please, the way were then
 To mend my Manners, rather than my Pen:

P O E M S

The first's unnatural, therefore unfit;
 And for the second, I despair of it,
 Since Grace is not so hard to get as Wit.
 Perhaps ill Verses ought to be confin'd
 In meer good-breeding, like unfav'ry Wind.
 Were reading forc'd, I shou'd be apt to think,
 Men might no more write scurvily than stink:
 But 'tis your choice, whether you'll read, or no.
 If likewise of your Smelling it were so,
 I'd fart just as I write, for my own ease,
 Nor shou'd you be concern'd unless you please.
 I'll own that you write better than I do,
 But I have as much need to write as you.
 What though the Excrements of my dull Brain,
 Flow in a harsh and an insipid strain;
 While your rich Head eases it self of Wit.
 Must none but *Civet-Cats* have leave to shit?

In all I write, shou'd Sense, and Wit, and Rhyme,
 Fail me at once, yet something so sublime,
 Shall stamp my Poem, that the World may see,
 It cou'd have been produc'd by none but me.
 And that's my end; for Man can wish no more
 Than so to write, as none e'er writ before.
 Yet why am I no *Poet* of the Times?
 I have *Allusions*, *Similies*, and *Rhymes*,
 And *Wit*; or else 'tis hard that I alone,
 Of the whole Race of *Mankind* shou'd have none.
 Unequally the partial Hand of *Heav'n*,
 Has all but this One only Blessing giv'n.
 The World appears like a great Family,
 Whose Lord, oppress'd with Pride and Poverty,
 (That to a few great Bounty he may show)
 Is fain to starve the num'rous Train below.
 Just so seems Providence, as poor and vain,
 Keeping more Creatures than it can maintain:
 Here 'tis profuse, and there it meanly saves,
 And for one Prince it makes ten thousand Slaves.
 In *Wit*, alone, 't has been Magnificent,
 Of which so just a share to each is sent,
 That the most Avaricious are content.
 For none e'er thought (the due Division's such)
 His own too little, or his Friends' too much.

P O E M S

Yet most Men show, or find, great want of Wit,
 Writing themselves, or judging what is writ.
 But I who am of sprightly Vigour full,
 Look on Mankind, as envious, and dull.
 Born to my self, I like my self alone;
 And must conclude my Judgment good, or none:
 For cou'd my Sense be naught, how shou'd I know
 Whether another Man's were good or no.
 Thus I resolve of my own Poetry,
 That 'tis the best; and there's a Fame for me.
 If then I'm happy, what does it advance
 Whether to Merit due, or Arrogance?
 Oh, but the World will take offence hereby!
 Why then the World shall suffer for't, not I:
 Did e'er this saucy World and I agree,
 To let it have its beastly Will on me?
 Why shou'd my prostituted Sense be drawn,
 To ev'ry Rule their musty Customs spawn?
 But Men may censure you—'tis two to one
 Whene'er they censure they'll be in the wrong.
 There's not a thing on Earth, that I can name,
 So foolish, and so false, as common Fame:
 It calls the Courtier Knave; the plain Man rude;
 Haughty the Grave; and the Delightful Lewd;
 Impertinent the Brisk; Morose the Sad;
 Mean the Familiar; the Reserv'd one Mad.

Poor helpless Woman is not favour'd more,
 She's a fly Hypocrite, or publick Whore,
 Then who the Devil wou'd give this—to be free
 From th'innocent reproach of Infamy.
 These things, consider'd, make me (in despatch
 Of idle Rumour) keep at home and write.

A SATYR AGAINST MANKIND

W^Ere I, who to my cost already am,
 One of those strange, prodigious Creatures *Man*,
 A Spirit free, to chuse for my own share,
 What sort of Flesh and Blood I pleas'd to wear,
 I'd be a Dog, a Monkey or a Bear,

P O E M S

Or any thing, but that vain Animal,
 Who is so proud of being rational.
 The Senses are too gross; and he'll contrive
 A sixth, to contradict the other five:
 And before certain Instinct, will prefer
 Reason, which fifty times for one does err—
 Reason, an *Ignis fatuus* of the Mind,
 Which leaves the Light of Nature, Sense behind.
 Pathless, and dangerous, wand'ring ways, it takes,
 Through Error's fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes:
 Whilst the misguided Follower climbs with pain,
 Mountains of Whimsies, heapt in his own Brain,
 Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong down
 Into Doubt's boundless Sea, where like to drown,
 Books bear him up a while, and make him try
 To swim with Bladders of Philosophy,
 In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping Light:
 The Vapour dances, in his dazzled sight,
 Till spent, it leaves him to eternal night. }
 Then old Age, and Experience, hand in hand,
 Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
 After a search so painful, and so long,
 That all his Life he has been in the wrong.
 Huddled in Dirt, [the] reas'ning Engine lies,
 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise:
 Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
 And made him venture to be made a wretch:
 His Wisdom did his Happiness destroy,
 Aiming to know the World he should enjoy.
 And *Wit* was his vain frivolous pretence,
 Of pleasing others at his own expence.
 For *Wits* are treated just like *Common Whores*;
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kickt out of doors.
 The Pleasure past, a threatening Doubt remains,
 That frights th'Enjoyer with succeeding Pains.
Women, and *Men of Wit*, are dang'rous Tools,
 And ever fatal to admiring Fools.
 Pleasure allures, and when the Fops escape,
 'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate; }
 And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate.
 But now methinks some formal Band and Beard
 Takes me to task; Come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd:
 Then by your favour, any thing that's writ

P O E M S

Against this gibing, gingling knack, call'd *Wit*,
 Likes me abundantly; but you'll take care
 Upon this point, not to be too severe
 Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this part:
 For I profess, I can be very smart
 On *Wit*, which I abhor with all my heart.
 I long to lash it, in some sharp Essay,
 But your grand Indiscretion bids me stay,
 And turns my Tide of Ink another way;
 What Rage ferments in your degen'rate Mind,
 To make you rail at Reason and Mankind—
 Blest glorious Man, to whom alone kind Heav'n
 An everlasting Soul hath freely giv'n;
 Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
 That from himself he did the Image take,
 And this fair Frame in shining Reason drest,
 To dignifie his Nature above Beast—
 Reason, by whose aspiring Influence,
 We take a flight beyond material Sense,
 Dive into Mysteries, then soaring pierce
 The flaming limits of the Universe,
 Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there,
 And give the World true grounds of hope and fear?

Hold, mighty Man, I cry; all this we know,
 From the pathetick Pen of *Ingelo*,
 From *Patrick's* Pilgrim, *Sibb's* Soliloquies,
 And 'tis this very Reason I despise,
 This supernat'ral Gift, that makes a Mite
 Think he's the Image of the Infinite;
 Comparing his short Life, void of all rest,
 To the eternal and the ever Blest;
 This busie puzzling stirrer up of doubt,
 That frames deep Mysteries, then finds 'em out,
 Filling with frantick Crouds of thinking Fools,
 The reverend Bedlams, Colleges and Schools;
 Born on whose Wings, each heavy Sot can pierce
 The Limits of the boundless Universe:
 So charming Ointments make an old Witch fly,
 And bear a cripled Carcass through the Sky.
 'Tis this exalted Pow'r whose Business lies
 In Nonsense and Impossibilities:
 This made a whimsical Philosopher,

P O E M S

Before the spacious World his Tub prefer:
 And we have many modern Coxcombs, who
 Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.
 But Thoughts were giv'n for Actions Government;
 Where Action ceases, Thought's impertinent.
 Our Sphere of Action is Lives happiness,
 And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an Ass.
 Thus whilst against false reas'ning I inveigh,
 I own right Reason, which I would obey;
 That Reason, which distinguishes by Sense,
 And gives us rules of good and ill from thence;
 That bounds Desires with a reforming Will,
 To keep them more in vigour, not to kill:
 Your Reason hinders; mine helps to enjoy,
 Renewing Appetites, yours would destroy.
 My Reason is my Friend, yours is a Cheat:
 Hunger calls out, my Reason bids me eat;
 Perversely yours, your Appetite does mock;
 This asks for food, that answers what's a Clock?

This plain distinction, Sir, your doubt secures;
 'Tis not true Reason I despise, but yours.
 Thus, I think Reason righted: But for Man,
 I'll ne'er recant, defend him if you can.
 For all his Pride, and his Philosophy,
 'Tis evident Beasts are, in their degree,
 As wise at least, and better far than he. }
 Those Creatures are the wisest, who attain
 By surest means, the ends at which they aim.
 If therefore *Fowler* finds, and kills his Hare
 Better than *Meres* supplies Committee Chair;
 Though one's a Statesman, th'other but a Hound,
Fowler in Justice will be wiser found.
 You see how far Man's Wisdom here extends:
 Look next if Human Nature makes amends;
 Whose Principles are most generous and just;
 And to whose Morals, you wou'd sooner trust.
 Be judge your self, I'll bring it to the Test,
 Which is the basest Creature, Man, or Beast:
 Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey;
 But savage Man alone, does Man betray.
 Preft by Necessity, *They* kill for Food;
 Man undoes Man, to do himself no good.

P O E M S

With Teeth, and Claws, by Nature arm'd *They* hunt
 Nature's allowance, to supply their want:
 But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise,
 Inhumanely, his Fellows Life betrays,
 With voluntary Pains, works his Distress;
 Not through Necessity, but Wantonnefs.
 For Hunger, or for Love *They* bite or tear,
 Whilst wretched Man is still in Arms for Fear:
 For Fear he arms, and is of Arms afraid;
 From Fear, to Fear, successively betray'd.
 Base Fear, the Source whence his best Passions came,
 His boasted Honour, and his dear-bought Fame,
 The Lust of Pow'r, to which he's such a Slave,
 And for the which alone he dares be brave:
 To which his various Projects are design'd,
 Which makes him gen'rous, affable, and kind:
 For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
 And scrues his Actions, in a forc'd Disguise:
 Leads a most tedious Life, in misery,
 Under laborious, mean Hypocrisie.
 Look to the bottom of his vast Design,
 Wherein Man's Wisdom, Pow'r, and Glory join—
 The Good he acts, the Ill he does endure,
 'Tis all from Fear, to make himself secure.
 Meerly for safety, after Fame they thirst;
 For all Men would be Cowards if they durst:
 And Honesty's against all common sense—
 Men must be Knaves; 'tis in their own defence,
 Mankind's dishonest; if they think it fair,
 Amongst known Cheats, to play upon the square,
 You'll be undone——
 Nor can weak Truth, your Reputation save;
 The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave.
 Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress'd,
 Who dares be less a Villain than the rest.
 Thus here you see what Human Nature craves,
 Most Men are Cowards, all Men shou'd be Knaves.
 The Difference lies, as far as I can see,
 Not in the thing it self, but the degree;
 And all the subject matter of Debate,
 Is only who's a Knave of the first Rate.

P O E M S

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRE ON MAN

ALL this with indignation have I hurl'd,
 At the pretending part of the proud World,
 Who swol'n with selfish vanity, devise,
 False freedoms, holy Cheats, and formal Lyes
 Over their fellow Slaves to tyrannize.

But if at all, so just a Man there be,
 (At all a just Man, of that blest degree)
 Who does his needful flattery direct,
 Not to oppress, and ruine, but protect;
 Since flattery which way so ever laid,
 Is still a Tax on that unhappy Trade.
 If so upright a Patriot, you can find,
 Whose passions bend to his unbyas'd Mind;
 Who does his Arts, and Policies apply,
 To raise his Country, not his Family;
 Who boldly fatal, Avarice withstands,
 And tempting Bribes, from Friends corrupting Hands.

Is there a Mortal who on God relies?
 Whose Life, his Faith, and Doctrine justifies?
 Not one blown up, with vain aspiring Pride,
 Who for reproof of Sins, does Man deride:
 Whose envious Heart with sawcy Eloquence,
 Dares chide at King's, and rail at Men of sense.
 Who in his talking vents more peevish lies,
 More bitter railings, scandals, Calumnies,
 Than at a Gossiping, are thrown about,
 When the good Wives get drunk, and then fall out.
 None of that sensual Tribe, whose Talents lye,
 In Avarice, Pride, Sloath, and Gluttony.
 Who hunt Preferment, but abhor good Lives,
 Whose lust exalted, to that height arrives,
 They act Adult'ry with their Neighbours Wives
 And e're a score of years compleated be,
 Can from the lofty Stage of Honour see,
 Half a large Parish their own Progeny.

Nor doating he who wou'd be ador'd,
 For domineering when at's hight he's soared,
 A greater Fop, in business at fourscore,
 Fonder of serious Toyes, affected more,

POEMS

Than the gay glitt'ring Fool at twenty proves,
With all his noise, his tawdrey Cloaths and Loves.

But a meek humble Man of modest sense,
Who preaching peace does practice continence;
Whose pious life's a proof he does believe,
Misterious truths, which no Man can conceive.
If upon Earth there dwell such Godlike Men,
I'll here recant my Paradox to them.
Adore those Shrines of Vertue, Homage pay,
And with the thinking World, their Laws obey.
If such there are, yet grant me this at least,
Man differs more from Man, than Man from Beast.

THE MAIM'D DEBAUCHEE

I.

AS some brave *Admiral*, in former War
Depriv'd of Force, but prest with Courage still,
Two Rival Fleets appearing from afar,
Crawls to the top of an adjacent Hill.

2.

From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he views
The wife, and daring, Conduct of the Fight:
And each bold Action to his Mind renews,
His present Glory, and his past Delight.

3.

From his fierce Eyes flashes of Rage he throws,
As from black Clouds when Lightning breaks away,
Transported thinks himself amidst his Foes,
And absent yet enjoys the bloody Day.

4.

So when my Days of Impotence approach,
And I'm by Love and Wine's unlucky chance,
Driv'n from the pleasing Billows of Debauch,
On the dull Shore of lazy Temperance.

POEMS

5.

My Pains at last some respite shall afford,
While I behold the Battels you maintain;
When Fleets of Glaſſes sail around the Board,
From whose Broad-fides Volley of Wit shall rain.

6.

Nor shall the fight of honourable Scars,
Which my too forward Valour did procure,
Frighten new-riſted Souldiers from the Wars;
Paſt Joys have more than paid what I endure.

7.

Shou'd some brave Youth (worth being drunk) prove nice,
And from his fair Inviter meanly shrink,
'Twould please the Ghost of my departed Vice,
If, at my Counsel, he repent and drink.

8.

Or shou'd some cold complexion'd Sot forbid,
With his dull Morals, our Nights brisk Alarms;
I'll fire his Blood by telling what I did,
When I was strong, and able to bear Arms.

9.

I'll tell of Whores attack'd their Lords at home,
Bawds Quarters beaten up, and Fortreſs won;
Windows demolish'd, Watches overcome,
And handſom Ills by my contrivance done.

10.

With Tales like theſe I will ſuch Heat inſpire,
As to important Miſchief ſhall incline;
I'll make him long ſome ancient Church to fire,
And fear no Lewdneſs they're call'd to by Wine.

11.

Thus Statesman-like I'll ſaucily impoſe,
And, ſafe from danger, valiantly adviſe;
Shelter'd in Impotence urge you to Blows,
And, being good for nothing elſe, be wiſe.

POEMS

UPON NOTHING

1.

N*othing!* thou elder Brother ev'n to Shade,
Thou hadst a being e're the World was made,
And (well fixt) art alone, of ending not afraid.

2.

E're time and place were, time and place were not,
When primitive *Nothing* something straight begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united—— What.

3.

Something the gen'ral Attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its sole Original,
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall.

4.

Yet something did thy mighty Pow'r command,
And from thy fruitful Emptiness's hand,
Snatch'd Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Air, and Land.

5.

Matter, the wickedst Off-spring of thy Race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy embrace,
And Rebel Light obscur'd thy reverend dusky Face.

6.

With Form, and Matter, Time and Place did join,
Body, thy Foe, with thee did Leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful Realm, and ruin all thy Line.

7.

But turn-coat Time assists the Foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd Reign,
And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy Slaves again.

8.

Tho' Mysteries are barr'd from Laick Eyes,
And the Divine alone, with warrant, pries
Into thy Bosom, where the Truth in private lies.

POEMS

9.

Yet this of thee the wife may freely say,
Thou from the Vertuous nothing tak'st away,
And to be part with thee the Wicked wisely pray.

10.

Great Negative, how vainly wou'd the Wife
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,
Didst thou not stand to point their dull Philosophies?

11.

Is, or *is not*, the two great Ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect, or destroy, the vast Designs of Fate.

12.

When they have rack'd the *Politician's* Breast,
Within thy Bosom must securely rest,
And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.

13.

But, *Nothing*, why does *Something* still permit,
That sacred Monarchs should at Council sit,
With Persons highly thought, at best, for nothing fit.

14.

Whilst weighty *Something* modestly abstains,
From Princes Coffers, and from Statesmen's Brains,
And nothing there like stately *Nothing* reigns.

15.

Nothing, who dwell'st with Fools in grave disguise,
For whom they reverend Shapes, and Forms devise,
Lawn Sleeves, and Furrs, and Gowns, when they like thee
look wise.

16.

French Truth, *Dutch* Prowess, *Brittish* Policy,
Hibernian Learning, *Scotch* Civility,
Spaniards Dispatch, *Danes* Wit, are mainly seen in thee.

P O E M S

17.

The great Man's Gratitude to his best Friend,
King's Promises, Whores Vows, tow'ards thee they bend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

LUCRETII, IN HIS FIRST BOOK, HAS
THESE LINES

O *Mnis enim per se Divum Natura necesse est
Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,
Semota ab nostris rebus, sejunctaque longe.
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periculis,
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indigna nostri,
Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur Ira.*

Thus Translated

THe Gods, by right of Nature, must possess
An everlasting Age of perfect Peace:
Far off remov'd from us and our Affairs;
Neither approach'd by *Dangers*, or by *Cares* :
Rich in themselves, to whom we cannot add:
Not pleas'd by *Good Deeds*; nor provok'd by *Bad*.

ELEGIA IX. OVIDII AMORUM. Lib. 2

Ad Cupidinem

O *Nunquam pro me satis indignate Cupido,
O in corde meo desidiose Puer!
Quid me, qui miles nunquam tua signa reliqui,
Lædis ? & in Castris vulneror ipse tuis ?
Cur tua Fax urit, figit tuus arcus Amicos ?
Gloria pugnantes vincere major erat.
Quid ? non Æmonius, quem cuspide perculit, Heros,
Confossum medica postmodo juvit ope ?
Venator sequitur fugientia, capta relinquit :
Semper & inventis ulteriora petit.
Nos tua sentimus, populus tibi deditus, arma :
Pigra reluctanti cessat in Hoste manus.*

*Quid juvat in Nudis hamata recondere tela
 Ossibus? Offa mihi nuda relinquit Amor.
 Tot sine amore viri, tot sunt sine amore puellæ:
 Hinc tibi cum magna laude triumphus eat.
 Roma, Nisi immensam Vires promisset in Urbem,
 Stramneis esset tunc quoque densa casis.
 Fessus in acceptos Miles deducitur agros;
 Tutaque deposito poscitur ense rudis:
 Longaque subductam celant navalia Pinum:
 Mittitur in saltus carcere liber equus.
 Me quoque, qui toties merui sub amore puellas,
 Defunctum placidè vivere Tempus erat.
 Vive, Deus posito siquis mihi dicat amore,
 Deprecet; usque aded dulce puella malum est.
 Cum bene pertæsum est, animique reवानuit ardor.
 Nescio quo miseræ turbine mentis agor.
 Ut rapit in præceps dominum, spumantia frustra
 Fræna retinentem, durior oris equus;
 Ut subitus propè jam prensâ tellure carinam
 Tangentem portus ventus in alta rapit;
 Sic me sæpe refert incerta Cupidinis aura:
 Notaque purpureus tela resumit Amor.
 Fige, puer; positis nudus tibi præbeor armis;
 Hic tibi sunt vires, hic tua dextra valet.
 Huc tanquam iussæ veniant jam sponte sagittæ;
 Vix ullis præ me nota pharetra tua est.
 Infelix, totâ quicunque quiescere nocte
 Sustinet, & somnos præmia magna vocat.
 Stulte, quid somnus, gelidæ nisi mortis imago?
 Longa quiescendi tempora fata dabunt.
 Me modò decipiant voces fallacis amicæ:
 Sperando certè gaudia magna feram.
 Et modò blanditias dicat: modò jurgia nectat;
 Sæpe fruar dominâ; sæpe repulsus eam.
 Quòd dubius Mars est, per te privigne Cupido est:
 Et movet exemplo vitricus arma tuo.
 Tu levis es, multoque tuis ventosior alis;
 Gaudiaque ambiguâ dasque negasque fide.
 Si tamen exaudis pulchrâ cum matre Cupido;
 Infersa meo pectore regna gere.
 Accedant regno nimium vaga turba puellæ;
 Ambobus populis sic venerandus eris.*

THE NINTH ELEGY
IN THE SECOND BOOK OF OVID'S *AMOURS*
Translated

To Love

O Love! how cold and flow to take my part?
Thou idle Wanderer about my Heart:
Why, thy old faithful Souldier, wilt thou see
Opprest in thy own Tents? They murder me.
Thy *Flames* consume, thy *Arrows* pierce thy Friends.
Rather on Foes pursue more Noble Ends.
Achilles Sword would certainly bestow
A Cure, as certain as it gave the Blow.
Hunters, who follow flying Game, give o'er
When the Prey's caught, hopes still lead on before.
We thine own Slaves feel thy tyrannick Blows,
Whilst thy tame Hand's unmov'd against thy Foes.
On Men disarm'd, how can you gallant prove?
And I was long ago disarm'd by Love.
Millions of dull Men live, and scornful Maids:
We'll own Love valiant when he these invades.
Rome from each corner of the wide World snatch'd
A Laurel, or't had been to this day thatch'd.
But the old Souldier has his resting place;
And the good batter'd horse is turn'd to Grafs:
The harraft Whore, who liv'd a Wretch to please,
Has leave to be a Bawd, and take her ease.
For me then, who have truly spent my Blood
(Love) in thy Service; and so boldly stood
In *Cælia's* Trenches; were't not wisely done,
E'en to retire, and live in peace at home?
No——might I gain a *Godhead* to disclaim
My glorious Title to my endless Flame:
Divinity with scorn I wou'd forswear:
Such sweet, dear, tempting, Devils *Women* are.
Whene'er those Flames grow faint, I quickly find
A fierce, black, storm, pour down upon my Mind:
Headlong I'm hurl'd, like Horsemen, who, in vain,
Their (Fury-flaming) Courfers would restrain.

P O E M S

As Ships, juſt when the Harbour they attain,
 Are ſnatch'd by ſudden blaſts to Sea again:
 So Loves fantaſtick Storms reduce my Heart
 Half reſcu'd, and the God reſumes his Dart.
 Strike here, this undefended Boſom wound,
 And for ſo brave a Conqueſt be renown'd.
 Shafts fly ſo faſt to me from ev'ry part,
 You'll ſcarce diſcern the Quiver from my Heart.
 What wretch can bear a live-long Night's dull reſt,
 Or think himſelf in lazy flumbers bleſt?
 Fool——is not ſleep the Image of pale Death?
 There's time for reſt, when Fate hath ſtopt your Breath.
 Me may my ſoft deluding Dear deceive;
 I'm happy in my Hopes while I believe.
 Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide:
 Often may I enjoy; oft be deny'd.
 With doubtful ſteps the God of War does move
 By the Example [of] ambiguous Love.
 Blown to and fro like Down from thy own Wing;
 Who knows when joy or anguiſh thou wilt bring?
 Yet at thy Mother's and thy Slave's requeſt,
 Fix an eternal Empire in my Breſt:
 And let th'inconſtant, charming, Sex,
 Whoſe wilful ſcorn does Lovers vex,
 Submit their Hearts before thy Throne:
 The Vaſſal World is then thy own.

THE LATTER END OF THE CHORUS OF THE SECOND ACT OF *SENECA'S TROAS*

Translated

After Death nothing is, and nothing Death;
 The utmoſt Limits of a Gaſp of Breath.
 Let the ambitious Zealot lay aſide
 His Hopes of Heav'n (whoſe Faith is but his Pride);
 Let ſlaviſh Souls lay by their Fear,
 Nor be concern'd which way, or where,
 After this Life they ſhall be hurl'd:
 Dead, we become the Lumber of the World;

POEMS

And to that Mass of Matter shall be swept,
Where things destroy'd, with things unborn are kept;
Devouring Time swallows us whole,
Impartial Death confounds Body and Soul.
For Hell and the foul Fiend that rules
The everlasting fiery Goals,
Devis'd by Rogues, dreaded by Fools,
With his grim grievous Dog that keeps the Door,
Are senseless Stories, idle Tales,
Dreams, Whimsies, and no more.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY,
ON HIS RESTORATION,
IN THE YEAR 1660
(Written at 12 Years old)

Virtues triumphant Shrine! who do'st engage
At once three Kingdoms in a Pilgrimage;
Which in extatick Duty strive to come
Out of themselves, as well as from their home:
Whilst *England* grows one Camp, and *London* is
It self the Nation, not Metropolis;
And Loyal *Kent* renews her Arts agen,
Fencing her ways with moving Groves of Men;
Forgive this distant Homage, which does meet
Your blest approach on sedentary feet:
And though my Youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of Arms, denies me to appear
In Steel before you, yet, Great SIR, approve
My Manly Wishes, and more vigorous Love;
In whom a cold Respect were Treason to
A Fathers Ashes, greater than to You;
Whose one Ambition 'tis for to be known
By daring Loyalty your *Wilmot's* Son.

POEMS

IN OBIT. SEREN. MARIÆ PRINCIP. AURAN

Impia blasphemi fileant concilia vulgi :
Absolvo medicos, innocuamque manum.
Curassent alios facili medicamine Morbos :
Ulcera cum veniunt, Ars nihil ipsa valet.
Vultu femineo quævis vel pustula vulnus
Lethale est, pulchras certior ense necat.
Mollia vel temeret si quando mitior ora,
Evadat forsan femina, Diva nequat.
Cui pars est Animæ Corpus, quæ tota venustas,
Formæ qui potis est hæc superesse suæ ?

TO HER SACRED MAJESTY,
THE QUEEN-MOTHER, ON THE DEATH
OF MARY PRINCESS OF ORANGE

(Written at 12 Years old)

Respice, Great Queen, your just and hasty Fears!
There's no Infection lodges in our Tears.
Though our unhappy Air be arm'd with Death,
Yet Sighs have an untainted guiltless Breath.
Oh! stay a while, and teach your equal Skill
To understand, and to support our Ill.
You that in Mighty Wrongs an Age have spent,
And seem'd to have out-liv'd ev'n Banishment:
Whom traiterous Mischief sought, its earliest Prey,
When to most Sacred Blood it made its way;
And did thereby its Black Design impart,
To take his Head, that wounded first his Heart:
You that unmov'd Great *Charles* his Ruin stood,
When Three Great Nations sunk beneath the Load:
Then a young Daughter lost, yet Balm found
To stanch that new and freshly-bleeding Wound:
And, after this, with fixt and steady Eyes
Beheld your Noble *Gloucester's* Obsequies:

P O E M S

And then sustain'd the Royal *Princess* fall;
 You only can lament her Funeral.
 But you will hence remove, and leave behind
 Our sad Complaints lost in the empty wind;
 Those winds that bid you stay, and loudly rore
 Destruction, and drive back to the firm shore:
 Shipwreck to safety, and the Envy fly,
 Of sharing in this Scene of Tragedy.
 While Sickness, from whose Rage you part away,
 Relents, and only now contrives your stay:
 The lately fatal and infectious Ill
 Courts the fair Princess, and forgets to kill.
 In vain on Fevers Curses we dispence,
 And vent our Passion's angry Eloquence:
 In vain we blast the Ministers of Fate,
 And the forlorn Physicians imprecate;
 Say they to Death new Poisons add and Fire;
 Murder securely for Reward and Hire;
 Art's Basilisks, that kill whom e'er they see,
 And truly write Bills of Mortality:
 Who, lest the bleeding Corps shou'd them betray,
 First drain those vital speaking Streams away.
 And will you, by your flight, take part with these?
 Become your self a third, and new Disease?
 If they have caus'd our loss, then so have you,
 Who take your self and the fair *Princess* too.
 For we depriv'd, an equal Damage have
 When *France* doth ravish hence, as when the Grave.
 But that your Choice th'Unkindness doth improve,
 And Dereliction adds to your Remove.

AN EPILOGUE

Some few, from Wit, have this true Maxim got,
 That 'tis still better to be pleas'd, than not;
 And therefore never their own Torment plot.
 While the malicious *Criticks* still agree,
 To loath each Play they come, and pay, to see.

P O E M S

The first know 'tis a meaner part of fence
 To find a Fault, than taste an Excellence:
 Therefore they praise, and strive to like, while these
 Are dully vain of being hard to please.
 Poets and Women have an equal Right
 To hate the Dull, who dead to all Delight,
 Feel Pain alone, and have no Joy but Spight,
 'Twas Impotence did first this Vice begin,
 Fools censure Wit, as Old Men rail of Sin:
 Who envy Pleasure which they cannot taste,
 And good for nothing, wou'd be wise at last.
 Since therefore to the Women it appears,
 That all the Enemies of Wit are Theirs:
 Our Poet the dull Herd no longer fears.
 Whate'er his *Fate* may prove, 'twill be his *Pride*,
 To stand, or fall, with Beauty on his side.

EPILOGUE

AS Charms are Nonfense, Nonfense seems a Charm,
 Which hearers of all Judgment does disarm;
 For Songs, and Scenes, a double Audience bring,
 And Doggrel takes, which *Smiths* in Sattin sing.
 Now to Machines, and a dull Mask you run,
 We find that Wit's the Monster you would shun,
 And by my troth 'tis most discreetly done.
 For since with Vice and Folly Wit is fed,
 Through Mercy 'tis, most of you are not dead.
 Players turn Puppets now at your desire,
 In their Mouth's Nonfense, in their Tail's a Wire,
 They fly through Clouds of Clouts, and Showers of Fire.
 A kind of losing *Loadum* in their Game,
 Where the worst Writer has the greatest Fame.
 To get vile Plays like theirs, shall be our care;
 But of such *awkward* Actors we *despair*.
 False taught at first——
 Like Bowls ill byass'd, still the more they run,
 They're further off, than when they first begun.
 In Comedy their unweigh'd Action mark,
 There's one is such a dear familiar Spark,

P O E M S

He yawns as if he were but half awake;
 And fribling for free speaking does *mistake*;
 False accent, and neglectful action too—
 They have both so nigh good, yet neither true,
 That both together, like an Ape's Mock-face
 By near resembling Man, do Man disgrace.
 Through-pac'd ill Actors may, perhaps be cur'd;
 Half Players, like Half Wits, can't be endur'd.
 Yet these are they, who durst expose the Age
 Of the great Wonder of the *English* Stage.
 Whom Nature seem'd to form for your Delight,
 And bid him speak, as she bid *Shakespear* write.
 Those Blades indeed are Cripples in their Art,
 Mimick his Foot, but not his speaking Part.
 Let them the *Traytor*, or *Volpone* try;
 Could they——
 Rage like *Cethegus*, or like *Cassius* die,
 They ne'er had sent to *Paris* for such Fancies,
 As Monster's Heads and *Merry Andrew's* Dances.
 Wither'd, perhaps, not perish'd we appear,
 But they were blighted, and ne'er came to bear.
 Th' old Poets dres'd your Mistress Wit before,
 These draw you on with an old painted Whore,
 And sell, like Bawds, patch'd Plays for Maids twice o'er.
 Yet they may scorn our House and Actors too,
 Since they have swell'd so high to hector you.
 They cry, Pox o' these *Covent-Garden* Men,
 Damn 'em, not one of them but keeps out ten.
 Were they once gone, we for those thund'ring Blades
 Shou'd have an Audience of substantial Trades,
 Who love our muzzled Boys, and tearing Fellows,
My Lord, great Neptune, and great Nephew Æolus.
 O how the merry Citizens [are] in Love
 With——
 Psyche, the *Goddeffs of each Field and Grove*.
 He cries I'faith, methinks 'tis well enough;
 But you roar out and cry, 'Tis all damn'd Stuff.
 So to their House the graver Fops repair,
 While Men of Wit find one another here.

Major
Mohun.

POEMS

A PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE COURT AT WHITE-HALL,
BEFORE K. CHARLES II
BY THE LADY ELIZABETH HOWARD

WIT has of late took up a trick t'appear
Unmannerly, or at the best, severe:
And Poets share the Fate by which we fall,
When kindly we attempt to please you all.
'Tis hard your Scorn shou'd against such prevail,
Whose ends are to divert you, tho' they fail.
You Men wou'd think it an ill-natur'd Jest,
Shou'd we laugh at you when you do your best.
Then rail not here; though you see reason for't:
If Wit can find it self no better sport,
Wit is a very foolish thing at Court.
Wit's business is to please, and not to fright;
'Tis no Wit to be alway in the Right;
You'll find it none, who dare be so to night.
Few so ill-bred will venture to a Play,
To spy out Faults, in what we Women say.
For us, no matter what we speak, but how:
How kindly can we say——*I hate you now?*
And for the Men, if you'll laugh at 'em, do;
They mind themselves so much, they'll ne'er mind you.
But why do I descend to lose a Prayer,
On those small Saints in Wit? the God sits there.

To the KING.

To you (Great SIR) my Message hither tends,
From Youth, and Beauty, your Allies and Friends.
See my Credentials written in my Face.
They challenge your Protection in this Place;
And hither come with such a force of Charms,
As may give check ev'n to your prosperous Arms.
Millions of *Cupids* hovering in the Rear,
Like Eagles following fatal Troops, appear:
All waiting for the Slaughter which draws nigh,
Of those bold Gazers who this Night must die.

P O E M S

Nor can You 'scape our soft Captivity,
 From which Old Age alone must set You free.
 Then tremble at the fatal Consequence,
 Since 'tis well known, for your own part, *Great Prince,* }
 'Gainst us still you have made a weak defence.
 Be generous and wise, and take our part:
 Remember we have Eyes, and You a Heart;
 Else You may find, too late, that we are things
 Born to kill Vassals, and to conquer *Kings*.
 But oh, to what vain Conquest I pretend!
 While *Love* is our Commander, and your Friend.
 Our Victory Your Empire more assures;
 For Love will ever make the Triumph Yours.

AN ALLUSION TO HORACE

The Tenth Satire of the
 First Book

Nempe incomposito dixi pede, etc. . . .

WELL, Sir, 'tis granted, I said D(ryden's) Rhimes,
 Were stol'n, unequal, nay dull many times;
 What foolish Patron, is there found of his,
 So blindly partial, to deny me this?
 But that his Plays, embroider'd up and down,
 With Wit and Leavening justly pleas'd the Town }
 In the same Paper, I as freely own.
 Yet having this allow'd, the heavy Mafs,
 That stuffs up his loose *Columns*, must not pass:
 For by that Rule, I might as well admit,
 C(rown's) tedious Sense, for Poetry and Wit.
 'Tis therefore not enough, when your false Sense,
 Hits the false Judgement of an Audience:
 Of clapping Fools, assembled in vast crowd,
 Till the throng'd Play-House crack with the dull load;
 Though ev'n that Talent merits in some sort,
 That can divert the City and the Court.
 Which blund'ring S(ettle), never cou'd attain,
 And puzzling O(tway), labours at in vain.
 But within due proportions circumscribe

P O E M S

What e're you write, that with a flowing Tide,
 The Style may rise, yet in its rise forbear,
 With useleſs Words, t'oppreſs the weary'd Ear.
 Here be your Language lofty, there more light,
 Your Rhetorick with your Poetry unite:
 For Elegance ſake, ſometimes allay the Force
 Of *Epithets*, 'twill ſoften the diſcourſe;
 A jeaſt in ſcorn points out, and hits the thing
 More home, than the *Morofeſt* Satires ſting.
Shakeſpear and *Johnſon* did herein excell,
 And might in this be imitated well;
 Whom refin'd E(theredge), copies not at all,
 But is himſelf, a ſheer Original.
 Nor that flow Drudge, in ſwift *Pindarick* ſtrains,
 F(latman), who C(owley) imitates with pains,
 And rides a jaded *Muſe*, whipt with looſe Rains.
 When L(ee), makes temp'rate *Scipio*, fret and rave,
 And *Hannibal*, a whining Amorous Slave,
 I laugh, and with the hot-brained Fuſtian-Fool,
 In B(usby's) hands, to be well laſht at School.
 Of all our Modern Wits none ſeems to me,
 Once to have toucht upon true Comedy,
 But haſty S(hadwell), and flow *Wicherley*.
 S(hadwell's) unfiniſh'd works do yet impart,
 Great proofs of force of Nature, none of Art;
 With juſt bold ſtrokes he daſhes here and there,
 Shewing great Maſtery with little Care;
 And ſcorns to varniſh his good touches o'er,
 To make the Fools and Women praiſe him more.
 But *Wicherley*, earns hard what e're he gains,
 He wants no judgement, and he ſpares no pains;
 He frequently excells, and at the leaſt,
 Makes fewer faults than any of the beſt.
Waller, by Nature, for the *Bays* deſign'd,
 With Force and Fire, and fancy unconfin'd,
 In *Panegyricks* does excell Mankind.
 He beſt can turn, enforce, and ſoften things,
 To praiſe great Conquerors, or to flatter Kings.
 For pointed Satyrs I would B(uckhurſt) chooſe,
 The beſt good Man, with the worſt natur'd Muſe.
 For Songs and Verſes, mannerly, obſcene,
 That can ſtir Nature up by ſpring unſeen,
 And without forcing bluſhes pleaſe the Queen.

P O E M S

S(edley) has that prevailing, gentle Art,
 That can with a resistlefs Charm impart,
 The loofest Wifhes to the chafteft Heart.
 Raife fuch a Conflift, kindle fuch a Fire
 Betwixt declining Vertue and Defire;
 Till the poor vanquifh'd Mind diffolves away,
 In Dreames all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.

D(ryden), in vain try'd this nice way of Wit,
 For he to be a tearing *Blade* thought fit,
 To give the Ladies a dry Bawdy bob
 And thus he got the name of Poet *Squab*.
 But to be juft, 'twill to his praife be found,
 His Excellencies more than faults abound,
 Nor dare I from his facred Temples tear,
 That Laurel which he beft deferves to wear,
 But does not D(ryden) find ev'n Johnfon dull?
Fletcher and *Beaumont*, uncorrect and full,
 Of lewd Lines as he calls 'em? Shake-fpear's ftile
 Stiff and affected; to his own the while,
 Allowing all the juftnefs, that his Pride
 So arrogantly had to thefe deny'd?
 And may not I have leave impartially,
 To fearch and cenfure D(ryden's) Works, and try,
 If thefe grofs faults his choice Pen does commit,
 Proceed from want of Judgement or of Wit?
 Or if his lumpifh Fancy does refuse
 Spirit or Grace to his loofe flatten Mufe?
 Five hundred Verfes ev'ry Morning writ,
 Proves you no more a Poet than a Wit:
 Such fcribbling Authors have been feen before
Mustapha, the *English Princefs*, forty more,
 Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour,
 To write what may fe curely ftand the *Teft*,
 Of being well read over thrice at leaft;
 Compare each Phrafe, examine ev'ry Line,
 Weigh ev'ry Word, and ev'ry Thought refine;
 Scorn all applaufe the vile Rout can beftow,
 And be content to pleafe thofe few who know.
 Canft thou be fuch a vain miftaken thing,
 To wifh thy *Works* might make a Play-Houfe ring.
 With the unthanking Laughter, and poor praife
 Of Fops and Ladies factious for thy Plays;
 Then fend a cunning Friend to learn thy doom,

P O E M S

From the fhrewd Judges of the Drawing Room.
 I've no Ambition on that idle fcore,
 But fay with *Betty M(orris)*, heretofore,
 When a great Woman call'd her Bawdy Whore;
 I please one Man of Wit, am proud on't too,
 Let all the Coxcombs dance to bed to you.
 Should I be troubled when the Pur-blind Knight,
 Who fquints more in his Judgement than his Sight,
 Picks filly faults, and cenfures what I write?
 Or when the poor-fed Poets of the Town
 For Scraps and coach-room cry my Verfes down?
 I loath the Rabble, 'tis enough for me,
 If S(edley), S(hadwell), S(heppard), W(icherley),
 G(odolphin), B(utler), B(uckhurft), B(uckingham),
 And fome few more, whom I admit to name,
 Approve my fenfe, I count their cenfure Fame.

TO ALL CURIOUS CRITICKS AND ADMIRERS OF METRE

HAVE you feen the raging Stormy Main
 Tofs a Ship up, then caft her down again?
 Sometimes ſhe ſeems to touch the very *Skies*,
 And then again upon the *Sand* ſhe lyes.
 Or have you feen a Bull, when he is jealous,
 How he does tear the ground, and Rores and Bellows?
 Or have you feen the pretty *Turtle Dove*,
 When ſhe laments the abſence of her love?
 Or have you feen the Fayries when they ſing,
 And dance with mirth together in a Ring?
 Or have you feen our Gallants keep a Pudder,
 With Fair and Grace, and Grace and Fair *Anſtruder*?
 Or have you feen the Daughter of Apollo,
 Pour down their Rhyming Liquors in a hollow
 Cane
 In ſpungy Brain, congealing into Verſe;
 If you have feen all this, then kiſs mine A——e.

P O E M S

CONSIDERATUS CONSIDERANDUS

WHAT pleasures can the gaudy World afford?
 What true delights do's teeming Nature hoard?
 In her great Store-house, where she lays her treasure
 Alas, 'tis all the shadow of a pleasure;
 No true Content in all her works are found,
 No folid Joys in all Earth's spacious round:
 For Labouring Man, who toils himself in vain,
 Eagerly grasping, what creates his Pain.
 How false and feeble, nay scarce worth a Name,
 Are Riches, Honour, Pow'r, and babbling Fame.
 Yet, 'tis for these Men wade through Seas of Blood,
 And bold in *Mischief*, Storm to be withstood:
 Which when obtained, breed but Stupendious Fear,
 Strife, Jealousies, and deep disturbing care,
 No beam of comfort, not a Ray of Light
 Shines thence, to guide us through Fate's Gloomy Night;
 But lost in devious Darknes, there we stay,
 Bereft of Reason in an endless way;
 Vertue's the solid good, if any be;
 'Tis that creates our true Felicitie;
 Though we despise, Contemn and cast it by,
 As worthless, or our fatal'st Enemy;
 Because our darling lusts it dare controule,
 And bound the Roveings of the Madding Soul.
 Therefore in garments poor, it still appears,
 And sometimes (naked) it no Garment wears;
 Shun'd by the Great, and worthless thought by most,
 Urg'd to be gone, or wish'd for ever lost;
 Yet is it loath to leave our wretched Coast.
 But in disguise do's here and there intrude,
 Striving to conquer base Ingratitude:
 And boldly ventures now and then to shine,
 So to make known it is of Birth divine;
 But Clouded oft, it like the Lightning plays,
 Loofing as soon as seen, its pointed Rays.
 Which Scarceness makes those that are weak in wit,
 For Vertue's self, admire its counterfeit:
 With which dam'd *Hippocrates* the World delude,
 As we on *Indian Glafs*, for Gems intrude.

POEMS

ON THE DEATH OF MR. GREENHILL, THE FAMOUS PAINTER

WHAT doleful cries are these that fright my sense,
Sad as the groans of dying innocence!
The killing *Accents* now more near approach,
And the infectious sound,
Spreads and enlarges all around,
And does all Hearts with grief and wonder touch!

The famous Greenhill's dead! ev'n he,
That cou'd to us give immortality,
Is to th' Eternal silent Groves withdrawn,
Those fullen Groves of Everlasting Dawn;
Youthful as Flow'rs scarce blown, whose opening Leaves,
A wondrous and a fragrant Prospect gives,
Of what its Elder Beauties would display,
When it shou'd flourish up to ripening *May*!
Witty! as Poets, warm'd with Love and Wine,
Yet still spar'd Heav'n and his Friend;
For both to him were sacred and divine,
Nor could he this, no more than that offend.
Fixt as a Martyr, where he Friendship paid,
And gen'rous as a God!
Distributing his Bounties all abroad,
And soft, and gentle as a Love-sick Maid.

Great Master of the Noble Mystery,
That ever happy knowledge did inspire;
Sacred as that of Poetry!
And which the wond'ring world does equally admire!
Great Nature's works we do contemn,
When on his glorious Birth we meditate
The Face and Eyes, more Darts receiv'd from him,
Than all the Charms she can create:
The difference is, his Beauties do beget,
In the Enamour'd Soul, a vertuous heat,
Whilst Nature's groffer pieces move,
In the coarse Road of common love.

So bold, yet soft his Touches were,
So round each part, so sweet and fair,

POEMS

That as his Pencil mov'd Men thought it prest
The lively imitated Breast,
Which yields like Clouds, where little Angels rest!
The Limbs all easie, as his temper was,
Strong as his mind and Manly too;
Large as his Soul, his fancy was, and new;
And from himself he copy'd ev'ry grace,
For he had all that could adorn a Face,
All that could either *See* subdue.

Each Excellence he had, that Youth has in its Pride,
And all experienc'd Age can teach;
At once the vig'rous Fire of this,
And ev'ry Virtue which that can exprefs,
In all the height that both cou'd reach!
And yet (alas) in this perfection dy'd!
Dropt like a Bloffom with a *Northern* Blast,
When all the scatter'd leaves abroad are cast,
As quick as if his Fate had been in haft!
So I have seen an unfixt Star,
Outline the rest of all the numerous Train,
(As bright as that which guides the *Mariner*)
Dart swiftly from its darken'd Sphere
And ne're shall light the World again!
Oh why should so much knowledge dye!
Or with his last kind *Breath*,
Why could he not to some one Friend bequeath
The mighty Legacy;
But 'twas a knowledge given to him alone,
That his Eterniz'd name might be,
Admir'd to all Posterity,
By all to whom his grateful name was known!
Come all ye softer Beauties, come!
Bring Wreaths of Flow'rs to deck his Tomb,
Mixt with the dismal Cyprish and the Yew,
For he still gave your Charmes their due;
And from the injuries of Age and Time,
Secur'd the sweetness of your prime,
And best knew how to adore that sweetness too!
Bring all your mournful Tributes here,
And let your Eyes a silent sorrow wear,
Till ev'ry Virgin for a while become
Sad as his Fate, and like his pictures dumb.

POEMS

ON ROME'S PARDONS

IF *Rome* can pardon Sins, as *Romans* hold,
And if these Pardons, can be bought and fold,
It were no Sin, t'adore, and worship Gold.

If they can purchase Pardons with a Sum,
For Sins they may commit in time to come,
And for Sins past, 'tis very well for *Rome*.

At this rate they are happy't that have most,
They'll purchase Heav'n at their own proper cost,
Alas! the Poor! all that are so are lost.

When came this knack, or when did it begin?
What Author have they, or whom brought it in?
Did Christ e'er keep a *Custom-house* for Sin?

Some subtle Devil, without more ado,
Did certainly this fly invention brew,
To gull 'em of their Souls, and Money too.

ON THE SUPPOSED AUTHOR OF A LATE POEM IN DEFENCE OF SATYR

TO rack and torture thy unmeaning Brain,
In *Satyr's* praise to a low untun'd strain,
In thee was most impertinent and vain.
When in thy Poem we more clearly see,
That *Satyr's* of Divine Authority,
For God made one on Man when he made thee.
To shew there were some Men, as there are Apes.
Fram'd for meer Sport, who differ but in shapes:
In thee are all these contradictions joined,
That make an *Ass* prodigious and refined.
A lump deform'd and shapeless wert thou born.
Begot in Loves despit and Natures scorn;
And art grown up the most ungraceful Wight,
Harsh to the Ear and hideous to the sight,
Yet Love's thy business, Beauty thy Delight.

P O E M S

Curse on that silly hour that first inspir'd,
 Thy madness, to pretend to be admired.
 To paint thy grizly Face, to dance, to drefs,
 And all those awkward Follies that exprefs,
 Thy loathsome Love, and filthy Daintiness. }
 Who needs will be an Ugly *Beau-Garçon*,
 Spit at, and thun'd by ev'ry Girl in Town:
 Where dreadfully Loves Scare-Crow, thou art plac'd
 To fright the tender Flock that long to taste:
 While ev'ry coming Maid, when you appear,
 Starts back for shame, and strait turns chaft for Fear.
 For none so poor, or Prostitute have prov'd,
 Where you made Love, t'endure to be below'd.
 'Twere a labour lost or else I would advise.
 But thy half Wit will ne're let thee be wise.
 Half-witty, and half-mad, and scarce half-brave,
 Half-honest (which is very much a Knave.)
 Made up of all these halves, thou canst not pass,
 For anything intirely but an Ass.

ON POET NINNY

CRUSHT by the just contempt his Follies bring
 On his craz'd Head, the Vermin fain wou'd sting.
 But never *Satyr* did so softly bite,
 Or gentle *George* himself more gently write.
 Born to no other, but thy own disgrace,
 Thou art a thing, so wretched and so base, }
 Thou can't not ev'n offend but with thy face
 And dost at once a sad example prove,
 Of harmless malice and of hopeless Love.
 All pride! and ugliness. Oh how loath,
 A nauseous Creature, so compos'd of both!
 How oft have we thy Cap'ring Person seen,
 With dismal look and Melancholly Meen,
 The just reverse of *Nokes*, when he wou'd be,
 Some mighty *Heroe*, and makes love like thee!
 Thou art below being laught at out of spight, }
 Men gaze upon thee as a hideous sight,
 And cry, there goes the Melancholly Knight.
 There are some modest Fools, we daily see,

P O E M S

Modest and dull, why they are Wits to thee!
 For of all Folly, sure the very Top,
 Is a conceited *Ninny* and a Fop.
 With Face of Farce joyn'd to a Head Romancy,
 Ther's no such Conceit as your Fool of fancy:
 But 'tis too much on so dispis'd a Theam,
 No Man wou'd dabble in a dirty Stream:
 The worst that I cou'd write, wou'd be no more,
 Then what thy very Friends have said before.

MONSTER ALL-PRIDE

BURSTING with Pride, the loath'd Impostume swells,
 Pr—k him, he sheads his Venom strait, and smells;
 But 'tis so lewd a Scribler, that he writes,
 With as much force to Nature as he fights,
 Harden'd in shame, 'tis such a baffled Fop
 That ev'ry School-boy whips him like a Top:
 And with his Arms, and Head, his Brains so weak,
 That his starv'd fancy is compell'd to take,
 Among the Excrements of others wit,
 To make a stinking Meal of what they shit.
 So *Swine* for nasty Meat to Dunghill run,
 And tofs their gruntliest Snowts up when they've done:
 Against his Stars the Coxcomb ever strives.
 And to be something they forbid, contrives.
 With a red Nose, Splay Foot, and Goggle Eye,
 A Plough Mans looby Meen, Face all awry,
 With stinking Breath, and ev'ry loathsome mark,
 The *Punchinello* sets up for a Spark,
 With equal self conceit too, he bears Arms,
 But with that vile success, his part performs,
 That he burlesques his Trade, and what is best
 In others turns like *Harlequin* in jest.

So have I seen at *Smithfields* wondrous Fair,
 When all his Brother Monsters, flourish there;
 A Lubbard *Elephant* divert the Town,
 With making Legs, and shooting off a Gun.
 Go where he will, he never finds a Friend,
 Shame and derision all his steps attend;
 Alike at home, abroad, i'th' Camp and Court,
 This Knight o'th' Burning Pestle make us sport.

POEMS

PLAIN DEALING'S DOWNFALL

LONG time Plain Dealing in the Haughty Town,
Wandering about, though in a thread-bare Gown,
At last unanimously was cry'd down.

When almost starv'd, she to the Country fled,
In hopes, though meanly, she should there be fed,
And tumble nightly on a Pea-straw Bed.

But Knav'ry knowing her intent, took post,
And Rumour'd her approach through every Coast,
Vowing her Ruin that should be her host.

Frighted at this, each *Rustick* shut his door,
Bid her be gone, and trouble him no more,
For he that entertain'd her must be poor.

At this grief seiz'd her, grief too great to tell,
When weeping, sighing, fainting, down she fell,
Whil's Knavery Laughing, Rung her passing Bell.

SONG

AGainst the Charms our Passions have,
How weak all humane skill is?
Since they can make a Man a Slave,
To such a Wretch as *Phillis*.

Whom that I may describe throughout,
Assist me Loving Pow'rs,
I'll write upon a double Clout,
And dip my Pen in Show'rs.

Her look's demurly impudent,
Ungainly Beautiful,
Her Modesty is insolent,
Her Mirth is pert and dull.

POEMS

A Prostitute to all the Town,
And yet with no Man Friends,
She rails and scolds when she lyes down,
And Curfes loud she fends.

Bawdy in thoughts, precise in words,
Ill-natur'd and a Whore,
No part of her ought good affords,
She's all a Common-flhore.

THE MOCK SONG

I WENCH as well as others do,
I'm young, nor yet deform'd,
My tender Heart, sincere and true,
Deserves not to be scorn'd.
Why *Phillis* then, why will you Trade
With forty Lovers more?
Can I (said she) with Nature strive,
Alas I am, alas I am a Whore.

Were all my Body larded o'er,
With Darts of Love so thick,
That you might find in ev'ry Pore,
A Dart of Love did stick.
Whilst yet alone my Eyes were free,
My Heart would never doubt,
In Am'rous Rage and Extasie,
To wish those Eyes, to wish those Eyes put out.

SONG. THE DEBAUCHEE

I RISE at eleven, I Dine about two,
I get drunk before seven, and the next thing I do;
I send for my Whore, when for fear of a Clap,
I dally about her, and spew in her Lap;
There we quarrel, and scold till I fall asleep,
When the Jilt growing bold, to my Pocket does creep;
Then fly she leaves me; and to revenge the affront,
At once both my Lafs and my Money I want.

POEMS

If by chance then I wake, hot-headed, and drunk
What a coyl do I make for the los of my Punk?
I storm, and I roar, and I fall in a rage,
And missing my Lafs, I fall on my Page:
Then crop-fick, all Morning I rail at my Men,
And in Bed I lye Yawning till eleven again.

THE ADVICE

HOW now, brave *Swain*, why art thou thus cast down?
Can *Amarillis* scorn, or Angry frown,
The Gay, the Witty, and the Bold destroy,
And cut his dayes off in Abortive joy;
Whilst Sullen grief, fits on his manly Brow,
And Broods dispaire, to which his Soul dares bow?
For shame rouse up, consider well the cause,
The worthless Reason, prithee *Strepson* Pause,
And be adviz'd, consider 'tis a Woman,
A thing so mean, so senseless, and so common;
That Nature blusht when first she made the Sex,
As good for nothing but the World to vex:
The peevish offspring of our humours bad,
Which gath'ring to one place, that Creature made,
Easing us of an Excremental Load,
Which else wou'd have infected all our blood;
And tainting, our free Souls have kept them back,
In glorys searck, and Fames immortal Track.
Consider this, and all her Charms dispize,
Unmov'd, repell the lightning of her Eyes:
Smile when she Frowns, Frown when she Smiles, and be
From her weak Chains for ever after free.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT

ONE Day the Am'rous Lyfander,
By an impatient passion sway'd,
Surpriz'd fair Cloris, that lov'd Maid,
Who could defend her self no longer;
All things did with his Love conspire,
The guilded *Planet* of the Day,

POEMS

In his gay Chariot, drawn by Fire,
Was now descending to the Sea,
And left no light to guide the World,
But what from Cloris brighter Eyes was hurl'd.

In a lone *Thicket* made for love,
Silent as yielding Maid's consent,
She with a charming languishment,
Permits his force, yet gently strove;
Her Hands, his Bosom, softly meet,
But not to put him back design'd,
Rather to draw him on inclin'd,
Whilst he lay trembling at her Feet;
Resistance, 'tis too late to shew,
She wants the pow'r to fay . . . Ah! what d'you do?

Her bright Eyes sweet and yet severe,
Where Love and shame confus'dly strive,
Fresh vigor, to *Lisander* give;
And whisp'ring softly in his Ear,
She cry'd . . . cease . . . cease . . . your vain desire,
Or I'll call out what would you do?
My dearer Honour ev'n to you,
I cannot . . . must not give . . . retire,
Or take that life, whose chiefest part,
I gave you with the Conquest of my Heart.

But he, as much unus'd to fear,
As he was capable of Love,
The blest Minutes to improve,
Kisses her Lips, her Neck, her Hair!
Each touch! her new desires Allarmes!
His burning trembling Hand he prest,
Upon her melting snowy Breast,
While she lay panting in his Arms!
All her unguarded Beauties lye,
The Spoils and Trophies of the Enemy.

And now without respect or fear,
He seeks the Object of his Vows.
His love no modesty allows.
By swift degrees, advancing where.
His daring Hand that Altar seiz'd,

P O E M S

Where Gods of Love do Sacrifice.
That awful Throne! that Paradise!
Where Rage is tam'd, and Anger pleas'd?
That living Fountain, from whose Trills,
The melted Soul, in liquid drops distils!

Her balmy Lips, encountering his,
Their Bodies as their Souls they joyn'd,
Where both in transports unconfin'd,
Extend themselves upon the Mofs!
Cloris half dead and breathless lay,
Her Eyes appear'd like Humid light,
Such as divides the Day and Night,
Or falling Stars, whose Fires decay;
And now no sign of life she shows,
But what in short-breathed sighs, returns and goes.

He saw how at her length she lay,
He saw her rising Bosom bare;
Her loose thin Robes, through which appear,
A shape design'd for love and play,
Abandon'd by her Pride and shame:
She does her softest sweets dispence,
Off'ring her Virgin innocence,
A *Victim* to Loves sacred flame.
Whilst th' o're ravish'd Shepherd lyes,
Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

Ready to tast a thousand joys,
The too transported, hapless Swayne,
Found the vast pleasure turn'd to rain:
Pleasure! which too much love destroys!
The willing Garment by he laid,
And Heav'n all open to his view.
Mad to possess himself he threw,
On the defenceless lovely Maid!
But oh! what envious Gods conspire!
To snatch his pow'r, yet leave him the desire!

Natures support without whose Aid,
She can no humane being give;
It self now wants the Art to live;
Faintness, its slacken'd Nerves invade,
In vain th'enraged Youth assay'd,

P O E M S

To call his fleeting Vigor back;
 No motion, 'twill from motion take,
 Excess of love, his love betray'd,
 In vain he toils, in vain commands.
 Th'Inferrible, fell weeping in his Hands.

In this fo Am'rous cruel strife,
 Where Love and Fate were too severe,
 The poor Lifander in despair,
 Renounc'd his Reason with his Life.
 Now all the brisk and active fire,
 That should the nobler part inflame,
 And left no spark for new desire;
 Not all her naked Charmes cou'd move
 Or calme that Rage, that had debauch'd his love.

Cloris returning from the Trance,
 Which love and soft desire had bred,
 Her tim'rous Hand she gently laid,
 Or guided by design or chance,
 Upon that *Fabulous Priapus*,
 That *Potent God* (as Poets feign)
 But never did young Shepherdess,
 (Gath'ring of Fern upon the Plain)
 More nimbly draw her Fingers back,
 Finding beneath the verdant Leaves a *Snake*;

Then *Cloris* her fair hand withdrew,
 Finding that God of her desires,
 Disarm'd of all his pow'rful Fires;
 And cold as Flow'rs bath'd in the Morning Dew;
 Who can thy *Nymphs* confusion guess?
 The blood forsook the kinder place,
 And strew'd with Blushes all her Face,
 Which doth disdain and shame exprefs;
 And from *Lifander's* Arms she fled,
 Leaving him fainting on the gloomy Bed.

Like Lightning through the Grove she hies,
 Or *Daphne* from the Delphick God;
 No print upon the Grassy Road,
 She leaves t'instruct pursuing Eyes;
 The Wind that wanton'd in her Hair,

P O E M S

And with her ruffled Garments plaid,
Discover'd in the flying Maid;
All that the Gods e're made of Fair.
So *Venus* when her Love was slain,
With fear and haste flew o're the Fatal Plain.

The Nymphs resentments, none but I,
Can well imagine and Condole;
But none can guess *Lisander's* Soul,
But those who sway'd his Destiny:
His silent griefs swell up to Storms,
And not one God his fury spares,
He curst his Birth, his Fate, his Stars,
But more the Shepherdesses Charms;
Whose soft bewitching influence,
Had damn'd him to the Depth of Impotence.

THE IMPERFECT ENJOYMENT

NAKED she lay, claspt in my longing Arms,
I fill'd with Love, and she all over Charms,
Both equally inspir'd, with eager fire,
Melting through kindness, flaming in desire;
With *Arms, Legs, Lips* close clinging to embrace,
She clips me to her Breast, and sucks me to her Face.
The nimble *Tongue* (Love's lesser Lightning) plaid
Within my *Mouth*, and to my thoughts convey'd
Swift Orders, that I should prepare to throw,
The All-dissolving *Thunderbolt* below.
My flutt'ring *Soul*, sprung with the pointed Kifs,
Hangs hov'ring o're her balmy Limbs of Blifs.
But whilst her busie hand wou'd guide that part,
Which shou'd convey my *Soul* up to her *Heart*,
In liquid Raptures I dissolve all o're,
Melting in Love, such Joys ne'er felt before.
A touch from any part of her had don't,
Her *Hand*, her *Foot*, her very looks had charms upon't.
Smiling, she chids in a soft murm'ring Noise,
And sighs to feel the too too hasty Joys;
When with a Thousand Kisses, wand'ring o're
My panting *Breast*, and is there then no more?

She cries: All this to Love, and *Raptures* due,
 Must we not pay a debt to pleasure too?
 But I the most folorne, lost Man alive,
 To shew my wisht Obedience vainly strive,
 I sigh alas! and Kifs, but cannot drive.
 Eager desires, confound my first intent,
 Succeeding Shame, does more success prevent,
 And Rage, at last, confirms me impotent.
 Ev'n her fair Hand, which might bid Heat return
 To frozen Age, and make cold *Hermits* burn,
 Apply'd to my dead Cinder, warms no more,
 Than Fire to Ashes, cou'd past Flames restore.
 Trembling, confus'd, despairing, limber, dry,
 A wishing, weak, unmoving lump I ly,
 This Dart of Love, whose piercing point oft try'd
 With Virgin Blood, a hundred Maids has dy'd.
 Which Nature still directed with such Art,
 That it through ev'ry Port, reacht ev'ry Heart.
 Stiffly resolv'd, turn'd careless I invade,
 Where it essay'd, nor ought its fury staid,
 Where e're it pierc'd, entrance it found or made.
 Now languid lies, in this unhappy hour,
 Shrunk up, and Sapsless, like a wither'd Flow'r.
 Thou treacherous, base, deserter of my flame,
 False to my passion, fatal to my Fame.
 By what mistaken Magick dost thou prove,
 So true to lewdness, so untrue to Love?
 What Oyster, Cinder, Beggar, common Whore,
 Didst thou e're fail in all thy Life before?
 When Vice, Disease and Scandal lead the way,
 With what officious haste didst thou obey?
 Like a Rude-roaring *Hector*, in the Streets,
 That Scuffles, Cuffs, and Ruffles all he meets;
 But if his King or Country, claim his Aid,
 The Rascal Villain, shrinks and hides his Head:
 E'en so is thy Brutal Valor displaid
 Breaks ev'ry Stews, and does each small Crack invade,
 But if great Love, the onset does command,
 Base recreant, to thy Prince, thou dost not stand.
 Worst part of me, and henceforth hated most,
 Through all the Town, the common rubbing Post;
 On whom each wretch, relieves her lustful want,
 As *Hogs*, on *Goats*, do rub themselves and grunt,

P O E M S

May'ft thou to rav'nous Shankers be a Prey,
 Or in confuming Weepings waft away.
 May Stranguries, and Stone thy Dayes attend.
 May'ft thou not Pifs, who didft fo much offend,
 When all my joyes, did on falfe thee depend.
 And may ten thoufand abler Men agree,
 To do the wrong'd *Corinna* right for thee.

ACTUS PRIMUS SCENA PRIMA

Enter Tafander and Siveanthe. The Scene: A Bedchamber.

Tas. **F**OR Lufty Vigour we kind Nature thank,
 And yet adore thofe that makes vigor lank;
 Unhappy Morals! whofe fublimeft joy,
 Preys on itfelf, and does itfelf deftroy.

Siv. Do not Women, Nature's beft gift defpife,
 For fhe that takes you down, will make you rife;
 Though you awhile the Amorous Combat fhun,
 And feem from Love's fweet Combate cloy'd to run;
 Yet you'll return more vig'rous, and more fierce,
 Than flaming Drunkard, when he's dy'd in Tierce,
 You but retire as loofing Gamefters do,
 Til they have raifed a flock to play anew.

Tas. What pleasure has a Gamefter, if he knows
 When e'er he plays, that he muft always lofe?

Siv. What fo you lofe, it 'twere a pain to keep,
 We fay not that our Night's are loft in fleep;
 What pleasures we in thefe foft Wars employ,
 We do not waft, but to the full enjoy.

[*Exit Tas.*]

Enter Celia.

Cel. Madam, methinks thofe fleepy Eyes declare,
 Too lately you have eas'd a Lover's Care;
 I fear you have with intereft repaid,
 Thofe eager joys, which you Embracing had.

Siv. With force united, my foft Heart he ftorm'd,
 Like Age he doted, but like Youth perform'd.
 She that alone her Lover can withftand,
 Is more than Woman, or he lefs than Man.

[*Exeunt.*]

ON A JUNIPER TREE CUT DOWN TO MAKE BUSKS

WHILST happy I triumphant stood,
 The pride and glory of the Wood,
 My *Aromatick* Boughs and Fruit,
 Did with all other Trees dispute;
 Had right by Nature to excell,
 In pleasing both the Taſt and Smell.
 But to the touch I muſt confeſs,
 Bore an unwilling Sullenefs:
 My Wealth, like baſhful Virgins, I
 Yielding with ſome reluctance;
 For which my value ſhould be more,
 Not giving eaſily my ſtore.
 My Verdant Branches, all the Year,
 Did an Eternal Beauty wear,
 Did ever young and gay appear,
 Nor needed any Tribute pay,
 For Bounties from the God of Day.
 Nor do I hold Supremacy.
 In all the Wood, or'e ev'ry Tree,
 But ev'n to thoſe of my own Race,
 That grew not in this happy place;
 But that in which I glory moſt,
 And do myſelf with reaſon boſt,
 Beneath my ſhade the other Day
 Young *Philocles* and *Chloris* Lay,
 Upon my Root he plac'd her Head,
 And where I grew he made her Bed;
 Their trembling Limbs, did gently preſs,
 The kind ſupporting yielding Moſs;
 Ne're half ſo bleſt, as now to bear,
 A Swayn ſo young, a Nymph ſo fair.
 My grateful Shade, I kindly lent
 And ev'ry aiding Bough I bent,
 So low as ſometimes had the Blifs,
 To rob the Shepherd of a Kiſs.
 Whiſt he in pleaſures far above
 The ſenſe of that degree of Love,
 Permitted ev'ry Stealth I made,
 Unjealous of his Rival ſhade.
 I ſaw 'em kindle to deſire!

P O E M S

Whilst with soft sighs they blew the Fire!
 Saw the approaches of their joy
 He growing more fierce, and she less coy!
 Saw how they mingled melting Rays;
 Exchanging Love a thousand ways:
 Kind was the force on ev'ry side.
 Her new desires she cou'd not hide,
 Nor wou'd the Shepherd be deny'd:
 Impatient he waits no consent,
 But what she gave by languishment.
 The blest'd Minute he persu'd,
 Whilst Love, her Fearful shame subdu'd
 And now transported in his Armes,
 Yields to the Conqueror all her Charmes.
 His panting Breast to hers now joyn'd,
 They feast on Raptures unconfin'd;
 Vast and luxuriant, such as prove,
 The immortality of Love.
 For who but a Divinity,
 Cou'd mingle Souls to that degree,
 And melt 'em into Extasie;
 Where like the Phoenix both expire,
 Whilst from the Ashes of their Fire,
 Sprung up a new and soft desire,
 Like Charmers, thrice they did invoke
 The God, and thrice new vigour took
 And had the Nymph been half so kind,
 As was the Shepherd well inclin'd,
 The Mystry had not ended there;
 But *Chloris* reassumed her Fear,
 And chid the *Swayn* for having prest,
 What she (alas) cou'd not resist:
 Whilst he in whom Loves sacred flame,
 Before and after was the same,
 Humbly implores she wou'd forget
 That fault, which he wou'd yet repeat,
 From active joyes with shame they hast,
 To a reflection on the past;
 A thousand times the Covert blis,
 That did secure their happynefs;
 Their gratitude to ev'ry Tree
 They pay, and most to happy me!
 The Shepherdess my Bark carrest,

P O E M S

Whilst he my Root (Loves Pillow) kist,
 And did with sighs their Fate deplore,
 Since I must shelter 'em no more.
 And if before, my joyes are such,
 In having seen, and heard so much;
 My griefs must be as great and high,
 When all abandon'd I must lye,
 Doom'd to a silent Destiny:
 No more the Am'rous strife to hear,
 The Shepherd's Vows the Virgins fear;
 No more a joyful looker on,
 Whilst Love's soft Battle's lost and won.

With grief I bow'd my murm'ring Head,
 And all my Christal Dew I shed,
 Which did in *Chloris* pity move—
Chloris whose Soul is made of Love,
 She cut me down, and did translate
 My being to a happier state:
 No *Martyr* for Religion dy'd,
 With half that unconfid'ring pride;
 My top was on the Altar laid,
 Where Love, his softest Off'rings paid,
 And was a fragrant Incense burn'd;
 My Body into Busks was turn'd.
 Where I still guard the sacred store,
 And of Loves Temple keep the Door.

SATYR

A. **W**HAT *Timon*, does old Age begin t'approach,
 That thus thou droop'st under a night's debauch?
 Hast thou lost deep to needy *Rogues* on Tick,
 Who ne're cou'd pay, and must be paid next week?

Tim. Neither alas, but a dull dining Sot,
 Seiz'd me i'th' *Mall*, who just my name had got;
 He runs upon me, cries dear Rogue I'm thine,
 With me some *Wits* of thy acquaintance dine.
 I tell him I'm engag'd, but as a Whore
 With modesty enslaves her Spark the more;
 The longer I deny'd, the more he prest,
 At last I e'ne consent to be his Guest.

P O E M S

He takes me to his Coach, and as we go,
 Pulls out a Libel of a Sheet or two,
 Infipid, as the praise of th' Fairy Queens,
 Or S[hadwell's], unassisted former Scenes;
 Which he admir'd, and Prais'd at ev'ry Line,
 At last it was so sharp it must be mine.
 I vow'd I was no more a Wit than he,
 Unpractic'd, and unblest'd in Poetry.
 A Song to *Phyllis* I perhaps might make,
 But never Rhym'd, but for my Mistress's sake:
 I envy'd no Mans fortune nor his fame.
 Nor ever thought of a revenge so tame.
 He knew my Style, he swore, and 'twas in vain
 Thus to deny the Issue of my Brain.
 Choak'd with his flatt'ry, I no answer make,
 But silent leave him to his dear mistake.
 Of a well meaning Fool, I'm most afraid,
 Who fillily repeats what was well said.
 But this was not the worst when he came home,
 He askt, are S[edley], B[uckhurst], S[avile], come?
 No, but there were above *Halfwit* and *Huffe*,
Kickum and *Dingboy*, Oh 'ts well enough,
 They're all brave Fellows, cries mine Host, let's Dine,
 I long to have my Belly full of Wine,
 They'll write and fight I dare assure you,
 They're Men, *Tam Marie quam Mercurio*.
 I saw my error, but 'twas now too late,
 No means nor hopes appears of a retreat.
 Well, we salute, and each Man takes his Seat.
 Boy (says my Sot) is my Wife ready yet.
 A *Wife* good Gods! a *Fob* and *Bullys* too,
 For one poor Meal, what must I undergo?
 In comes my Lady strait, she had been fair,
 Fit to give Love, and to prevent despair,
 But Age, Beauties incurable Disease,
 Had left her more desire, than pow'r to please.
 As Cocks will strike, although their Spurs be gone,
 She with her old bleer Eyes to smight begun:
 Though nothing else, she (in despite of time)
 Preserv'd the affectation of her prime;
 However we begun, she brought in love,
 And hardly from that subject wou'd remove,
 We chanc'd to speak of the *French King's* success;

P O E M S

My Lady wondr'd much how Heav'n cou'd blefs
 A Man, that lov'd two Women at one time;
 But more how he to them excus'd his Crime.
 She askt Huffer, if Loves flame he never felt?
 He answer'd bluntly . . . *do you think I'm guelt?*
 She at his plainness smil'd, then turn'd to me,
 Love in young Minds preceeds ev'n Poetry.
 You to that passion can no stranger be,
 But Wits are given to Inconstancy.
 She had run on I think till now, but Meat
 Came up, and suddenly she took her Seat.
 I thought the Dinner wou'd make some amends,
 When my good Host crys out, y'are all my Friends,
Our own plain Fare, and the best Terse the Bull
Affords, I'll give you, and your Bellies full:
 As for *French* Kickshaws, Cellery, and Champoon,
Ragous and Fricassés, in troth we've none,
 Here's a good Dinner towards thought I, when strait
 Up comes a piece of Beef, full Horfman's weight;
 Hard as the Arse of *M——*, under which
 The Coachman sweats, as Ridden by a Witch.
 A Dish of Carrets, each of 'em as long
 As Tool, that to fair Countess did belong;
 Which her small *Pillow* cou'd not so well hide,
 But *Vistors* his flaming Head espy'd,
 Pig, Goose, and Capon follow'd in the Rear,
 With all that Country Bumpkind call good Cheer:
 Serv'd up with Sauces all of Eighty Eight,
 When our touch Youth, wrestled and threw the Weight;
 And now the Bottle briskly flies about,
 Instead of Ice, wrapt in a cold wet Clowt,
 A brimmer follows the third bit we eat,
 Small Bear becomes our drink, and Wine our meat.
 The Table was so large, that in less space,
 A Man might save six old *Italians* place:
 Each Man had as much room as *Porter B[lunt]*,
 Or *Harris's* had in *Cullen's Bushel C——*,
 And now the Wine began to work, mine Host
 Had been a *Collonel*, we must hear him boast
 Not of Towns won, but an Estate he lost
 For the Kings Service, which indeed he spent
 Whoreing, and Drinking, but with good intent
 He talkt much of a Plot, and Mony lent

P O E M S

In *Crumwel's* time. My Lady she
 Complain'd our love was coarse, our Poetry
 Unfit for modest Ears, small Whores and Play'rs
 Were of our Hair-brain't Youth, the only cares;
 Who were too wild for any virtuous League,
 Too rotten to consummate an intrigue.
Falkland she prais'd, and *Sucklings* easie Pen,
 And seem'd to tast their former parts agen.
 Mine Host drinks to the best in Christendom,
 And decently my Lady quits the Room.
 Left to our selves, of several things we prate,
 Some regulate the *Stage*, and some the *State*;
 Halfwit, cries up my Lord of O[rre]ry
 Ah how well *Mustapha*, and *Zanger* dye!
 His sense so little forc'd that by one Line,
 You may the other easily divine.

*And which is worse, if any worse can be,
 He never said one word of it to me.*

There's fine Poetry! you'd swear 'twere Prose,
 So little on the Sense, the Rhymes impose.
 Ram me (says *Dingboy*) in my mind Cot's nouns,
 E[theredge] writes *Airy Songs*, and soft *Lampoons*,
 The best of any Man; as for your *Nouns*,
Grammer, and Rules of Art, he knows them not,
 Yet writ two talking Plays without one plot.
Huffe, was for *Settle*, and *Morocco* prais'd
 Said rumbling words, like Drums his courage rais'd,
Whose broad-built-bulks, the boyf'rous Billows bear,
Zaphee and Sally, Magadore, Oran,
The fam'd Arzile, Alcazer, Tituan.

Was ever braver Language writ by Man?
Kickum for *Crown* declar'd, said in Romance,
 He had out done the very Wits of *France*.
 Witness *Pandion*, and his *Charles* the Eighth,
 Where a young Monarch, careless of his Fate,
 Though Foreign Troops and Rebels shock his State,
 Complains another fight afflicts him more

(Viz.) The Queens Gallies rowing from the shore:
Fitting their Oars and Tackling to be gon;
Whilst sporting Waves smil'd on the rising Sun.

Waves smiling on the Sun! I am sure that's new,
 And 'twas well thought on, give the Devil his due,
 Mine Host, who had said nothing in an hour,

P O E M S

Rose up and prais'd the *Indian* Emperour.

As if our Old World modesty withdrew,

And here in private had brought forth a new.

There are two Lines! who but he durst presume
To make the old World a withdrawing Room,
Where of another World she's brought to Bed!
What a brave Midwife is a *Laureat's* Head!

But shame of all these Scribblers, what do'e think.
Will *Souches* this year any Champoon Drink?
Will *Turenne* fight him? without doubt says *Huffe*,
If they two meet, their meeting will be rough.
Sink me (says *Dingboy*) they French Cowards are,
They pay but, th' *English*, *Scots* and *Swiss* make War,
In gawdy Troops, at a review they shine,
But dare not with the Germans Battle joyn;
What now appears like courage, is not so,
'Tis a short pride, which from success does grow;
On their first blow, they'l shrink into those fears,
They shew'd at *Cressy*, *Agincourt*, *Poytiers*;
Their loss was infamous, Honour so strain'd,
Is by a Nation not to be regain'd.
What they were then I know not, now th'are brave,
He that denyes it, lyes and is a Slave,
(Says *Huffe* and frown'd) says *Dingboy* that do I,
And at that word, at t'others Head let fly
A greasie Plate, when suddenly they all
Together by the Ears in Parties fall.
Halfwit with *Dingboy* Joyns, *Kickum* with *Huffe*,
Their Swords were safe, and so we let 'm cuff,
Till they, mine Host, and I, had all enough. }
Their rage once over, they begin to treat,
And six fresh Bottles must the peace compleat.
I ran down stairs, with a Vow never more,
To drink Beer Glafs, and hear the *Hectors* roar.

A PASTORAL COURTSHIP

BEHOLD these Woods, and mark my Sweet
How all these boughs together meet!
The Cedar his fair Arms displays,
And mixes branches with the Bayes.
And lofty Pine dains to descend,

POEMS

The sturdy Oakes do gently bend
One with another subt'ly Weaves
Into one Loom their various leaves;
As all ambitious were to be
Mine and my *Phyllis* canopy!

Let's enter and discourse our loves;
These are, my dear, no tell-tale Groves!
There dwell no Pyes, nor Parrots there,
To prate again the words they hear.
Nor babbling Eccho, that will tell
The Neighbouring Hills one syllable,

Being enter'd let's together lye,
Twin'd like the Zodiacks *Gemini*!
How sweet the Flowers do sweeter smell,
And all with emulation swell
To be thy Pillow! These for thee
Were meant a Bed, and thou for me,
And I may with as just esteem
Prefer thee, as thou mayst lye on them:
And why so coy? What dost thou fear?
There lurks no speckled Serpent here.
No Venomous Snake makes this his Road,
No Canker, nor the loathsome Toad.
And yon poor Spider on the Tree,
Thy Spinstre, will no poysoner be,
There is no Frog to leap and fright
Thee from my Arms, and break delight;
Nor Snail that o're thy Coat shall trace,
And leave behind a slimy Lace.

This is the hallowed shrine of *Love*,
No Wasp nor Hornet haunts this Grove,
Nor Pismire to make Pimples rise
Upon thy smooth and Ivory Thighs.
No danger in these shades doth lye,
Nothing that wears a sting, but I:
And in it doth no Venom dwell,
Although perchance it make thee swell.

Being set, let's sport a while my fair,
I will tie Love knots in thy Hair.
See *Zephyrus* through the leaves doth stray,
And has free liberty to play,
And braids thy Locks; And shall I find
Less favour than a fancy wind?

P O E M S

Now let me fit, and fix my Eyes
 On thee, that art my Paradise.
 Thou art my all; the spring remains
 In the fair violets of thy Veins:
 And that it is a Summers day,
 Ripe Cherries in thy Lips display.
 And when for Autumn I would seek,
 'Tis in the Apples of thy Cheek.
 But that which only moves my smart,
 Is to see Winter in thy Heart.
 Strange, when at once in one appear
 All the four seasons of the year!
 I'll clasp that Neck where should be set
 A rich and Orient Carskanet;
 But Swains are poor, admit of then
 More natural Chains, the Arms of Men.
 Come let me touch those Breasts that Swell
 Like two fair Mountains, and may well
 Be stil'd the Alpes, but that I fear
 The Snow has much less whiteness there.
 But stay (my love) a fault I spy
 Why are these two fair Fountains dry?
 Which if they run, no Muse would please
 To taste of any Spring but these.
 And *Ganymed* employ'd thou'd be
 To fetch his *Jove Nector* from thee.
 Thou shalt to Nurse fair *Venus* swear,
 To the next *Cupid* that she bears.
 Were it not then discreetly done
 To ope one spring to let two run?
 Fy, fy, this Belly, Beauty's mint,
 Blushes to see no coyn stamp't in't.
 Employ it then, for though it be
 Our wealth, it is your Royalty;
 And beauty will have currant grace
 That bears the Image of your face.
 How to the touch the Ivory Thighs
 Veil gently, and again do rise,
 As pleyable to the impression
 As Virgins Wax, or *Barian* Stone
 Dissolv'd to softness; plump and full,
 More white and soft than [*Cotsall*] Wool,
 Or Cotten from the *Indian* Tree,

P O E M S

Or pretty Silk-worms Hufwifery.
 Thefe on two Marble Pillars rais'd,
 Make me in doubt which ſhould be prais'd;
 They or their Columnes moſt; but when
 I view thoſe Feet that I have ſeen
 So nimbly trip it o're the Lawns,
 That all the *Satyrs* and the Fawns
 Have ſtood amaz'd, when they would paſs
 Over the layes, and not a Graſs
 Would feel the weight, nor Ruſh, nor Bent,
 Drooping betray which way you went;
 O then I felt my hot deſires
 Burn more and flame with double Fires.
 Come let thoſe Thighs, thoſe Legs, thoſe Feet
 With mine in thouſand windings meet.
 And Woven in more ſubtile twines
 Than Woodbine, Ivy, or the Vines,
 For when Love fees us circling thus
 He'le like no Arbour more than us.
 Now let us kiſs, would you be gone?
 Manners at leaſt allows me one.
 Bluſh you at this? pretty one ſtay,
 And I will take that kiſs away.
 Thus with a ſecond, and that too
 A third wipes off; ſo will we go
 To numbers that the Stars out-run,
 And all the Atoms in the Sun.
 For though we kiſs till *Phoebus* ray
 Sink in the Seas, and kiſſing ſtay
 Till his bright Beams return again,
 There can of all but one remain:
 And if for one good manners call,
 In one, good manners, grant me all.
 Are kiſſes all? they but fore-run
 Another duty to be done.
 What would you of that Minſtrel ſay
 That tunes his Pipes and will not play?
 Say what are Bloſſoms in their prime,
 That ripen not in Harveſt time?
 Or what are Buds that ne're diſcloſe
 The long'd for ſweetneſs of the Roſe?
 So kiſſes to a Lover's gueſt
 Are invitations, not the feaſt.

P O E M S

UPON LOVE FONDLY REFUS'D FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE

NATURE, Creations Law, is judg'd by sense,
 Not by the Tyrant Conscience,
 Then our commission gives us leave to do,
 What youth and pleasure prompts us to:
 For we must question else, Heavens great decree,
 And tax it with treachery;
 If things made sweet to tempt our appetite,
 Should with a guilt stain the delight.
 Higher powers rule us, our selves can nothing do;
 Who made us Love, has made Love Lawful too.
 It was not Love, but Love transform'd to Vice,
 Ravish'd with envious Avarice,
 Made Women first impropriate; all were free,
 Inclosures Mens inventions be.
 I'th' Golden Age no actions could be found,
 For trespass on my Neighbour's ground:
 'Twas just with any Fair to mix our Blood;
 The best is most diffusive good.
 She that confines her Beams to one mans sight,
 Is a dark-Lanthorn to a glorious light.
 Say, does the Virgin-spring less chaste appear
 Cause many thirsts are quenched there?
 Or have you not with the same odours met,
 When more have smelt your Violet?
 The *Phoenix* is not angry at her Nest,
 Cause her perfumes make others blest;
 Though Incense to th' eternal Gods be meant,
 Yet mortals Rival in the scent.
 Man is the Lord of Creatures, yet we see
 That all his Vassals Loves are free.
 The severe Wedlock fetters do not binde
 The *Pard's* inflam'd and Amorous mind,
 But that he may be like a Bridegroom led
 Even to the Royal Lyons Bed.
 The Birds may for a year their Loves confine,
 But make new choice each *Valentine*.
 If our affections then more servile be
 Than are our Slaves, where's Mans Sovereignty?
 Why then by pleasing more, should you less please,
 And spare the sweets, being more sweet than these.

P O E M S

If the fresh Trunk have sap enough to give,
 That each infertive branch may live;
 The Gard'ner Grafts not only Apples there,
 But adds the Warden and the Pear,
 The Peach and Apricock together grow,
 The Cherry and the Damson too,
 Till he hath made by skillful Husbandry
 An intire Orchard of one Tree;
 So left our Paradise perfection want,
 We may as well Inoculate as Plant.
 What's Conscience but a Bedlams midnight theam?
 Or nodding Nurfes idle dream?
 So feign'd, as are the *Goblins, Elves* and *Fairies*,
 To watch their Orchards and their Dairies.
 For who can tell when first her reign begun?
 I'th' state of innocence are none:
 And since *large* Conscience (as the Proverb shews)
 In the same fence with bad one goes,
 The less the better then, whence this will fall,
 'Tis to be perfect to have none at all:
 Suppose it be a vertue rich and pure,
 'Tis not for Spring, or Summer fure,
 Nor yet for Autumn; Love must have his prime,
 His warmer Heats, and harvest time.
 Till we have flourish'd, grown, and reap'd our wishes,
 What Conscience dares oppose our kisses?
 But when times colder Hand leads us near home,
 Then let that Winter Vertue come:
 Frost is all then prodigious, we may do
 What youth and pleasure prompts us to.

AN IMITATION OF THE FIRST SATYR OF *JUVENAL*

Semper ego Auditor tantum?

MUST I with Patience ever silent sit,
 Perplex'd with *Fools*, who still believe they've Wit?
 Must I find ev'ry Place by *Coxcombs* seiz'd,
 Hear their affected Nonsense, and seem pleas'd?
 Must I meet Henningham where'er I go,
 Arp, Arran, Villain Franck, nay, Poult'ney too?

P O E M S

Shall Hewet pertly crawl from Place to Place,
 And scabby Villiers for a Beauty pass?
 Shall Howe and Brandon Politicians prove,
 And Sutherland presume to be in Love?
 Shall pimping Dencourt patient Cuckolds blame,
 Lumley and Savage 'gainst the Pope disclaim?
 Who can abstain from *Satire* in this Age?
 What Nature wants I find supply'd by Rage.
 Some do for Pimping, some for Treach'ry use;
 But none's made Great for being Good or Wife.
 Deserve a Dungeon, if you would be *Great*,
 Rogues always are our *Ministers of State*;
 Mean prostrate Bitches, for a *Bridewell* fit,
 With *England's* wretched *Queen* must equal sit.
Ranelagh and fearful *Mulgrave* are preferr'd;
 Virtue's commended, but ne'er meets Reward.
 May I ne'er be like these, I'll ask no more;
 I would not be the Men, to have the Pow'r.
 Who'd be a *Monarch* to endure the Prating
 Of Nell and sawcy *Oglethorp*, in Waiting?
 Who would *Southampton's* driv'ling Cuckold be?
 Who would be *York*, and bear his *Infamy*?
 What Wretch would be *Green's* base-begotten Son?
 Who would be *James*, out-witted and un-done?
 Who'd be like *Sunderland*, a cringing Knave?
 Like *Halifax* wise, like boorish *Pembroke* brave?
 Who'd be that patient *Bardish Shrewsbury*?
 Or who would *Frazier's* chatt'ring *Mordaunt* be?
 Who'd be a *Wit*, in *Dryden's* cudgell'd Skin?
 Or who'd be *safe*, and *senfeless*, like *Tom Thynne*?

THE RESTAURATION, OR THE HISTORY OF INSIPIDS

A Lampoon.

CHASTE, Pious, Prudent, C—— the Second,
 The Miracle of thy Restauration,
 May like to that of Quails be reckon'd
 Rain'd on the *Israelitish* Nation;
 The wish'd for Blessing from Heav'n sent,
 Became their Curse and Punishment.

POEMS

The Vertues in thee, C—— inherent,
Although thy Countenance be an Odd-piece:
Proves thee as true a God's Vicegerent
As e're was *Harry* with the Codpiece:
For Chastity and Pious Deeds,
His Grandfire *Harry*, C—— exceeds.

Our *Romish* Bondage-breaker *Harry*,
Espoused half a dozen Wives;
C—— only one resolv'd to marry,
And other Men's he never ——.
Yet hath he Sons and Daughters more,
Than e're had *Harry* by threefcore.

Never was such a Faiths Defender,
He like a Politick Prince and pious,
Gives liberty to Conscience tender,
And doth to no Religion tye us.
Jews, Turks, Christians, Papists, he'll please us,
With *Moses, Mahomet*, or *J——*.

In all Affairs of Church or State,
He very zealous is and able,
Devout at Prayers, and sits up late
At the Caball and Council-Table;
His very Dog at Council Board,
Sits grave and wise as any Lord.

Let C—— his policy no man flout,
The wisest Kings have all some Folly;
Nor let his piety any doubt;
J—— like a Sovereign wife and holy,
Make young men Judges of the Bench,
And B—— some that love a Wench.

His Father's Foes he doth reward,
Preserving those that cutt off's Head:
Old Cavaliers the Crown's best Guard,
He lets them starve for want of Bread.
Never was any King endow'd
With so much Grace and Gratitude.

POEMS

Blood that wears Treason in his Face,
Villain compleat in Parson's Gown,
How much is he at Court in Grace
For stealing *Ormond* and the Crown?
Since Loyalty does no man good,
Let's steal the King and outdo *Blood*.

A Parliament of Knaves and Sots,
Members by name, you must not mention,
He keeps in pay, and buys their Votes,
Here with a Place, there with a Pension.
When to give money he can't cologue 'um,
He doth with scorn prorogue, prorogue 'um.

But they long since by too much giving,
Undid, betray'd, and sold the Nation;
Making their Memberships a Living,
Better than e're was Sequestration.
God give thee C—— a Resolution
To damn the Knaves by Diffolution.

Fame is not grounded on Success,
Though Victories were *Cæsar's* Glory;
Lost Battels make not *Pompey* less,
But left them stiled great in story.
Malicious Fate doth oft devise
To beat the Brave and fool the Wife.

C—— in the first *Dutch* War stood fair
To have been Sovereign of the Deep;
When *Opdam* blew up in the Air,
Had not his Highness gone to sleep.
Our Fleet slack'd Sails, fearing his waking,
The *Dutch* had else been in sad taking.

The *Bergen* Business was well laid,
Though we paid dear for that Design:
Had we not three Days parling staid,
The *Dutch* Fleet there, C—— had been thine.
Though the false Dane agreed to sell 'um,
He cheated us, and saved *Skellum*.

P O E M S

Had C—— sweetly choos'd the States,
 By *Bergen* battle grown more wise,
 And made ['em] fhit as small as Rats,
 By their rich *Smyrna* Fleets Surprise.
 Had haughty *Holms* but call'd in *Spragg*,
Hans had been put into a Bag.

Mifts, Storms, fhort Victuals, adverfe Winds;
 And once the Navies wife Division,
 Defeated C—— his beft Designs
 Till he became his Foes Derifion.
 But he had fwing'd the *Dutch* at *Chatham*,
 Had he had Ships but to come at 'em.

Our *Blackheath* Hoft without difpute,
 Rais'd (put on Board, why no man knows)
 Muft C—— have render'd abfolute,
 Over his Subjects or his Foes.
 Has not the *French* King made us Fools,
 By taking *Maftricht* with our Tools?

But C—— what could thy Policy be,
 To run fo many fad Difafters.
 To join thy Fleet with falfe *D'Etrees*,
 To make the *French* of Holland Mafters?
 Was't *Cromwell*, Brother *James*, or *Teague*,
 That made thee break the Tripple League?

Could *Robin Viner* have forefeen
 The glorious Triumphs of his Mafter,
 The World-Church Statue Gold had been,
 Which now is made of Alabafter:
 But wife men think had it been Wood,
 'Twere for a Bankrupt K—— too good.

Thofe that the Fabrick well confider,
 Do of it diverfly difcourfe;
 Some pafs their Cenfure of the Rider,
 Others their Judgement of the Horfe:
 Moft fay the *Steed*'s a goodly thing,
 But all agree 'tis a lewd K——.

P O E M S

By the Lord Mayor and his grave Coxcombs,
 Free man of *London*, C—— is made;
 Then to *Whitehall* a Rich Gold Box comes,
 Which was bestow'd on the *French* Jade.
 But wonder not it should be so, Sirs,
 When Monarchs rank themselves with Grocers.

Cringe, Scrape, no more, ye City Fops,
 Leave off your Feasting and fine Speeches.
 Beat up your Drums, shut up your Shops,
 The Courtiers then will kiss your Breeches.
 Arm'd, tell the Popish Duke that rules,
 Your'e Free-born Subjects, not *French* Mules.

New Upstarts, Pimps, Bastards, Whores,
 That Locust-like devour the Land,
 By shutting up the Exchequer Doors,
 When thither our Money was trapan'd;
 Have render'd C—— his Restauration,
 But a small Blessing to the Nation.

Then C—— beware of thy Brother Y[ork]
 Who to thy Government gives Law;
 If once we fall to the old Sport,
 You must again both to *Breda* :
 Where spite of all that would restore you,
 Grown wise by wrongs, we shall abhor you.

If of all Christian Blood the Guilt
 Cry loud for Vengeance unto Heaven;
 That Sea by treacherous *Lewis* spilt,
 Can never be by God forgiven.
 Worse Scourge unto his Subjects, Lord;
 Than Pestilence, Famine, Fire or Sword.

That false rapacious Wolf of *France*,
 The Scourge of *Europe*, and his Curse,
 Who at its Subjects cry, does dance,
 And study how to make them worse.
 To say such Kings, Lord, rule by thee,
 Were most prodigious Blasphemy.

POEMS

Such know no Law but their own Lust,
Their Subjects Substance, and their Blood,
They count it Tribute due and just,
Still spent and spilt for Subjects good.
If such Kings are by God appointed,
The D[evil] may be the L[ord's] Anointed.

Such Kings curst be the Power and Name,
Let all the World henceforth abhor 'em;
Monsters which Knaves sacred proclaim,
And then like Slaves fall down before 'em.
What can there be in Kings Divine?
The most are Wolves, Goats, Sheep or Swine.

Then farewell sacred Majesty,
Let's pull all British Tyrants down;
Where men are born and still live free,
Here ev'ry Head doth wear a Crown.
Mankind like miserable Frogs,
Prov'd wretched, King'd by Storks and Logs.

A SATYR

Which the King took out of his *Pocket*.

PRESERV'D by wonder in the Oak [O] C——s
And then brought in by the Duke of Albemarle
The first by Providence, the next all Devil,
Show's thour't a Compound made of Good and Evil—
The Bad we've too long known, the Good's to come,
But not expected till the day of Doom;
Was ever Prince's Soul so meanly Poor,
To be a Slave to every little Whore?
The Seamens Needle nimbly points the Pole
But thine still turns to every craving Hole;
Which Wolf-like in that Breast raw Flesh devours,
And must be fed all seasons and all Hours.
C—— is the Mansion House where thou dost dwell,
But thou art fix'd as Tortoise to her shell,
Whose Head peeps out a little now and then
To take the Air, and then creeps in again.

P O E M S

Strong is thy Lust, in C—— thou'rt always diving,
 And I dare say thou pray'ft to Die a S——
 How poorly squanderft thou thy feed away,
 Who fhould get Kings for Nation to obey?
 But thou Poor Prince fo ufeleffly haft fown it,
 That the Creation is afhamed to own it;
 Witnefs the Royal Lives fprang from the Belly
 Of thy Anointed Princefs *Madam Nelly*,
 Whole firft Employment was with open Throat
 To cry fresh Herrings even ten a Groat:
 Then was by *Madam Rofs* expos'd to Town,
 I mean to thofe who would give half a Crown:
 Next in the Play-Houfe ſhe took her degree;
 As Men Commence at Univerfity,
 No Doctors till they've Mafters been before
 So ſhe no Player was, till firft a Whore;
 Look back and fee the People Mad with Rage,
 To fee the Bitch in fuch an Equipage;
 And every Day that they the Monster fee,
 They let ten thouſand Curſes fly at Thee:
 Aloud in Publick ſtreets they uſe thee thus,
 And none dare Check 'em they're ſo Numerous.
 Stopping the Bank in Thee was only Great,
 But in a ſubject it had been a Cheat.
 To pay thy Debts what Summ canſt thou advance,
 Now thy Exchequer is remov'd to *France*,
 T'inrich a Harlot all made up of *French*,
 Not worthy to be call'd a Whore, but Wench?
 [*Cleveland*] indeed deſerves that Noble Name,
 Whole monſtrous Lechery exceeds all Fame;
 The Empreſs *Meſſaline* was cloy'd with Luſt at laſt,
 But you could never ſatiſſie this Beaſt:
 [*Cleveland*] I ſay is much to be admir'd,
 Altho' ſhe ne're was ſatiſf'd or tyr'd.
 Full Forty Men a Day provided for this Whore,
 Yet Like a Bitch ſhe waggs her Tail for more;
 Where are the Biſhops now, where is their Bawdy Court?
 Inſtead of Penance they indulge the Sport;
 For ſtanding in white ſheets their Courage cools,
 And's only fit for French-Men and for Fools.
 O! Heavens! Wer't thou for this looſe Life preſerv'd,
 Are there no Gods, nor Laws to be obſerv'd?
Niniveh Repented after Forty days;

POEMS

Be yet a King, and wear the Royal Bays:
But *Jonas* threats will ne'er awaken Thee,
Repentance is too mean for Majesty.
Go Practice *Heliogabalus's* Sin
Forget to be a Man, and learn to Spin;
Go Dally with the Women, on their Wheels,
Till *Nero*-like they Pull thee out by th' Heels:
Go Read what *Mahomet* did (that was a thing
Did well become the Grandeur of a King)
Who all transported with his Mistress charms,
And never pleas'd but in her lovely Arms;
Yet when his *Janizaries* with't her Dead,
With his own hand cut off *Irene's* head:
Make such a Practice with thy self as this,
Then thou may'st once more taste of happiness;
Each one will Love Thee and the Parliament
Will their unkind and stubborn Votes repent,
And at your Feet lay open all their Purfes,
And give you all their Prayers unmix'd with Curfes.
All this I wish, altho' I'm not your Friend,
Till like a Child you promise to amend;
If not, you'll find your subjects Rugged stuff,
But now I think on't, I have said enough.

A SATYR AGAINST MARRIAGE

HUSBAND, thou Dull unpitied Miscreant,
Wedded to Noise, to Misery and want:
Sold an Eternal Vassal for thy Life,
Oblig'd to Cherish and to Hate thy Wife,
Drudge on till Fifty at thy own Expence,
Breath out thy Life in one Impertinence.
Repeat thy Loath'd Embraces every Night,
Prompted to Act by Duty, not Delight.
Christen thy forward Bantling once a Year,
And Carefully thy Spurious Issue Rear.
Go once a week to see the Brat at Nurse
And let the young Imposture drain thy Purse.
Hedge Sparrow like, what Cuckows have begot,
Do thou Maintain, Incorrigible Sot.
O! I cou'd Curse the Pimp (who cou'd do less?)

P O E M S

He's beneath Pity, and beyond Redress.
 Pox on him, let him go, what can I say?
Anathemas on him are but thrown away:
 The Wretch is Marry'd, and hath known the worst,
 And his great Blessing is, he can't be Curst.
Marriage! O Hell and furies name it Not,
 Hence, Hence, ye holy Cheats—a Plot a Plot:
Marriage! 'Tis but a Licens'd way to Sin,
 A Noose to Catch Religious Woodcocks in:
 Or the nickname of Love's Malicious Fiend,
 Begot in Hell to persecute Mankind.
 'Tis the Destroyer of our Peace and Health,
 Mispender of our Time, our Strength and Wealth,
 The Enemy of Valour, Wit, Mirth, all
 That we can Virtuous, Good, or Pleasant call.
 By Day 'tis Nothing But a Needle's Noise,
 By Night the Echo of Forgotten Joys:
 Abroad the Sport and Wonder of the Crowd,
 At home the Hourly Breach of what they Vow'd.
 In youth it's *Opium* to our Lustfull Rage,
 Which Sleeps a while, but Wakes again in Age.
 It heaps on all Men much but Useless care,
 For with more Trouble they less happy are.
 Ye Gods! That Man by his own Slavish Law
 Should on himself such Inconvenience draw.
 If he would wiser Nature's Laws Obey,
 Those Chalk him out a far more Pleasant way;
 When lusty youth and fragrant Wine Conspire,
 To fan the Blood into a Generous fire,
 We must not think the Gallant will endure
 The Puissant Issue of his Calenture:
 Nor always in his single Pleasures Burn,
 Tho Nature's Hand-maid sometimes serves the turn.
 No, he must have a Sprightly youthful Wench,
 In equal Floods of Love his flames to Quench,
 One that will hold him in her Clasp'ing Arms,
 And in that Circle all his Spirits Charms,
 That with new Motion, and unpractis'd Art,
 Can raise his Soul and Reinforce his Heart.
 Hence spring the Noble, Fortunate and Great,
 Always begot in Passion and in Heat.
 But the Dull Offspring of the *Marriage* Bed,
 What is it but a Human Piece of Lead;

P O E M S

A Sottish Lump ingender'd of all Ill;
 Begot like Catts, against their Father's Will?
 If it be Bastardiz'd, 'tis doubly Spoil'd
 The Mothers fear's Intail'd upon the Child.
 Thus whether Illegitimate or Not,
 Cowards and Fools in Wedlock are begot.
 Let no ennobled soul himself Debase
 By Lawful means to Bastardize his Race;
 But if he must pay Nature's Debt in kind,
 To Check his eager Passion, let him find
 Some willing Female out, what tho' she be
 The very Dregs and Scum of Infamy?
 Tho' she be Linsey Woolsey Bawd and Whore,
 Close stool to *Venus*, Nature's Common shore,
 Impudent, Foolish, Bawdy and Diseased,
 The Sunday Crack of Suburb Prentices;
 What then, She's better than a Wife by half,
 And if thou'rt still Unmarried, thou art safe.
 With Whores, thou canst but Venture; what thou'lt Lose,
 May be Redeem'd again with Care and Cost;
 But a Damn'd Wife by inevitable Fate,
 Destroys Soul, Body, Credit and Estate.

ON THE AUTHOR OF A PLAY CALLED SODOM

TELL me, abandon'd Miscreant, prithee tell,
 What Damn'd Power, invok'd and sent from Hell,
 (If Hell were bad enough) did thee inspire?
 Hast thou of late embrac'd some *Succubus*,
 And us'd the lewd Familiar for a Muse?
 If so, go, and its vow'd Allegiance swear,
 Without Press Money, be its Volunteer:
 May he who envies Thee deserve thy Fate,
 Deserve both Heaven's and Mankind's Scorn and Hate.
 Disgrace to Libels! Foil to every Shame!
 Whom 'tis a Scandal to vouchsafe to name.
 What foul Description's foul enough for Thee,
 Sunk quite below the Reach of Infamy?
 Thou covet'st to be lewd, but want'st the Hit,
 And art all over Devil, but in Wit.
 Weak feeble Strainer at meer Ribaldry,

P O E M S

Whose Muse is impotent to that Degree,
 That must like Age, be whipt to Lechery.
 Thou *Moore-Fields* Author, fit for Bawds to quote,
 (If Bawds themselves with Honour safe may do't)
 When Suburb Prentice comes to hire Delight,
 And wants Incentives to dull Appetite,
 There, Punk perhaps may thy brave Works rehearse,
 F—— the senseless Thing with Hand and Verse.
 Which after shall, prefer'd to Dressing-Box,
 Hold Turpentine, and Med'cines for the Pox.
 Or if I may ordain a Fate more fit,
 For such foul nasty Excrements of Wit,
 May they condemn'd to th' Publick *Jagues* be lent,
 (For me, I'd fear the Piles in Vengeance sent,
 Should I with them profane my Fundament.)
 There, bugger wiping Porters as they S——
 And so thy Book it self turn *Sodomite*.

A PANEGYRICK ON NELLY

OF a great Heroin, I mean to tell
 And by what just degrees her Titles swell
 To Mrs *Nelly*, grown from Cinder *Nell*.
 Much did she suffer, first on Bulk and Stage,
 From the Black-guard, and Bullies of the Age
 Much more her growing Virtue did sustain
 While dear *Charles Hart*, and *Buckhurst* fu'd in vain
 In vain they fu'd; curs'd be the envious Tongue
 That her undoubted Chastity wou'd wrong;
 For shou'd we Fame believe, we then might say
 That thousands lay with her as well as they:
 But, Fame thou Ly'st; for her Prophetick Mind
 Foresaw her Greatness, Fate had well design'd
 And her Ambition chose to be, before
 A Virtuous Countess, an Imperial Whore.
 Ev'n in her Native dirt, her Soul was high,
 And did at Crowns, and shining Monarchs fly;
 Ev'n while the Cinders rak'd, her swelling Breast
 With thoughts of Glorious *Whoredom* was possess'd:
 Still did she Dream (nor cou'd her Birth withstand)
 Of dangling Scepters in her dirty Hand.
 But first the Basket her fair Arm did fute,

P O E M S

Laden with Pippins, and Hesperian Fruit;
 This first step rais'd, to th' wond'ring Pit she Sold
 The Lovely Fruit, smiling with streaks of Gold.
 Fate now for her, did its whole force engage,
 And from the Pit she's mounted to the Stage;
 There in full Lustre, did her Glories shine,
 And, long eclips'd, spread forth their Light Divine,
 There *Hart's* and *Rowley's* Soul she did insnare
 And made a King the Rival to a Player.
 The King o'r-comes, and to the Royal Bed
 The Dunghill Off-spring is in Triumph led:
 Nor let the envious, her first Rags object
 To her, that's now in tawdry Gaynefs deck'd;
 Her Merit does from this much greater show,
 Mounting so high, that took her rise so low.

Less Fam'd that *Nelly* was, whose Cuckold's rage,
 In ten Years Wars did half the World ingage,
 She's now the darling Strumpet of the Crowd,
 Forgets her State, and talks to them aloud,
 Lays by her Greatness, and descends to prate
 With those, 'bove whom she's rais'd by wondrous Fate:
 True to th' Protestant Interest and Cause,
 True to th' Establish'd Government and Laws;
 The choice delight of the whole *Mobile*,
 Scarce *Monmouth's* self is more belov'd than she.
 Was this the cause that did their Quarrel move,
 That both are Rivals in the Peoples Love?
 No, 'twas her matchless Loyalty alone
 That bid Prince *Perkin* pack up, and begon.
 Ill-bred thou art, says Prince. *Nell* does reply,
 Was Mrs. *Barlow* better Bred, than I?
 Thus sneak'd away the Nephew, overcome,
 By's Aunt in Law's severer Wit struck Dumb.

Her Virtue, Loyalty, Wit, and noble Mind,
 In the foregoing Dogrel you may find.
 Now for her Piety one touch, and then
 To RYMER I'll resign my Muse and Pen:
 'Twas this that rais'd her Charity so high
 To visit those that did in Durance lie;
 From *Oxford* Prison many did she free,
 There dy'd her Father, and there glory'd she,
 In giving others Life and Liberty.

P O E M S

So pious a Remembrance still she bore,
 Ev'n to the Fetters that her Father wore.
 Nor was her Mother's Funeral less her Care,
 No cost, no Velvet did the Daughter spare:
 Fine gilded Schutcheons did the Herse enrich,
 To celebrate this Martyr of the Ditch;
 Burnt Brandy did in flaming Brimmers flow,
 Drunk at her Funeral; while her well-pleas'd Shade
 Rejoyc'd ev'n in the sober Fields below
 At all the Drunkenness her Death had made.
 Was ever Child with such a Mother blest?
 Or ever Mother such a Child possess?
 Nor must her Cousin be forgot; prefer'd
 From many years Command in the Black-guard
 To be an Ensign:——
 Whose Tatter'd Colours well do represent
 His first Estate i'th' Ragged Regiment.
 Thus we in short have all the Virtues seen
 Of the incomparable Madam *Guyn*:
 Nor wonder others are not with her shown;
 She who no equal has, must be alone.

ON THE WOMEN ABOUT TOWN

TOO long the Wise Commons have been in Debate,
 'Bout Money and Conscience, those Trifles of State;
 Whilst dangerous Grievances daily increase,
 The Subject can't riot in Safety and Peace,
 Unless, as against *Irish* Cattle before,
 They should now make an Act against Irish Whore.
 The Coots Black and White, *Clanbrazil* and *Fox*,
 Invade us with Beauty, Impudence, and Pox;
 They carry a Fate which none can oppose,
 The Loss of his Heart, or the Fall of his Nose:
 Should we dully resist, yet would each take upon her,
 To beseech us to do't, and engage us in Honour.
 Oh! ye Powers above, who of Mortals take care,
 Make *Women* less Cruel, more Sound, or less Fair.
 Is it Just, cruel Fate with Love should conspire,
 And our T——s be burnt, by our Hearts taking Fire?

POEMS

THE DISPUTE

BETWIXT Father *Patrick* and his Highness of late
 There happen'd a strong and a weighty Debate;
Religion was the Theme. 'Tis strange, but they Two
 Should dispute about that which neither of 'em knew:
 When I dare boldly say, if the Truth were but known,
 The Weakness of *Patrick's*, and Strength of his own,
 He'd have call'd it a Madness, and much like a Curse,
 To have chang'd from a good One, to that which is worse.
 But the Reasons which made most his Highness to yield,
 And so willingly quit to *St. Patrick* the Field;
 Were . . .

*First, Sir, they cheat you, and have you i'th' Lurch,
 Who tell you there can be any more than one Church.*

And, next unto that, he averr'd for a Certain,
No Footsteps of ours could be found before Martin.

At which two Reasons, so deep and profound,
 His Highness had like to have fall'n in a Swoond:

But at length he cry'd out, *Father Patrick, I find,
 By the sudden Conversion, and Change of my Mind,
 It is not your Reason, nor Wit, can afford
 Such Strength to your Cause; 'tis the Finger o'th' Lord:*

*For now I remember, he some where has said,
 That by Babes and by Sucklings his Truth is convey'd.*

Thus ended the Dispute 'twixt the Priest and the Knight;
 In which, to say Truth, and to do 'em both Right,
 He manag'd the Cause, as he did the Sea-Fight. }

THE ROYAL ANGLER

(Windfor)

METHINKS, I see our mighty Monarch stand,
 His pliant Angle trembling in his Hand,
 Pleas'd with the Sport, good Man, nor does he know,
 His easie Scepter bends and trembles so.
 Fine Representative, indeed, of God,
 Whose Scepter dwindles to a Fishing-Rod.
 Such was *Domitian* in his *Romans* Eyes,
 When his Great Godship stoop'd to catching Flies:
 Bless us! What pretty Sport have Deities! }

P O E M S

But see, he now does up from *Dochet* come,
 Laden with Spoils of slaughter'd *Gudgeons* Home,
 Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy Fate,
 But greedily swallows every Bait;
 A Prey to every *Kingfisher* of State. }
 For how he *Gudgeons* takes, you have been taught,
 Then listen now how he himself is caught.
 So well, alas! the fatal Bait is known,
 Which *Rowley* does so greedily take down;
 And howe'er weak and slender be the String,
 Bait it with *Whore*, and it will hold a *King*,
 Almighty Power of Women! Oh, how vain
 Are *Salique Laws*? for you will ever reign.
 Yet *Lawson*, thou whose Arbitrary Sway,
 Our King must, more than we do him, obey,
 Who shortly shall of easy *Charles's* Breast,
 And of his Empire be at once possessor.
 Tho' it appear indeed a glorious Thing,
 To command Power, and to inflame a King;
 Yet, ere the false Appearance has betray'd
 A soft, believing, unexperienc'd Maid,
 Oh! yet consider, e'er it be too late,
 How near you stand upon the Brink of Fate.
 Think who they are, who would for you procure
 This great Preferment, to be made a Whore;
 Two Reverend Aunts, renown'd in *British* Story,
 For Lust and Drunkenness with *Nell* and *Lory*:
 These, these, are they your Fame would sacrifice,
 Your Honour sell, and you shall know the Price.
 My Lady *Mary* nothing can design,
 But feed her Lust with what she gets for thine:
 Old *Richmond* making thee a glorious Punk,
 Shall twice a Day with Brandy now be drunk:
 Her Brother *Buckingham* shall be restor'd,
Nelly a Countess, *Lory* be a Lord.
 And sure all Honours should on him be thrown,
 Both for his Father's Merit, and his own:
 For *Dunkirk* first was sold by *Clarendon*,
 And now *Tangier* is selling by the Son:
 A barren Queen the Father brought us o'er,
 To make way for the Son to bring a Whore.

POEMS

LAIS SENIOR

A Pindarick

LET Ancients boast no more,
Their Lewd Imperial Whore,
Whose everlasting Lust,
Surviv'd her Body's latest Thrust:
And when that transitory Dust
Had no more Vigour left in Store,
Was still as fresh and active, as before.

Her Glory must give place,
To one of Modern *British* Race,
Whose every daily Act exceeds
The others most transcendant Deeds:
She has at length made good,
That there is Humane Flesh and Blood,
Even able to out-do,
All that their loosest Wishes prompt them to.

When she has Jaded quite,
Her almost boundless Appetite,
Cloy'd with choicest Banquets of Delight,
She'll still drudge on in tasteless Vice,
As if she sinn'd for Exercise;
Disabling stoutest Stallions every Hour,
And when they can perform no more,
She'll rail at 'em, and kick them out of Door.

Monmouth and *Candish* droop,
As first did *Henningham* and *Scroop* :
Nay, scabby *Ned* looks thin and pale,
And sturdy *Franck* himself begins to fail;
But Wo betide him if he does,
She'll set her *Jockey* on his Toes,
And he shall end the Quarrel without Blows.

Now tell me all ye Powers,
Who e'er could equal this *Lewd Dame* of Ours?

POEMS

Lais her self, must yield,
And vanquish'd *Julia* quit the Field:
Nor can that *Princess*, one Day fam'd,
As Wonder of the Earth,
For *Minotaurus*' glorious Birth,
With Admiration any more be nam'd.
These puny Heroins of History,
Eclips'd by her, shall all forgotten be;
Whilst her great Name confronts Eternity.

PORTSMOUTH'S LOOKING GLASS

METHINKS I see you newly risen
From your embroider'd Bed and pissing,
With studied Mien, and much Grimace,
Present yourself before your Glass,
To varnish and smooth o'er those Graces,
You rubb'd off in your Night Embraces:
To set your Hair, your Eyes, and Teeth,
And all those Powers you conquer with;
Lay Trains of Love, and State-Intrigues,
In Powders, Trimmings, and curl'd Wigs:
And nicely chuse, and neatly spread,
Upon your Cheeks the best *French Red*.
Indeed for *Whites*, none can compare
With those you naturally wear:
And tho' her Highness much delights
To Laugh and Talk about your *Whites*,
I never could perceive your Grace
Made use of any for your Face.
Here 'tis your practice all your Art,
To triumph o'er a Monarch's Heart;
Tattle, and smile, and wink, and twink on't,
It almost makes me spew to think on't,
These are your Master-strokes of Beauty,
That keep poor *Rowley* to hard Duty;
And how can all these be understood,
By Frail and Am'rous Flesh and Blood?
These are the Charms that have bewitch't him;
Made him he knows not what to do,
But loll and fumble here with you.

P O E M S

Amongst your Ladies and his Chits,
 At Cards and Council here he fits;
 Yet minds not how they play at either,
 Nor cares he when 'tis walking Weather;
 Buſineſs and Power he has reſign'd,
 And all Things to your Mighty Mind.
 Is there a *Minifter of State*,
 Or any *Treafurer* of late,
 That's fawning and imperious too?
 He owes his Greatneſs all to you:
 And as you ſee juſt Cauſe to do't,
 You keep him in, or turn him out.
 Hence 'tis you give us *War* and *Peace*,
 Raiſe Men, diſband them, as you pleaſe;
 Take any Penſions, retrench Wages;
 For Petticoats, and luſty Pages:
 Contrive and execute all Laws,
 Suiting the Judges to the Cauſe,
 Learn'd *Scroggs*, and Honeſt *Jeffries*,
 A faithful Friend to you, whoe'er is;
 He made the Jury come in Booty:
 And for your Service, would hang Doughty.
 You govern every Council-Meeting,
 Make the Fools do as you think fitting:
 Your *Royal Cully* has Command,
 Only from you at Second Hand;
 He does but at the Helm appear,
 Sits there and ſleeps, while your Slaves ſteer;
 And you are the bright *Northern Star*,
 By which they guide this Man of War:
 Yet without doubt they might conduct
 Him better, were you better ——
 Many begin to think of late,
 His Crown and C——ds have both one Date;
 For as they fall, ſo falls the State.
 And as his Loins prove looſe and weak,
 The Reins of Government muſt break.

POEMS

A SATYR ON KING CHARLES II FOR WHICH HE WAS BANISHED THE COURT AND SET UP AS A MOUNTE- BANK ON TOWER HILL. . . .

IN the Isle of *Great Britain*, long since famous known,
 For breeding the best—in *Christendom*;
 There reigns, and long may he reign and thrive,
 The easiest Prince, and best bred *Man* alive;
 Him no Ambition moves to seek Renown
 Like the *French* Fool to wander up and down,
 Starving his Subjects, hazarding his Crown. }
 Nor are his high Desires above his Strength;
 His Sceptre and his — are of a length;
 And she that plays with one, may sway the other,
 And make him little wiser than his Brother.
 I hate all Monarchs, and the Thrones they sit on,
 From the Hector of *France*, to the Cully of *Britain*.
 Poor Prince, thy — like the Buffoons at Court,
 It governs thee, because it makes the Sport;
 Tho' Safety, Law, Religion, Life lay on't,
 'Twill break through all to make its Way to —
 Restless he rolls about from Whore to Whore,
 A Merry Monarch, Scandalous and Poor.
 To *Carewell* the most Dear of all thy Dears,
 The sure Relief of thy declining Years;
 Oft he bewails his Fortune and his Fate,
 To love so well, and to be lov'd so late.
 For when in her he settles well his —
 Yet his dull graceless Buttocks hang an Arse.
 This you'd believe, had I but Time to tell ye,
 The Pain it costs to poor laborious *Nelly*,
 While she employs Hands, Fingers, Lips and Thighs,
 E'er she can raise the *Member* she enjoys.

ON THE LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE

PRIDE, Lust, Ambition, and the People's Hate,
 The Kingdom's Broker, Ruin of the State,
Dunkirk's sad loss, Divider of the Fleet,
Tangier's Compounder for a barren Sheet:

POEMS

This Shrub of Gentry, marry'd to the Crown
His Daughter to the Heir, is tumbled down;
The Grand Despisers of the Nobles, lies
Groveling in Dust, as a just Sacrifice,
T'appease the injur'd King and Nation—
Who would believe this sudden Alteration?
God will revenge too, for the Stones he took
From Aged *Paul's*, to make a Nest for *Rook*.
More Cormorants of State, as well as he,
We shortly hope in the same Plight to see.
Go on, Great Prince, thy People do rejoice;
Methinks I hear the Nation's total Voice,
Applauding this Days Action to be such
As roaring *Rump*, or beating up the *Dutch*.
Now look upon the wither'd Cavaliers,
Who, for Reward, have nothing had but Tears:
Thanks to the *Wiltshire* Hog, Son of the *Spittle*,
Had they been look'd on, he had had but Little.
Break up the Coffers of this hoarded Thief
Three Millions will be found, to make him Chief
Of Sacrilege, Ambition, Lust, and Pride,
All comprehended in the Name of [Hyde]
For which his due Reward, (I'd almost said)
The Nation may most justly claim his Head.

THE COMMON'S PETITION TO KING CHARLES II AND THE KING'S ANSWER

IN all Humanity we crave,
Our Sovereign may be our Slave;
And humbly beg, that he may be
Betray'd by us most Loyally.
But if he please once to lay down
His Scepter, Dignity, and Crown,
We'll make him for the Time to come,
The greatest Prince in Christendom.

THE KING'S ANSWER.

Charles, *at this Time having no Need,*
Thanks you as much as if he did.

POEMS

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE UPON RECEIVING A FALL AT
WHITEHALL GATE BY ATTEMPTING TO KISS THE
DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND AS SHE WAS STEPPING OUT
OF HER CHARIOT

BY Heaven's! 'twas bravely done!
First, to Attempt the Chariot of the Sun,
And then to Fall like *Phæton*.

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE TO A COUNTRY CLERK AFTER
HEARING HIM SING *PSALMS*

S*Ternhold* and *Hopkins* had great Qualms,
When they Translated *David's Psalms*,
To make the Heart full glad:
But had it been poor *David's* Fate,
To hear thee sing, and them Translate,
By G—— 'twould have made him Mad.

THE KING'S EPITAPH

HERE lies a Great and Mighty King,
Whose Promise none relies on;
He never said a Foolish Thing,
Nor ever did a Wife One.

ON A FALSE MISTRESS

FAREWELL, false Woman! know I'll ever be
A dumb Man to thy Sex, and dead to thee;
Thy Breath's infectious, and thy Prefence brings
To me a Thousand sharp and bitter Stings.
Ye Powers above! why did you Woman make
Without an Angel, and within a Snake?
They're Hells chief Engine, by the Devil made
To heighten and enlarge his growing Trade;

P O E M S

The only Fiend on Earth, the Devil's Friend,
 A Thousand Souls to Hell they daily fend.
 Methinks I hear the Gods cry out aloud,
 And these Black Words came reeling through a Cloud,
Beware false Woman, know she first began
To Ruin and Undo the State of Man.
 Yet for Revenge I'll now resolve to be
 A damn'd difsembling Lover, just like Thee:
 But all my Business with so vile a Creature,
 Shall be, as Men with Close-stools, to ease Nature.
 Blest is the Man, and happy is his State,
 That loves a Woman at no other Rate.

TO A LADY THAT ACCUSED HIM OF INCONSTANCY

IF you're deceiv'd, it is not by my Cheat,
 For all Disguises are below the Great.
 What Man or Woman upon Earth can say
 I ever us'd them well above a Day?
 How is it then that I unconstant am,
 He changes not who always is the same:
 In my Dear Self I center every Thing,
 My Servants, Friend, my Mistress, and My King,
 Nay Heaven and Earth to that one Point I bring. }
 Well manner'd, Honest, Generous, and Stout,
 Names by dull Fools to plague Mankind found out,
 Should I regard, I must my self constrain,
 And 'tis my Maxim to avoid all Pain.
 You fondly look for what none e'er could find,
 Deceive your self, and then call me Unkind;
 And by false Reasons would my Falsehood prove,
 For 'tis as natural to change as Love;
 You may as justly at the Sun repine,
 Because alike it does not always shine:
 No Glorious Thing was ever made to stay,
 My Blazing Star but visits, and away;
 As fatal too it shines, as those i'th' Skies,
 'Tis never seen, but some great Lady dies:
 The boasted Favour you so precious hold,
 To me's no more than changing of my Gold;
 Whate'er you gave, I paid it back in Blifs,

P O E M S

Then where's the Obligation, pray, of this?
 If heretofore you found Grace in my Eyes,
 Be thankful for it, and let that suffice.
 But Women, Beggars like, still haunt the Door,
 Where they've received a Charity before.
 Oh happy Sultan! whom we Barbarous call,
 How much refin'd art thou above us all!
 Who envies not the Joys of thy Serail?
 Thee, like some God, the trembling Crowd adore,
 Each Man's thy Slave, and Womankind thy Whore,
 Methinks I see thee, underneath the Shade
 Of Golden Canopy supinely laid,
 The crowding Slaves all Silent as the Night,
 But at thy Nod, all active as the Light;
 Secure in solid Sloth thou there dost reign,
 And feel'st the Joys of Love without the Pain.
 Each Female courts thee with a wishing Eye,
 While thou with awful Pride walk'st careless by;
 'Till thy kind Pledge at last marks out the Dame
 Thou fancy'st most, to quench thy present Flame.
 Then from thy Bed submissive she retires,
 And, thankful for the Grace, no more requires
 No loud Reproach, nor fond unwelcome Sound
 Of Womens' Tongues, thy Sacred Ears does wound:
 If any do, a nimble Mute strait ties
 The True-Love's Knot, and stops her foolish Cries.
 Thou fear'st no Kinsman's threat'ning Blade,
 Nor Midnight Ambushes by Rivals laid:
 While here, with aking Hearts, our Joys we taste,
 Disturb'd by Swords, like Democles's Feast.

SONG

ROOM, Room for a Blade of the Town,
 That takes Delight in Roaring,
 Who all Day long rambles up and down,
 And at Night in the Street lies Snoaring.

That for the Noble Name of Spark
 Does his Companions Rally;
 Commits an Outrage in the Dark,
 Then flinks into an Alley.

POEMS

To every Female that he meets,
He fwears he bears Affection,
Defies all Laws, Arrests, and Cheats,
By the Help of a kind Protection.

When he intending further Wrongs,
By some Refenting Cully
Is decently run through the Lungs
And there's an end of BULLY.

SONG

AT the Sight of my Phillis, from every Part
A Spring Tide of Joy does flow up to my Heart
Which quickens each Pulse, and swells ev'ry Vein,
Yet all my Delights are still mingled with Pain;

So strange a Distemper fure Love cannot bring,
To my Knowledge Love was a quieter Thing,
So gentle and tame, that he never was known
So much as to wake me when I lay alone.
But the Boy is much grown, and so alter'd of late,
He's become a more furious Passion, than Hate;
Since by Phillis restor'd to the Empire of Hearts,
He has new strung his Bow, and sharpen'd his Darts;
And strictly the Rights of his Crown to maintain,
He wounds ev'ry Heart, and turns ev'ry Brain.

But my Madnefs, alas! I too plainly discover,
For he is at least as much Madman as Lover,
Who for one cruel Beauty does easily quit
All the Nymphs of the Stage, and those of the Pit,
The Joys of Hide-Park, and the Mall's dear Delight,
To live Sober all Day, and Chast all the Night.

ANACREONTICK

THE Heavens carouse each Day a Cup,
No wonder *Atlas* holds her Up.
The Trees suck up the Earth and Ground,
And in their Brown Bowls drink around.
The Sea too, whom the Salt makes dry,

POEMS

His greedy Thirst to satisfy,
Ten thousand Rivers drinks, and then
Grows drunk, and spews them up again.
The Sun (and who so right as he)
Sits up all Night to drink the Sea.
The Moon quaffs up the Sun, her Brother,
And wishes she could tope another.
Ev'ry Thing fuddles; then that I
Is't any Reason should be dry?
Well, I will be content to thirst,
But too much Drink shall make me first.

A DESCRIPTION OF MAIDENHEAD

HAVE you not in a Chimney seen,
A fullen Faggot, wet and green,
How coyly it receives the Heat,
And at both Ends does fume and sweat?

So fares it with the harmless Maid,
When first upon her Back she's laid;
But the kind experienc'd Dame
Cracks, and rejoices in the Flame.

THE VIRGIN'S DESIRE

A Knight delights in Deeds of Arms,
Perhaps a Lady loves sweet Musick's Charms.
Rich Men in Store of Wealth delighted be,
Infants love dandling on the Mother's Knee.
Coy Maids love Something—nothing I'll express;
Keep the First Letters of these Lines, and guess.

THE NATURE OF WOMEN

A Satyr.

YE sacred Nymphs of *Lebethra* be by
While you *Polymnia* prompt my Memory,
And all the rest inspire my weaker Tongue
Least Woman shou'd complain I do her wrong.

P O E M S

Woman that Slave to her own Appetite,
 That does in nothing Just or Good delight;
 In vain wou'd Man prescribe Laws to the Fool
 Whose Cruelty and Pride's her only Rule:
 Who ne'er considers what is wrong or right,
 But all she does is mere Design or Spite;
 When she shou'd run, she's aptest to sit still,
 Ready to fly to contradict Your Will;
 Her Temper so extravagant we find
 She hates, or is impertinently kind;
 Wou'd she be grave, she then looks like a Devil,
 And like a Fool, or Whore, when she'd be civil;
 Can Smile or Weep be Foolish or seem Wise,
 Or any thing, so she may Tyranize:
 What she will now, anon she will not do,
 Had rather Cross her self, than not cross you.
 She has a prating Vain and double Tongue,
 Inconstant, Roving, and loves nothing long,
 Imperious Bloody, so made up of Passion
 She is the very fire-brand of the Nation.

Contentious, Wicked, and not fit to Trust,
 And Covetous to spend it on her Lust;
 Her Passions are more fierce than Storms of Wind,
 The heavy Yoak, and Burthen of Mankind;
 Where e'er she comes, she Strife with her does bring,
 Her Life's but one intire Gossiping;
 At which with endless talking, Drunk she grows
 And round about her Eyes and flanders throws.
 When she is Young, she whores herself for sport
 And when she's old, she Bawds for her support,
 And in her Bawding no exception makes
 But a good price for her own Daughter takes,
 Who well instructed in her Mothers tricks,
 May make her Mistress of a Coach and six;
 Of the Demurest Saint, she makes a Bitch,
 Deny you nothing to be great or rich;
 Philters and Charms the Devil and all employ
 Rather than not what she desires Enjoy.
 She is a Snare, a Shamble and a Stews.
 Her Meat and Sawce she does for Lechery chuse
 And does in Laziness delight the more,
 Because by that, she is provok'd to Whore.
 Her Beauty and her Tongue, serve both one end—

P O E M S

Some to enfnare, and then betray her Friend;
 She may defer the Punifhment ſhe gives
 But ne'er forget the Injury ſhe receives:
 Ingrateful, Treacherous, enviously Enclin'd—
 Wild BeafTs are Tam'd, fouds eafier far confin'd
 Than is her ftubborn and rebellious Mind.
 She exclaims, reproaches one Friend to another
 And fpares not her own Father or her Mother,
 Delights in all the Miſchief ſhe can do,
 Breaks all the Bonds of Love and Duty too;
 Falſe to her Promiſes, and beſt of Friends,
 Oblig'd by nothing but her own baſe Ends;
 Deludes, Defames you with her fubtle Tricks,
 Till ſomething on your Reputation ſticks.
 Theſe are her Vertues, and her only Fears,
 Are that ſhe ſhall not ſet you by the Ears;
 To which ill purpoſe, her falſe Tongue's employ'd,
 If whiſpering will not do't ſhe'll talk aloud;
 Will ſpare no pains to ſpeak in your diſpraiſe
 And can a Mole-hill to a Mountain raiſe,
 Hide Miſchiefs where they are, find 'em where's none
 And as time ſerves alter her Looks and Tone.
 Wou'dſt thou on Quickſand for thy ſafety walk,
 Converſe with *Woman*, and believe her Talk,
 Wou'dſt thou a Serpent in thy Boſom bear,
 Then hug the Sorcerers, entertain her there
 If all her Arts and Induſtry ſhou'd fail,
 To ruine thee, her Malice wou'd prevail;
 If poſſible thy Senſes ſhe'd ſurprize,
 And even Cuckold thee before thy Eyes,
 And yet with Modeſty the fact wou'd paint,
 Has at her beck the Devil and the Saint.
 When the time ſerves, ſhe'll make things falſe, ſeem true,
 And Truths for Falſhoods, wou'd impoſe on you
 And by the Serpent taught when *Adam* Fell,
 Has learnt t'outdo the blackeſt Arts of Hell.
 Theſe ſad Examples, which I here produce,
 Serve to confirm they will no Crime reſuſe,
 And that ſuch Deeds as Cruelty wou'd ſhun
 Have by their Hands, or for their ſakes been done.
 Tempted by Bracelets, which *K. Tullius* wore
 Beſides an Itching which ſhe had to Whore,
Tarpeia once the Capitol did ſell

P O E M S

To the paid Foe, by whose own Sword she fell
 And for her Treason was rewarded well.
Hellen that follow'd the Adulterer,
 'Twixt *Greece* and *Italy* fomented War;
 For twice five Years the deadly feud had burn'd
 When conquer'd Troy was into Ashes turn'd.
Semiramis, whose Hands in Blood were cloy'd
 With Murthering all the Men she had enjoy'd
 To fet the petty Luxuries off the more,
 For *Ninus* burn'd, who stabb'd th' incestuous Whore.
 The cruel *Bellides* one Night did slay,
 The unhappy Bridegroom[s] on their Bosom lay;
 But here a Miracle I must declare,
 The only Mercy to the Sex we hear,
 One of the fifty did her Husband spare. }
 Such are the Mercies which we are to Trust,
 So dangerous is a Womans Hate and Lust.
Rebecca did with Venfon *Isaac* treat,
 Women seem kindest, when they mean to cheat;
 And so the poor Dim-sighted Man deceiv'd
 And *Esau* of the Blessing she bereav'd;
 Our Mother *Eve*, to please her liquorish Taft
 Did out of Paradise old *Adam* cast, }
 And they'll all help to Damn us at the last.
 Shepperds I do conjure you by my Love,
 And by the Rural Gods of every Grove,
 As you desire your tender Flocks shou'd thrive
 And you your selves in peace and safty Live, }
 That those base Cattel from your Herds you drive.
Theftilis, *Phillis*, and inconstant *Chloris*,
Nærea, *Galatea* and *Lycoris* :
 Let 'em live like the unregarded Throng,
 No more the subject of your Verse and Song,
 On whose injustice, you in vain Exclaim'd.
 What Woman e'er had Grace to be reclaim'd?
 I now grown old, by long Experience Wise,
 Can set things past, to come before your Eyes }
 And from their Cheats, can pluck off the disguise.

POEMS

WOMAN'S USURPATION

WOMAN was made *Man's* Sovereignty to Own,
 And he as Monarch, was to rule alone;
 She was his Vassal made, to Dread
 The Angry Frowns of Man, her Lord and Head.
 Heaven did to him his Power Delegate,
 O'er all the Universe he made him great;
 His Power did the Largest Scepter sway,
 The whole Creation did his Laws Obey.
 No Limits there were fet to his Commands,
 Tygers and Lions lick'd his Sacred Hands,
 And Salvage Monsters gloried in his Bands. }
 The Legislative Power was fixt in him,
 Just Man, till *Woman* tempted him to sin.
 The Sun no sooner had Began his Course,
 Spreading his Gaudy Beams o'er th' Universe;
 Nature her self was hardly full awake;
 The Planets did their Motion's rarely make;
 The Azure Orb, in which there's finely fet,
 The Glitt'ring Stars, Scarce knew their Architect;
Air, Water, Earth, and Fire did hardly find }
 Themselves pure Elements, and were inclin'd
 To mix in Composition of each kind.
Man scarce had seen the first Resplendent Light,
 E'er *Woman* brought forth everlasting Night;
 Damn'd *Pride* invited her at first to sin,
Ambition then, the Devil usher'd in.
 Those, for ten Thousand more have inlets made,
 And now she's Mistress of the Devils Trade,
 She'll Tempt, Lie, Cozen, Swear, Betray and Cheat;
 Hell's Blackest Art Ten Thousand times Repeat.
 She will no Longer in subjection stand,
 But Man must truckle to her harsh Command.
 Toss'd with Tempestuous storms of Haughty Pride,
 Disorder'd Motions, all her Passions Guide, }
 Till she destroys her Loving Lord and Bride.
 How many sad Examples too we find }
 Of Husband Murder'd by the female kind,
 Such are th' Effects of their aspiring Mind.
 No Laws nor Goodness, could her Thoughts deter,
 And Satan was forestall'd in seeing her;

P O E M S

For all Diviner Edicts out she flew,
 And swell'd with Curfed Pride, no Compafs knew.
 Such is the Rage of her Infected Mind,
 She Damns the Race and flock of Poor Mankind;
 And Stifling Brimftone is the sweeteft fcent,
 That Burns, whilst Devils guard her Sable Tent,
 Refolved to Execute and ne'er Repent,
 Whate'er his wicked Malice can invent.
 Since Heavens Sacred Laws cannot Reftrain
 Thy Will, and threat'n'd Vengeance is in Vain,
 Since to live Peaceful is thy Greateft Pain;
 Proceed, and then you'll Queen of Devil's Reign.

ON THE CHARMS OF HIDDEN TREASURE

A Paradox

THOU mighty Princefs lovely Queen of H——
 Whofe Monarchy the Bravest Men Controuls,
 Shut up in Awful and Majestick State
 How Dost thou make thy Poor adorers wait;
 Reserv'd as *Prefter John* and feldom feen
 As the moft fhily kept *Sultana* Queen;
 Thou Crown of Senfe nay more fuperlative
 Thou very Quinteffence of all the Five,
 No *Civet Cat* had ever fuch a fmell,
 Thy Effence does all other sweets excell;
 How is our Relifh by thy Taft Encreast
 When this one Bit is more then a Whole Feaft!
 Beauty of Beauties, darling of the Eye;
 The Face is but a Mark to hit thee by,
 Thou art the fpot of Cupid's Archery,
 Whether your Ornamental Locks you wear,
 Or go like *Eastern* Beauties fmoother and Bare;
 Whether full grown the manly Beard appears,
 Or Virgin Lips Show fewer Hairs than Years.
 Yet all true Beauty Shines, as on a Throne,
 In her full Splendor from thy fight alone;
 To pleafe thy Friends, and to Confute thy Foes,
 Thou haft a Mouth beyond fam'd *Cicero's*.
 A Mouth whose filent Rhetorick affords

POEMS

More Strong Perſwaſives then a *Tully's* words.
 'Twas ſuch a Mouth did *Paris* more Convince,
 Than *Juno's* Power or *Pallas's* Eloquence.
 'Twas ſuch a Mouth *Achilles* did Perſwade,
 And *Hercules* to Live in Maſquerade,
 Which all the force of Arms cou'd nere have made.
 'Twas ſuch a Mouth taught *Anthony* to ſcorn
 The Glorious name to which that Prince was born;
 To ſuch perſwaſions mighty *Julius* gave,
 That Crown th'*Egyptain* army could not ſave,
 And of a Conqueror became a Slave.
 Still there Remains one ſenſe which we may call,
 One that is all the Reſt, is more than all;
 Who can deſcribe thy more than pleaſing touch,
 That is a mighty task, for me too much,
 Who ſcarce am known to her, of whom I write,
 And had but once the honour of her fight.
 None can her charming Vertues duly tell,
 But he who comes inſpir'd from her own well,
 Whoſe Vertues does all *Helicon's* excell.

THE IMPERFECT ENJOYMENT

FRUITION was the Queſtion in Debate,
 Which like ſo hot a Caſuiſt I ſtate,
 That ſhe my Freedom urg'd as my Offence,
 To teach my Reaſon to ſubdue my Senſe;
 But yet this Angry Cloud, that did proclaim
 Volleys of Thunder, melted into Rain;
 And this Adulterate Stamp of being Nice,
 Made feigned Vertue but a Bawd to Vice;
 For, by a Compliment that's ſeldom known,
 She thruſts me out, and yet invites me Home;
 And theſe Denials but advance Delight,
 As Prohibition ſharpens Appetite;
 For the kind Curtain raiſing my Eſteem,
 To wonder at the opening of the Scene,
 When of her Breſt her Hands the Guardians were,
 Yet I ſalute each fullen Officer;
 Tho', like the flaming Sword before my Eyes,

P O E M S

They block the Passage of my Paradise;
 Nor could these Guardian Hands so guard the Coin,
 But Love, where't cannot purchase, may purloin:
 For tho' her Breasts are hid, her Lips are Prize
 To make me rich beyond my Avarice;
 Yet my Ambition my Affection fed,
 To conquer both the White Rose and the Red.
 Th' Event prov'd true, for on the Bed she sate,
 And seem'd to Court what she had seem'd to Hate;
 Heat of Resistance had increas'd her Fire,
 And weak Defence is twin'd to strong Desire.
 What unkind Influence cou'd interpose,
 Where two such Stars did in Conjunction close?
 Only too hasty Zeal my Hopes did spoil,
 Pressing to feed her Lamp, I spent my Oil;
 And that (which most Reproach upon me hurl'd,)
 Was dead to her, gives Life to all the World;
 Nature's chief Prop, and Motion's primest Source,
 In me lost both their Vigour and their Force.
 Sad Conquest, when it is the Victor's Fate;
 Like prudent Corporations, had we laid
 A common Stock by, we'd improv'd our Trade;
 But as a prodigal Heir, I spent by th'by,
 What Home directed, would serve her and I,
 When next in such Assaults I chance to be,
 Give me more Vigour, less Activity;
 For Love turns impotent, when strain'd too high,
 This very Cordial makes him sooner die,
 Evaporates in Flame the Fire so great;
 Love's Chemistry thrives best with equal Heat.

A SONG

I NSULTING Beauty, you mispend
 These Frowns upon your Slave;
 Your Scorn against such Rebels bend,
 Who dare with Confidence pretend,
 That other Eyes their Hearts defend
 From all the Charms you have.

POEMS

Your conqu'ring Eyes so partial are,
Or Mankind is so dull,
That while I languish in Despair,
Many proud senseless Hearts declare,
They find you not so killing Fair,
To wish you Merciful.

They an inglorious Freedom boast;
I triumph in my Chain,
Nor am I unreveng'd tho' lost;
Nor you unpunish'd, tho' unjust;
When I alone, who love you most,
Am killed with your Dildain.

A LYRICK POEM IN IMITATION OF CORNELIUS GALLUS

MY Goddeſs Lydià, heav'nly Fair
As Lillies ſweet, as ſoft as Air;
Let looſe thy Treſſes, ſpread thy Charms,
And to my Love give freſh Alarms.

O let me gaze on thoſe bright Eyes,
Tho' ſacred Light'ning from them flies:
Show me that ſoft, that modeſt Grace,
Which *paints* with charming Red thy Face.

Give me *Ambroſia* in a Kiſs,
That I may rival Jove in Blifs;
That I may mix my Soul with thine
And make the Pleaſure all divine.

O hide thy Boſom's killing White,
(The Milky Way is not ſo bright.)
Leſt you my raviſh'd Soul oppreſs
With Beauty's Pomp, and ſweet Exceſs.

Why draw'ſt thou from the Purple Flood
Of my kind Heart the vital Blood?
Thou art all over endleſs Charms;
O take me, dying, to thy Arms.

POEMS

A SONG

WHERE is he gone, whom I adore?
The God-like Man I see no more;
Yet, without Rest, his Tyrant Charms
Beat in my Heart still new Alarms.

Affist, dear Honour, take my Part,
Or I am lost, with all my Art;
Tear his Idea from my Breast,
Tho' with it I am more than blest.

My Reason too, prepare your Arms,
Lest he return with greater Charms;
Love's fatal and imprison'd Dart,
Draw from my tender bleeding Heart.

APOLLO'S GRIEF FOR HAVING KILLED HYACINTH BY ACCIDENT

In Imitation of *Ovid*

SWEET Hyacinth, my Life, my Joy,
What have I done my lovely Boy?
With Kisses I would stop thy Soul;
But, O! the Fates my Bliss controul.
For thee I languish, wish to die,
And weary grow of Immortality:
Yet with my Harp I'll sound thy Praise,
And to the Stars thy Beauties raise.
Straight thou shalt rise with Purple Grace,
And with the same inviting Face
Thy Blood shall turn the Lilly Red;
(Mourning) I'll wear it on my Head.
The World shall celebrate thy Fame,
And Feasts be call'd by thy dear Name;
With Hyacinth Heav'n shall resound,
While Echoes catch the Charming Sound.
The fatal Loss, thus sad Apollo mourn'd,
Of the fair Boy, for whom so much he burn'd.

POEMS

A SONG. *ET CÆTERA*

IN a dark, silent, shady Grove,
Fit for the Delights of Love,
As on Corinna's Breast I panting lay,
My right Hand playing with *Et Cætera*.

A thousand Words and am'rous Kisses,
Prepar'd us both for more substantial Bliss;
And thus the hasty Moments slip away,
Lost in the Transport of *Et Cætera*.

She blush'd to see her Innocence betray'd,
And the Small Opposition she had made;
Yet hugg'd me close, and, with a Sigh, did say,
Once more, my Dear, once more, *Et Cætera*.

But, Oh! the Power to please this Nymph was past;
Too violent a Flame can never last;
So we remitted to another Day,
The Prosecution of *Et Cætera*.

WRITTEN UNDER NELLY'S PICTURE

SHE was so exquisite a Whore
That in the Belly of her Mother,
She plac'd her . . . so right before,
Her Father . . . them both together.

THE WISH

O THAT I now cou'd, by some Chymic Art,
To Sperm convert my Vitals and my Heart,
That at one Thrust I might my Soul translate,
And in the Womb myself regenerate:
There steep'd in Lust, nine Months I wou'd remain;
Then boldly . . . my Passage out again.

PROLOGUE AGAINST THE DISTURBERS OF THE PIT

GENTLE Reproofs have long been tried in vain,
 Men but despise us, while we but complain;
 Such Numbers are concern'd for the wrong Side,
 A weak Resistance still provokes their Pride,
 And cannot stem the Fierceness of the Tide.
 Laughers, Buffoons, with an unthinking Croud
 Of gaudy Fools, impertinent and loud,
 Insult in ev'ry Corner. Want of Sense,
 Conform'd with an outlandish Impudence,
 Among the rude Disturbers of the Pit,
 Have introduc'd ill Breeding and false Wit.
 To boast their Lewdness here young Scowrers meet,
 And all the vile Companions of the Street,
 Keep a perpetual Brawling at the Door,
 Who beat the Bawd last Night? who bilkt the Whore?
 They snarl, but neither fight, nor pay a Farthing;
 A Play-House is become a meer Bear-Garden,
 Where ev'ry one with Insolence enjoys
 His Liberty and Property of Noise.
 Should true Sense, with revengeful Fire come down,
 Our *Sodom* wants Ten Men to save the Town.
 Each Parish is infected; to be clear,
 We must lose more than when the Plague was here.
 While ev'ry little Thing perks up so soon,
 That at Fourteen it hectors up and down,
 With the best Cheats, and the worst Whores in Town;
 Swears at a Play, who should be whipt at School,
 The Foplings must in Time grow up to Rule;
 The Fashion must prevail to be a Fool.
 Some pow'rful Muse, inspir'd for our Defense,
 Arise and save a little common Sense.
 In such a Cause, let thy keen Satire bite,
 Where Indignation bids thy Genius write;
 Mark a bold leading Coxcomb of the Town,
 First single out the Beast, then hunt him down;
 Hang up his mangled Carcase on the Stage,
 To fright away the Vermin of the Age.

P O E M S

TUNBRIDGE-WELLS

June 30, 1675

AT five this Morn, when *Phoebus* rais'd his head
 From *Thetis* Lap, I rais'd my self from Bed,
 And mounting Steed, I trotted to the Waters,
 The Rendevouze of Fools, Buffons and Praters, }
 Cuckolds, Whores, Citizens, their Wives and Daughters.
 My squeamish Stomach, I with Wine had brib'd,
 To undertake the Dose, it was prescrib'd:
 But turning Head, a curf'd fuddain Crew, }
 That innocent Provision overthrew,
 And without drinking, made me Purge and Spew. }
 From Coach and Six, a Thing unwealdy roll'd,
 Whom lumber Cart, more decently would hold:
 As wise as Calf it look'd, as big as Bully,
 But handled, prov'd a meer *Sir Nicholas Gully*;
 A Bawling Fop, a *Natural Nokes*, and yet
 He dar'd to Censure, to be thought a Wit.
 To make him more Ridiculous in spight,
 Nature contriv'd the Fool should be a Knight:
 "How wise is Nature when she does dispence,
 "A large Estate to cover want of Sence.
 "The Man's a Fool, 'tis true, but that's no matter,
 "For He's a mighty Wit, with those that flatter;
 "But a *poor Blockhead*, is a wretched Creature.
 Tho' he alone was dismal fight enough,
 His Train contributed to set him off;
 All of his Shape, all of the self-same Stuff.
 No Spleen or Malice, need on them be thrown,
 Nature has done the business of Lampoon, }
 And in their Looks their Characters are shown. }
 Endeavouring this irksome fight to baulk,
 And, a more irksome noise, their silly talk; }
 I silently shrunk down to th' lower Walk.
 But often when we would *Charibdis* shun,
 Down upon *Scylla* 'tis our fate to run;
 For here it was my curf'd luck to find,
 As great a Fop, tho' of another kind:
 A tall stiff Fool, that walk'd in Spanish guise;
 The Buckram Puppet never stir'd his Eyes, }
 But grave as Owlet look'd, as Woodcock wife. }

P O E M S

He scorns the empty talk of this mad Age,
 And speaks all Proverbs, Sentences, Adage;
 Can with as great solemnity buy Eggs,
 As a Cabal can talk of their Intrigues;
 Master o'th' Ceremonies, yet can dispence,
 With the formality of talking fence.
 From hence unto the upper end I ran,
 Where a new Scene of Foppery began;
 A tribe of Curates, Priests, Canonical Elves,
 Were company for none besides themselves:
 They got together, each his Distemper told,
 Scurvy, Stone, Strangury; and some were bold,
 To charge the Spleen to be their Misery,
 And on that wise Disease bring Infamy.
 But none there were, so modest to complain
 Of want of Learning, Honesty or Brain,
 The general Diseases of that Train. }
 These call themselves Ambassadors of Heaven,
 Saucily pretending a Commission given:
 But should an *Indian* King, whose small Command,
 Seldom extends t'above ten miles of Land,
 Send forth such wretched Fools on an Embassy,
 He'd find but small effect, from such a Message.
 Lightning, I found the Cobb of all the Rabble,
 Was pert *Bayes*, with Importance comfortable;
 He being rais'd to an Arch-deaconry,
 By trampling on Religious Liberty,
 Was grown so fat, and look'd so big and jolly,
 Not being disturbed with care and melancholly, }
 Tho' *Marvel* has enough expos'd his folly:
 He drank to carry off some old Remains,
 His lazy dull Distemper left in's Veins;
 Let him drink on, but 'tis not a whole Flood,
 Can give sufficient sweetness to his Blood, }
 Or make his Nature or his Manners good.
 Next after these, a fulsome *Irish* Crew,
 Of silly Macks were offered to my view;
 The Things did talk, but hearing what they said,
 I hid my self, the kindness to evade.
 Nature has plac'd these Wretches below scorn,
 They can't be call'd so vile, as they were born;
 Admistr the crowd, next I my self convey'd,
 For now there comes (White-Wash, and Paint being laid,)

P O E M S

Mother and Daughter, Mistres and the Maid,
 And Squire with Wig and Pantaloon display'd:
 But ne're could Conventicle, Play, or Fair,
 For a true Medly, with this Herd compare.
 Here Lords, Knights, Squires, Ladies and Countesses,
 Chandlers, Mum-bacon Women and Sempstresses,
 Were mixed together, nor did they agree,
 More in their Humours, than their Quality.
 Here waiting for Gallant, young Damiel stood,
 Leaning on Cane, and Muffled up in Hood:
 The would be wit — whose business 'twas to woo,
 With Hat remov'd, and solemn scrape of Shooe
 Bowing advanced, then he gently thrugs,
 And ruffled Foretop, he in order tugs;
 And thus accosts her, " Madam methinks the Weather
 " Is grown much more serene since you came hither;
 " You influence the Heavens; and should the Sun,
 " Withdraw himself to see his Rays out-done,
 " Your Luminaries would supply the Morn,
 " And make a Day, before the Day be born.
 With Mouth screw'd up, and awkward winking Eyes,
 And breast thrust forward; Lord, Sir, she replies:
 It is your goodness, and not my deserts,
 Which makes you shew your Learning, Wit and Parts.
 He puzzled, bites his Nails, both to display
 The Sparkling Ring, and think what's next to say:
 And thus breaks out afresh. Madam, I'gad,
 Your luck, last Night, at Cards was mighty bad
 At Cribbage; Fifty-nine, and the next shew,
 To make your Game, and yet to want those Two:
 G——d——me, Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,
 If in my Life, I saw the like before.
 To Pedler's Hall he drags her soon, and says
 The same dull stuff a thousand different ways;
 And then more smartly to expound the Riddle
 Of all his Prattle, gives her a Scotch Fiddle.
 Quite tir'd with this most dismal stuff, I ran
 Where were two Wives, and Girl just fit for Man,
 Short was her Breath, Looks pale, and Visage wan.
 Some Curtisies past, and the old Compliment,
 Of being glad to see each other, spent;
 With Hand in Hand they lovingly did walk,
 And one began thus to renew the Talk:

P O E M S

I pray, good Madam, if it may be thought
 No Rudeness, what cause was't hither brought
 Your Ladiship? She soon replying, smil'd:
 We have a good Estate, but ne're a Child;
 And I'm inform'd these Wells will make a barren
 Woman, as fruitful as a Cony Warren.
 The first return'd: For this Cause I am come,
 For I can have no Quietness at Home.
 My Husband grumbles tho' we've gotten one,
 This poor young Girl, and mutters for a Son:
 And this disturb'd with Head-ach, Pangs and Throes,
 Is full Sixteen and yet had never *Thofe*.
 She answer'd, strait, Get her a Husband, Madam;
 I Married at that Age, and never had 'em;
 Was just like her; Steel Waters let alone,
 A Back of Steel will bring them better down.
 And ten to one, but they themselves will try,
 The same way to encrease their Family.
 Poor silly Fribble, who by Subtilty
 Of Midwife, truest Friend to Letchery,
 Perswaded art to be at Pains and Charge,
 To give thy Wife occasion to enlarge
 Thy silly Head. Some here Walk, Cuff and Kick
 With brawny Back and Legs and potent ——
 Who more substantially will cure thy Wife,
 And to her half-dead Womb restore new Life:
 From these the Waters got their Reputation
 Of good Assistance, unto Generation.
 Some warlike Men were now got to the Throng,
 With Hair ty'd back, singing a bawdy Song:
 Not much afraid, I got a nearer View,
 And 'twas my Chance to know the dreadful Crew:
 They were Cadets, that seldom did appear,
 Damn'd to the stint of Thirty Pounds a Year.
 With Hawk on Fist, or Greyhound led in Hand,
 They Dog and Foot-boy sometimes do command;
 But now having trim'd a leash of spavin'd Horse,
 With three hard-pincht-for Guineas in their Purse
 Two rusty Pistols, scarce about the Arse——
 Coat lin'd with Red, they here presumed to swell;
 This goes for Captain, that for Collonel:
 Ev'n so Bear-Garden-Ape, on his Steed mounted,
 No longer is a Jackanapes accounted,

P O E M S

But is by Virtue of his Trumpery, then
 Call'd by the Name of the young Gentleman.
 Bless me! thought I, what Thing is Man, that thus
 In all his shapes, he is ridiculous.
 Our selves with noise of Reason we do please—
 In Vain, Humanity's our worst Disease.
 Thrice happy Beasts are, who, because they be
 Of Reason void, are so of Foppery.

THE ROYAL-BUSS

AS in the days of yore were odds
 Betwixt the Giants and the Gods,
 So now is rife a fearful Brawl
 Between the Parliament and *Whitehal*;
 But, blest be *Jove*, these Gods of ours
 Are greater in their Guilt than Pow'rs.
 Tho' then the *Heathens* were such Fools,
 Yet they made Gods of better Tools.
 No Altars then to Plackets were,
 Nor Majesty by *Buss* would swear.
 They'd hang a Tippet at his Door,
 Should break a Parliament to please a Whore;
 And further to oblige him to it,
 Would swear by *Portsm*——*h's C*——t he'd do it,
 And by Contents of th'Oath he had took,
 Kneel'd down in zeal and kist the Book.
 They'd think the Faith too much amiss
 That such Defenders had as this,
 And that Religion look'd too poor,
 Whose Head of th' Church kist A—se of W——re.
 But this he did, much good may't do him,
 And then the Quean held forth unto him.
 The Devil take her for a Whore:
 Wou'd he had kist ten years before,
 Before our City had been burn'd,
 And all our Wealth to Plagues had turn'd;
 Before she had ruin'd (pox upon her)
 Our *English* Name, Blood, Wealth and Honor.
 Whilst Parliament too flippant gave,
 And Courtiers would but ask and have.

P O E M S

Whilst they are making *English, French,*
 And Money vote to keep the Wench,
 And the Buffoons and Pimps to pay,
 The devil a bit prorogu'd were they.
 The kifs of T——t, instead had stood,
 And might have done three Nations good.
 But when the Commons would no more
 Raife Taxes to maintain the Whore.
 When they would not abide the Aw
 Of standing Force instead of Law.
 Then Law, Religion, Property
 They'd force 'gainst Will and Popery.
 When they provide that all shall be
 From Slavery and Oppreffion free.
 That a Writ of *Habeas Corpus* come,
 And none in Prison be undone.
 That *English men* should not, like Beast,
 To war by Sea or Land be prest.
 That Peace with Holland should be made,
 When War had spoil'd our Men and Trade.
 That Treason it should be for any,
 Without a Parliament to raife a Penny.
 That no Courtier should be sent
 To fit and vote in Parliament.
 That when an end to this was gave,
 A yearly Parliament we should have,
 According to the antient Law,
 That mighty Knaves might live in awe.
 That King nor Council should commit
 An *English man* for wealth or wit.
 Prerogative being ty'd thus tight,
 That it could neither scratch nor bite.
 When Whores began to be afeard,
 Like Armies, they should be cashier'd.
 Then *Portsm——th*, the incestuous Punk,
 Made our most gracious Sov'raign drunk.
 And drunk she made him give that *Buffs*
 That all the Kingdom's bound to curse,
 And so red hot with Wine and Whore,
 He kickt the Commons out of door.

POEMS

SIGNIOR DILDOE

1678

I.

YOU Ladies all of merry *England*,
Who have been to kifs the Dutcheſs's Hand
Pray, did you not lately obſerve in the ſhow
A noble *Italian*, call'd Signior *Dildoë*?

II.

This Signior was of the Dutcheſſes Train,
And help'd to conduct her over the Main;
But now ſhe cries out to the Duke, I will go,
I have no more need for Signior *Dildoë*.

III.

At the Sign of the Croſs in Saint *James's* Street
When next you go thither to make your ſelves ſweet,
By buying of Powder, Gloves, Eſſence or ſo,
You may chance to get a fight of Signior *Dildoë*.

IV.

You would take him at firſt for no Perſon of Note,
Becauſe he appears in plain Leather Coat;
But when you his vertuous Abilities know,
You would fall down and worſhip Signior *Dildoë*.

V.

My Lady [*Southek*,] Heaven proſper her for't,
Firſt cloth'd him in Sattin, then brought him to Court;
But his Head in the Circle he ſcarcely durſt ſhow,
So modeſt a Youth was Signior *Dildoë*.

VI.

The good Lady *Suffolk* thinking no harm,
Had got this poor Stranger hid under her Arm:
Lady *Betty* by chance came the Secret to know,
And from her own Mother ſtole Signior *Dildoë*.

POEMS

VII.

The Countess of *Falmouth* of whom People tell,
Her Footmen wore Shirts of a Guinea an Ell,
Might save that Expence, if she did know
How lusty a Swinger is Signior *Dildo*.

VIII.

By the help of this Gallant the Countess of *Rafe*,
Against the fierce *Harris* preserv'd her self safe;
She stifled him almost beneath her Pillow,
So closely she embraced Signior *Dildo*.

IX.

The Pattern of Vertue her Grace of *C[love]land*,
Has swallow'd more P——s than the Nation has Land;
But by rubbing and scrubbing so wide it does grow,
It is fit for just nothing but Signior *Dildo*.

X.

Our dainty fine Dutchess having got a Trick,
To dote on a Fool for the sake of his ——
The Fops were undone, did their Graces but know,
The Discretion and Vigour of Signior *Dildo*.

XI.

The Dutchess of *M[ode]na*, tho' she looks so high,
With such a Gallant is content to lie,
And left the *English* her Secrets should know,
For her Gentleman Usher took Signior *Dildo*.

XII.

The Countess of the Cockpit (who knows not her Name?)
She's famous in Story for a killing Dame;
When all her old Lovers forsake her, I trow,
She'll then be contented with Signior *Dildo*.

XIII.

Red *Howard*, red *Sheldon*, and *Temple* so tall,
Complain of his Absence so long from *Whitehall*;
Signior *Barnard* has promis'd a Journey to go,
And bring back his Country-man Signior *Dildo*.

POEMS

XIV.

Moll Howard no longer with his Highness must range,
And therefore is proffered this Civil Exchange;
Her Teeth being rotten, she smells best below,
And needs must be fitted for Signior *Dildo*.

XV.

Saint Albans with Wrinkles and Smiles in his Face,
Whose Kindness to Strangers becomes his high Place;
In his Coach and six Horses is gone to pergo,
To take the fresh Air with Signior *Dildo*.

XVI.

Were this Signior but known to the Citizen Fops
He'd keep their fine Wives from the Foremen of their Shops;
But the Rascals deserve their Horns should still grow,
For burning the *Pope* and his Nephew *Dildo*.

XVII.

Tom Killigrew's Wife, that *Holland* fine Flower,
At the sight of this Signior did fart and belch four;
And her *Dutch* breeding the further to show,
Says, Welcome to *England* Myne Heer Van *Dildo*.

XVIII.

He civilly came to the Cockpit one night,
And proffer'd his Service to fair Madam *Knight*;
Quoth she, I intreat with Captain *Cazzo*,
Your Nose in mine A—— good Signior *Dildo*.

XIX.

This Signior is sound, safe, ready and dumb,
As ever was Candle, Carrot, or your Thumb;
Then away with the nasty Devices, and show
How you rate the just Merit of Signior *Dildo*.

XX.

Count *Cazzo*, who carries his Nose very high,
In Passion he swore his Rival should die;
Then shut himself up to let the World know,
Flesh and Blood could not bear it from Signior *Dildo*.

POEMS

XXI.

A Rabble of P——s who were welcome before,
Now finding the Porter denied them the Door,
Maliciously waited his coming below,
And inhumanly fell on Signior *Dildoë*.

XXII.

Nigh wearied out, the poor Stranger did fly,
And along the *Pall Mall* they followed full Cry;
The Women concern'd, from every Window
Cry'd, For Heaven's sake, save Signior *Dildoë*.

XXIII.

The good Lady *Sands* burst into a Laughter,
To see how the B——ks came wobbling after;
And had not their weight retarded the Foe,
Indeed it had gone hard with Signior *Dildoë*.

A TRIAL OF THE POETS FOR THE BAYS

In Imitation of a Satyr in Boileau

SINCE the fons of the Muses grew numerous and loud,
For th' appeasing so factious and clamorous a croud,
Apollo thought fit, in so weighty a cause,
To establish a government, leader, and laws.
The hopes of the bays, at the summoning call,
Had drawn them together, the Devil and all;
All thronging and listening, they gap'd for the blessing:
No presbyter sermon had more crowding and pressing:
In the head of the gang, John Dryden appear'd,
That ancient grave wit so long lov'd and fear'd,
But Apollo had heard a story in town,
Of his quitting the Muses, to wear the black gown;
And so gave him leave now his poetry's done,
To let him turn priest since R[eeves] is turn'd nun.
This reverend author was no sooner set by,
But Apollo had got gentle George in his eye,
And frankly confes'd, of all men that writ,
There's none had more fancy, sense, judgement, and wit:

POEMS

But in th' crying sin, idleness, he was so harden'd,
 That his long seven years silence was not to be pardon'd.
 —[Wycherley] was the next man shew'd his face,
 But Apollo e'en thought him too good for the place;
 No gentleman writer that office should bear,
 But a trader in wit the laurel should wear,
 As none but a Cit—— e'er makes a Lord-Mayor. }
 Next into the crowd, Tom Shadwell does wallow,
 And swears by his guts, his paunch, and his tallow,
 That 'tis he alone best pleases the age,
 Himself and his wife have supported the stage:
 Apollo, well pleas'd with so bonny a lad, }
 T'oblige him, he told him, he should be huge glad,
 Had he half so much wit, as he fancy'd he had.
 Nat Lee stepp'd in next, in hopes of a prize,
 Apollo remember'd he had hit once in thrice;
 By the rubies in 's face, he could not deny,
 But he had as much wit as wine could supply;
 Confess'd that indeed he had a musical note,
 But sometimes strain'd so hard that he rattled in throat;
 Yet owning he had sense, t'encourage him for't,
 He made him his Ovid in Augustus's court.
 Poor Settle, his trial was the next came about,
 He brought him an Ibrahim with the preface torn out,
 And humbly desir'd he might give no offence;
 D——n him, cries Shadwell, he cannot write sense:
 And Bancks, cry'd Newport, I hate that dull rogue;
 Apollo, considering he was not in vogue,
 Would not trust his dear bays with so modest a fool,
 And bid the great boy be sent back to school.
 Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
 And swears, for heroics, he writes best of any:
 Don Carlos his pockets so amply had fill'd,
 That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were all kill'd;
 Anababaluthu put in for a share.
 And little Tom Effence's author was there:
 But Apollo had seen his face on the stage, }
 And prudently did not think fit to engage
 The scum of a play-house, for the prop of an age.
 In the numerous crowd that encompass'd him round,
 Little starch'd Johnny Crown at his elbow he found;
 His cravat-string new iron'd, he gently did stretch
 His lily-white hand out, the laurel to reach.

P O E M S

Alledging that he had most right to the bays,
 For writing romances, and sh—ting of plays:
 Apollo rose up, and gravely confests'd,
 Of all men that writ, his talent was best;
 For since pain and dishonour man's life only damn,
 The greatest felicity mankind can claim,
 Is to want sense of smart, and be past sense of shame;
 And to perfect his blifs in poetical rapture,
 He bid him be dull to the end of the chapter.
 The poetess Afra next shew'd her sweet face,
 And swore by her poetry, and her black ace,
 The laurel by a double right was her own,
 For the plays she had writ, and the conquests she had won.
 Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,
 Yet, to deal frankly and ingenuously by her,
 He told her, were conquests and charms her pretence,
 She ought to have pleaded a dozen years since.
 Nor could D'Urfey forbear for the laurel in stickle,
 Protesting that he had the honour to tickle
 Th' ears of the town, with his dear Madam Fickle. }
 With other pretenders, whose names I'd rehearse,
 But that they're too long to stand in my verse:
 Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious harangue, }
 At last found Tom Betterton's face in the gang,
 For, since poets without the kind players may hang,
 By his one sacred light he solemnly swore,
 That in search of a laureat, he'd look out no more;
 A general murmur ran quite through the hall,
 To think that the bays to an actor should fall;
 Tom told them, to put his desert to the test,
 That he had MAID plays as well as the best,
 And was the great'st wonder the age ever bore,
 Of all the play-scribblers that e'er writ before;
 His wit had most worth, and modesty in't,
 For he had writ plays, yet ne'er came in print.

A SATYR AGAINST MARRIAGE

MARRIAGE, thou State of Jealousie and Care,
 The Curse of *Wife*, what Flesh and Blood can bear?
 She ever loads your Head, and stuns your passive Ear,
 And still the plague you feel, or still you fear.

P O E M S

The World's enchanted with the flattering Scene;
 But oh! the frightful Shapes that lurk within!
 Wives, like the Morn, appear at distance bright,
 But Telescopes of Marriage change the Sight,
 And shew the misrepresented Prospect Right. }
 For what did from afar with Glory smile
 Near Hand is dark, a rugged, uncouth Soil;
 The fancy'd Pleasure proves a tiresome Clogg;
 The Turf is Fair, but hides a fatal Bogg.
 When e're to ease your Care you take a Wife,
 She loads your Days, and doubly clogs your Life;
 Or by a Partner if you'd raise your Joy,
 The kind Partaker takes it all away.
 Perhaps in Rowing you may take a Pride;
 The Pleasure flies, when to the Oar you're tyed.
 Like Galley-Slaves you live whene're you Wed,
 Tugg at a Wife, and drag a Chain in Bed.
 Of all the *Bedlams* Marriage is the worst,
 With endless Cords, with endless Keepers curst!
 Frantic in Love you run, and rave about,
 Mad to get in, but hopeles to get out:
 Still here you lie, for tho' your Frenzie's cur'd,
 The nauseous Hospital must ever be endur'd.

SONG

SINCE Death on all lays his Impartial Hand,
 And all resign at his Command;
 The Stoic too, as well as I,
 With all his Gravity must die;
 Let's wisely manage this last Span,
 The momentary Life of Man;
 And still in Pleasure's Circle move,
 Giving our Days to Friends, and all our Nights to Love.

*Then while we are here let's thus perfectly live,
 And taste all the Pleasures, that Nature can give;
 Fresh Heat when Life's fading, our Wine will inspire,
 And fill all our Veins with a nobler Fire.*

When we're sapless, old, and impotent,
 Then we shall grieve for Youth mispent;
 Wine and Women only can

POEMS

Cherish the heavy Heart of Man.
Let's drink on till our Blood o'reflows
Its Channels, and luxuriant grows,
Then when our Whores have drain'd each Vein,
And the thin Mafs fresh Spirits crave, let's drink again.

Then while we are here, etc. . . .

The happy King, whom Heav'n it self call'd Wife,
Saw all was Vanity but Vice:
His active Mind, ever in quest of Blifs,
Survey'd all things, and stuck to this;
Myriads of Harlots round him strove,
Some fung, while others acted Love.
Who then our Frailties can condemn,
Since one so wise left all to follow them?

FROM HORACE

CONQUER'D with soft and pleasing charms,
And never failing Vows of her Return,
Winter unlocks his frosty Arms
To free the joyful Spring;
Which for fresh Loves with youthful Heat does burn;
Warm South winds court her, and with fruitful Showers
Awake the drowsie Flowers,
Who haste and all their sweetness bring
To pay their yearly Offering.

No nipping White is seen,
But all the Fields are clad in pleasant Green,
And only fragrant Dews now fall.
The Ox forsakes his once warm Stall
To bask i' th' Sun's much warmer Beams;
The Plowman leaves his Fire and his Sleep,
Well pleas'd to whistle to his lab'ring Teams;
Whilst the glad Shepherd pipes to's frisking Sheep.
Nay, tempted by the smiling Sky
Wreckt Merchants quit the Shore,
Resolving once again to try
The Wind and Sea's Almighty Power;
Choosing much rather to be Dead than Poor.

P O E M S

Upon the flowing Plains,
 Or under shady Trees,
 The Sheperdesses and their Swains
 Dance to their rural Harmonies;
 Then steal in private to their covert Groves,
 There finish their well heighten'd Loves.
 The City Dame takes this pretence
 (Weary of Husband and of Innocence)
 To quit the Smoke and Business of the Town,
 And to her Country-House retires,
 Where she may bribe, then grasp some Country Clown,
 Or her appointed Gallant come
 To feed her loose Desires;
 Whilst the poor Cuckold by his Sweat at home
 Maintains her Lust and Pride,
 Blest as he thinks with such a beauteous Bride.

Since all the World's thus gay and free,
 Why should not we?
 Let's thus accept our Mother Nature's Treat,
 And please our selves with all that's sweet,
 Let's to the shady Bowers,
 Where Crown'd with gaudy Flowers,
 We'll drink and laugh away the gliding Hours.
 Trust me, *Thyrsis*, the grim Conqueror Death
 With the same freedom snatches a King's Breath.
 He hurdles the poor fetter'd Slave,
 To's unknown Grave.
 Tho' we each Day with cost repair,
 He mocks our greatest Skill and utmost Care;
 Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the strong,
 And he that lives the longest dies but young;
 And once depriv'd of Light
 We're wrapt in Mists of endless Night.
 Once come to those dark Cells of which we're told
 So many strange romantick Tales of old
 (In things unknown Invention's justly bold)
 No more shall Mirth and Wine
 Our Loves and Wit refine.
 No more shall you your *Phyllis* have,
Phyllis so long you've priz'd:
 Nay she too in the Grave
 Shall lie like us despis'd.

POEMS

FROM HORACE

HE.

WHILE I was Monarch of your Heart,
Crown'd with a Love where none had part,
Each Mortal did with Envy die;
No God but wish'd that he were I.

SHE.

While you adored no charms but mine,
And vow'd that they did all out-shine;
More celebrated was My Name
Than that of the bright *Grecian* Dame.

HE.

Chloe's the Saint that I implore,
Chloe's the Goddess I adore,
For whom to dye the Gods I pray'd
If Fates wou'd spare the charming Maid.

SHE.

Amyntas is my Lover's Name,
For whom I burn with mutual Flame;
For whom I twice wou'd die with Joy,
If Fates wou'd spare the charming Boy.

HE.

If I once more shou'd wear your Chain,
And take my *Lydia* back again;
If banish *Chloe* from my Breast,
That you might there for ever rest.

SHE.

Tho' he is charming as a God,
Serene and gay, divinely good,
You rough as Billows raging high,
With you I'd chuse to live and die.

POEMS

SONG

I Promis'd Sylvia to be true;
Nay, out of Zeal, I fwore it too
And that she might believe me more,
Gave her in writing what I fwore:
Not Vows, not Oaths can Lovers bind;
So long as blefs'd, so long they're kind:
'Twas in a Leaf, the Wind but blew,
Away both Leaf and Promise flew.

SONG

WHILE in divine Panthea's charming eyes,
I view the naked Boy, that basking lies,
I grow a God! so blest am I
With sacred rapture, and immortal joy!

But absent, if she shines no more,
And hides the suns that I adore;
Straight like a wretch, despairing I
Sigh, languish in the shade, and die!

O, I were lost in endless night,
If her bright presence brought not light!
Then I revive, blest as before!
The Gods themselves can be no more!

SONG

PITY, fair Sappho! one that dies
A victim to your beautiful eyes!
For while on them I dare to gaze,
Their dazzling glories so amaze,
My soul does melt with new desire!
I rave! I burn with secret fire!
And, blessing the dear Cause, expire!

POEMS

TO CHUSE A FRIEND BUT NEVER MARRY

TO all young Men that live to Woo,
To Kifs and Dance, and Tumble too;
Draw near and Counfel take of me,
Your faithful Pilot I will be;
Kifs who you please, *Joan, Kate, or Mary,*
But still this Counfel with you carry,
Never Marry.

Court not a Country Lady, she
Knows not how to value thee;
She hath no am'rous Passion, but
What *Tray*, or *Quando* has for *Slut*:
To Lick, to Whine, to Frisk, or Cover,
She'll thee, or any other,
Thus to Love her.

Her Daughter she's now come to Town,
In a rich Linsey Woolsey Gown;
About her Neck a valued Prize,
A Necklace made of Whiting Eyes;
With Lift for Garters 'bove her Knee,
And Breath that smells of Firmity,
's not for thee.

Of Widows Witchcrafts have a Care,
For if they catch you in their Snare,
You must as daily Labourers do,
Be still a shoving with your Plow:
If any rest you do require,
They then deceive you of your Hire,
and retire.

The Maiden Ladies of the Town,
Are scarcely worth your throwing down;
For when you have Possession got,
Of *Venus* Mark, or Hony-pot:
There's such a Stir with marry me,
That one would half forswear to see
any she.

POEMS

If that thy Fancy do desire,
A glorious Out-side, rich Attire;
Come to the Court, and there you'll find,
Enough of such to please your Mind:
But if you get too near their Lap,
You're sure to meet with the Mishap
Call'd a Clap.

With greasy painted Faces drest,
With butter'd Hair, and fucus'd Breast;
Tongues with Diffimulation tipt,
Lips which a million have sipp'd:
There's nothing got by such as these,
But Aches in Shoulders, Pains in Knees
For your Fees

In fine, if thou delight'ft to be,
Concern'd in Womans Company:
Make it the Studies of this Life,
To find a Rich, Young, Handsome Wife:
That can with much Discretion be
Dear to her Husband, kind to thee
Secretly.

In such a Mistress, there's the Bliss,
Ten Thousand Joys wrapt in a Kiss;
And in th' Embraces of her Waist,
A Million more of Pleasure taste;
Who'er would Marry that cou'd be
Blest with such Opportunity,
Never me.

FAMILIAR DIALOGUE BETWIXT STREPHON AND SYLVIA

Strepthon.

SYLVIA ne'er despise my Love,
For COLON's mightier Dart,
By Force and Vigour you shall prove,
Will reach your panting Heart.
To Fools such Monsters Nature sends,
For want of Brains, a dull amends.

POEMS

Sylvia.

Content yourself with what's your due;
Him you excell in Wit 'tis true,
But COLON has his Merits too.

Wit is but Words, and Words but Wind,
That dallies with a wanton Mind;
As *Zephyr's* gentle Breezes play,
With my extended Limbs in *May*:
But you methinks, sweet Sir, shou'd know,
'Tis Substance that prevails below.
To each then his just dole I'll give,
With you I'll talk, with him I'll —
Your Wit shall raise my strong Desires,
And he shall quench their raging Fires.
Thus both your Merits I'll unite,
You shall my Ear, he please my Appetite.

Strephon.

This said, with speed the curfed Bitch retir'd
And left me with just Indignation fir'd;
But taught in Woman's prostituted Schools,
That Men of Wit, but Pimp for — Fools.

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER'S ANSWER TO A PAPER OF
VERSES SENT HIM BY L. B. FELTON, AND TAKEN OUT
OF THE TRANSLATION OF OVID'S *EPISTLES*. 1680

WHAT strange Surprise to meet such Words as these?
Such Terms of Horrour were ne'er chose to please:
To meet, midst Pleasures of a Jovial Night,
Words that can only give amaze and fright,
No gentle thought that does to Love invite.
Were it not better for your Arms t'employ,
Grasping a Lover in pursuit of Joy,
Than handling Sword, and Pen, Weapons unfit:
Your Sex gains Conquest, by their Charms and Wit.
Of Writers slain I could with pleasure hear,
Approve of Fights, o'erjoy'd to cause a Tear;
So slain, I mean, that she shou'd soon revive,
Pleas'd in my Arms to find her self Alive.

POEMS

ON MARRIAGE

THE clog of all Pleasure, the Luggage of Life,
Is the best can be said of a very good Wife:
But if she proves whorish, and peevish beside,
Her Fortune but narrow, and her — very wide;
Marriage then seems by the Devil invented,
In the height of his Malice, when over tormented;
And the Portion he gave with Madam, his Daughter,
Is Hell upon Earth, worse than any hereafter.

THE PLATONICK LADY

I COULD Love thee 'till I dye,
Wouldst Thou Love mee modestly;
And ne're presse, whilst I live,
For more than willingly I would give;
Which should sufficient be to prove
I'de understand the Arte of Love.
I hate the Thing is call'd Injoyment
Besydes it is a dull employment,
It cutts off all that's Life and Fire
From that which may be term'd Desire
Just (like the Bee) whose Sting is gon,
Converts the owner to a Droane.
I Love a youth [if] he'd give mee leave
His Body in my Arms to wreath;
To presse him gently and to kisse,
To sigh and looke with Eyes that wish
For what if I could once obtain,
I would neglect with flatt disdaine.
I'de give him Libertye to toye,
And play with me and count it Joye.
Our freedom should be full compleate,
And nothing wanting but the feate,
Let's practice then, and we shall prove
These are [the] only sweets of Love——

P O E M S

SATYR AGAINST K. CHARLES, 1674

GREAT Charles who full of mercy couldst command
 In peace and plenty, this thy native land,
 At last take pity of thy tott'ring throne,
 Shook by the faults of others, not thy own;
 Let not thy Life and Crowne together end,
 Betray'd by a false brother and false friend;
 Observe the danger that appears so near,
 And all thy Subjects do each minute fear.
 A drop of poison or a popish knife,
 Ends all the Joys of England with thy life.
 Brothers, 'tis true, by nature should be kind,
 But to a zealous and ambitious mind,
 Bribe'd by a throne on earth and one above,
 There's no more friendship, tenderness, or love.
 For in all ages what examples are
 Of Monarchs murder'd by the impatient heir—
 Hard fate of Princes who will ne'er believe
 Till the stroke's struck which they can ne'er retrieve.

UPON SIX HOLY SISTERS THAT MET AT A CONVENTICLE TO ALTER THE POPISH WORD OF PREACHING

SIX of the *Female* Sex, and purest Sect,
 Had Conference of late to this Effect;
 How they might change the *Popish* Name of Preaching;
 Then quoth the *first*, it shall be called *Teaching*;
 The *second*, tho' not learn'd, yet full as wise,
 Said she lik'd best to call it *Exercise* :
 The *Third*, being newly warm'd with Heav'nly *Nectar*,
 Fell to commend the Heav'nly Name of *Lecture* :
 Nay, quoth the *fourth*, the Brethren, as I hear,
 Do call it *Speaking* in *Northamptonshire* :
 The *fifth* to none of these did yet accord,
 But term'd it purely *handling of the Word* :
 No, quoth the *sixth*, *Standing's* a Name more fit,
 For Preachers in a Pulpit seldom fit:
 To which two last accorded all the rest,
 For all liked *Handling* well, but *Standing* best.

POEMS

JULIAN

IN Verfe to ease thy wretched Wants I write,
 Not mov'd by Envy, Malice, or by Spite,
 Or pleas'd with th' empty Names of Wit and Sense,
 But meerly to supply thy want of Pence:
 This did inspire my *Muse*, when out at Heel
 She saw the needy Secretary reel;
 Griev'd that a Man so useful to the Age,
 Shou'd foot it in so mean an Equipage;
 A crying Scandal, that the Fees of Sense,
 Shou'd not be able to support th' Expence
 Of a poor Scribe, who never thought of Wants,
 When able to procure a Cup of *Nants*.
 But Dulness sits at Helm, and in this Age,
 Governs our Councils, Pulpits, and the Stage:
 Here a dull *Councillor* ador'd we see,
 And there a Poet, duller yet than he,
 With beardless Bishop, dullest of the three,
 'Tis dangerous to think———
 For who by thinking tempts his jealous Fate,
 Is straight arraign'd as Traytor to the State,
 And none that come within the Verge of Sense,
 Have to Preferment now the least Pretence;
 Nay, *Poets* guilty of that Treason prov'd,
 Are by a gen'ral Buſs from Court remov'd;
 Shakeſpear himſelf, reviv'd, finds no Succeſs,
 And living *Authors* ſure might hope for leſs.
 Since Dulneſs then, finds more Succeſs than Wit,
 Dulneſs, the Darling of the Throne, and Pit,
 This Poem, *Julian*, cannot fail to hit.
 But for thy Profit, *Julian*, have a Care
 Of Prying *Poult'ney*, and of Bully *Carr*,
 In whom there's Danger, for the one does write
 With the ſame Proweſs the other us'd to fight:
 Next florid *Huntington*, and civil *Grey*,
 Who knew his Grace was gone, but not which Way:
 'Twere needleſs here, and tedious too to name
 All that are envious of poor *Poets* Fame;
 Conſult thy ſacred Volume, where thou'lt find
 Such who to reverend *Dulneſs* have been kind;
 To thoſe obſequious Cringe, with humble Bow,

P O E M S

With Court-like Scrapes, and with submissive Brow;
 Since from their num'rous Party thou may'st hope
 More than *Prance*, *Oats*, or *Bedloe* from the *Pope*;
Thirfis has gain'd Preferment by a Song,
 While *Hudibras* does starve amidst the Throng;
 Nay, *Minion* Shadwell cannot hold out long.

There lives a Lord, a noble Peer is he,
 Whose Conscience is as pliant as his Knee,
 Whose easy Temper, by good Nature mov'd,
 Does make him universally belov'd;
 He once pretended to a Share of Sense,
 But for that insolent, and bold Offence,
 The Council wisely banish'd him from thence;
 Who finding those Pretences ominous,
 Is grown, at length, as dull as one of us,
 Him make thy Friend, and if that Method fail,
 Prepare thee in these following Terms to rail.

May *Hewet's* Billet-doux successful prove,
 In tempting of her little *Grace* to Love;
 May *Anglesey* think Bribery a Sin,
 The Countess pull it out, when once put in;
 May *Arlington* his little Brat despise,
 And the no more the Name of Dutchess prize;
 May puzzling *Howard* live by Poetry,
 And *Cleveland* die for want of Letchery;
 May *Monmouth* quit his Int'rest in the Crown;
 May *Howard* never grin, nor *Nelly* frown;
 May *Betty Mackrell* cease to be a W——
 May Villain *Frank* —— *Mazarine* no more.

A LETTER

WORTHY SIR,

THO' wean'd from all those scandalous Delights,
 In which I gladly once mispent my Nights,
 And lewdly fool'd away my youthful Days,
 When regent *Punk* allow'd the Use of Plays,
 Weak Nature still prevails, and fain I'd hear
 What upstart *Fops* in *Julian's* Volumes are;

P O E M S

Whether the lisping Lord, who lately writ
 With many Words, and with so little Wit,
 Has found more Work for his correcting Friend,
 Who flyly laughs at what he seems to mend:
 What Vint'ners break, since Drunkennes has been
 Found Treason, above killing of the King;
 And Witneses for that are cherish'd more
 Than Oats or Bedloe ever were before.
 Fain wou'd I know who lines that nauseous B—tch,
 Whose filthier Mouth officiates for her Breech:
 Whether the Booby Wh—lp of kingly Race,
 Or the soft Earl, contented with Disgrace:
 And yet, methinks, 'tis strange, that any Son
 Shou'd rival *Rowly* there, beside his own.
 I'd hear whether the Wight with antick Pace,
 Imbroider'd Coat, and antiquated Face,
 Changing his *Hebrew* for a warlike Cant,
 Still meets the *Queen Street* lewd Inhabitant.
 But above all, I gladly wou'd here tell
 Some Passages of that most decent Ball,
 Where *Irish 'Squire* so cunningly contriv'd,
 At his own Charge to have his Lady —;
 We're told how Virgins bright, and Gallants brave,
 Marshall'd by Bawds, most infamously grave;
 But we don't hear of whose Commodity
 The lustful b—ggering *Jew* thought fit to buy;
 Who ogl'd who, or how the prudent Maid
 Cou'd brook the Man her Sister so betray'd.

RIDDLE ME, RIDDLE ME

A Load of Guts, wrapt in a fallow Skin,
 Fulsome without, and ten Times worse within;
 Just Wit enough for her appointed Ends,
 And Truth to cheat all those she calls her Friends;
 Even *Monmouth* is by this false Wight betray'd,
 A rank, o'er-ridden Jade, yet still a Maid.

P O E M S

A PERT IMITATION OF THE FLATTERERS OF FATE

ALL the World can't afford,
 Such a B——ch as *Moll Howard*,
 She procures for my Lady, and lies with my Lord;
 If this she deny,
 'Tis Time she shou'd die,
 For she's able to Bawd for a whole Council Board.

A LETTER FROM THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH TO THE K——

DISGRAC'D, undone, forlorn, made Fortune's Sport,
 Banish'd the Kingdom first, and then the Court;
 Out of my Place turn'd forth, and out of Doors,
 And made the meanest of your Sons of Wh—res,
 The Scene of Laughter, and the common Chats
 Of your salt Bitches, and your other Brats,
 Forc'd to a private Life, to Whore and Drink,
 On my past Grandeur, and my Folly think.
 Wou'd I had been the Brat of some mean drab,
 Whom Fear and Shame had Cause to choak and stab,
 Rather than be the Issue of a King,
 And by him made so wretched, scorn'd a Thing!
 What little Cause has Mankind to be Proud
 Of Honours, Birth, the Idol of the Crowd!
 Have I abroad, in Battles, Honour won,
 To be at home, ingloriously undone,
 Mock'd with a Star and Garter, and made fine
 With all those Trifles, once call'd mine?
 Your Hobby-horse, and your meer Toy of State,
 And now become the Object of your Hate?—
 But D—mn me, Sir, I'll be Legitimate.

ROCHESTER'S *FAREWELL*, 1680

TIR'D with the noysom Follies of the Age,
 And weary of my part, I quite the Stage;
 For who in Life's dull Farce a part would bear,
 Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all the head Actors are?

P O E M S

Long I with charitable Malice strove,
 Lashing the Court, those Vermin to remove,
 But thriving Vice under the Rod still grew,
 As aged Letchers whipp'd, their Lust renew;
 Yet though my Life hath unsuccessfull been,
 (For who can this *Augæan* Stable clean)
 My gen'rous end I will pursue in Death,
 And at Mankind rail with my parting breath.
 First then, the *Tangier* Bullies must appear,
 With open Bravery, and dissembled Fear:
*Mulg[rav]*e their Head; but Gen'ral have a care,
 Though skill'd in all those Arts that cheat the fair,
 The undiscerning and Impartial *Moor*,
 Spares not the Lover on the Ladies score.
 Think how many perish by one fatal shot,
 The Conquests all thy Ogling ever got.
 Think then (as I presume you do) how all
 The English Beauties will lament your fall;
 Scarce will there greater Grief pierce ev'ry heart,
 Should Sir *George Hewit* of Sir *Carr* depart.
 Had it not better been, than thus to roam,
 To stay and tie the Cravat-string at home?
 To strut, look big, shake Pantaloon, and swear
 With *Hewit*, *damme*, there's no Action there!
 Had'st thou no Friend that would to *Rowly* write,
 To hinder this thy eagerness to fight?
 That without danger thou a Brave might'st be,
 As sure to be deny'd as *Shrews[bur]*y.
 This sure the Ladies had not fail'd to do,
 But who such Courage could suspect in you?
 For say, what reason could with you prevail,
 To change Embroider'd Coat for Coat of Mail?
 Let *Plim[our]*h, or let *Mord[aun]*t go, whom Fate
 Has made not valiant but desperate.
 For who would not be weary of his Life,
 Who's lost his Money, or has got a Wife?
 To the more tolerable Alcaid of *Alcazzer*,
 One flies from's creditors, the other from *Frazier*;
 'Twere cruelty to make too sharp Remarks,
 On all the little, forward, fighting Sparks;
 Only poor *Charles* I can't but pity thee,
 When all the pert young Volunteers I see.
 Those Chits in War, who as much Mirth create,

P O E M S

As the Pair Royal of the Chits of State:
 Their Names shall equal or exceed in Story,
 Chit *Sund[erlan]d*, Chit *Godo[lphi]n*, and Chit *L[or]y*.
 When thou let'st *Plim[ou]t* go 'twas such a jest,
 As when the Brother made the same request;
 Had *Rich[mon]d* but got leave as well as he,
 The Jest had been compleat and worthy thee.
 Well since he must, he'll to *Tangier* advance
 It is resolv'd, but first let's have a Dance.
 First, at her Highness Ball he must appear,
 And in a parting Country Dance, learn there
 With Drum and Fife to make a Jigg of War;
 What is of Soldier seen in all the heap,
 Besides the flutt'ring Feather in the Cap,
 The Scarf, and Yard or two of Scarlet Cloath,
 From Gen'ral *Mulg[rav]e* down to little *Wroth*?
 But now they're all embark'd and curse their Fate,
 Curse *Charles* that gave them leave, and much more *Kate*,
 Who then *Tangier* to *England* and the King
 No greater Plague, besides her self could bring;
 And with the Moors, since now their hand was in,
 As they have got her Portion, had the Queen.
 There leave we them, and back to *England* come,
 Where-by the wiser Sparks that stay at home,
 In safe Ideas by their fancy form'd,
Tangier (like *Mastrich*) is at *Windsor* storm'd.
 But now we talked of *Mastrich*, where is he,
 Fam'd for that brutal piece of Bravery?
 He with his thick impenetrable Skull,
 The solid, hard'ned Armour of a Fool:
 Well might himself to all Wars ill expose,
 Who (come what will yet) had no Brains to lose:
 Yet this is he, the dull unthinking he,
 Who must (forsooth) our future Monarch be,
 This Fool by Fools (*Armstrong* and *Ver[no]n*) led,
 Dreams that a Crown will drop upon his head,
 By great example, he this Path doth tread,
 Following such senseless Asses up and down,
 (For *Saul* fought Asses when he found a Crown)
 But Roffe is risen as *Samuel* at his call,
 To tell that God hath left th'ambitious *Saul*.
 Never (says Heaven) shall the blushing Sun,
 See *Proger's* Bastard fill the Regal Throne.

P O E M S

So Heaven says, but *Bran[do]n* says he shall,
 But who e'er he protects is sure to fall.
 Who can more certain of Destruction be,
 Than he that trusts to such a Rogue as he?
 What good can come from him who *York* forsook,
 T'espouse the Interest of this booby Duke?
 But who the best of Masters could desert,
 Is the most fit to take a Traytor's part.
 Ungrateful! This thy Master-piece of sin
 Exceeds ev'n that with which thou didst begin.
 Thou great Proficient in the Trade of Hell,
 Whose latter Crimes still do thy first excell:
 The very top of Villainy we seize,
 By steps in order, and by just degrees.
 None e'er was perfect Villain in one day,
 The murder'd Boy to Treason led the way;
 But when degrees of Villainy we name,
 How can we chuse but think on *Buck[ingha]m*?
 He who through all of them hath boldly ran,
 Left ne'er a Law unbroke of God or Man.
 His treasured Sins of Supererogation,
 Swell to a sum enough to damn a Nation:
 But he must here, *per* force, be let alone,
 His acts require a Volume of their own:
 Where rank'd in dreadful order shall appear,
 All his Exploits from *Shrews[bur]y* to *Le Meer*.
 But stay, methinks I on a sudden find,
 My Pen to treat of th'other Sex inclin'd:
 But where in all this choice shall I begin?
 Where but with the renowned *Mazarine*?
 For all the Bawds the Court's rank Soil doth bear,
 And Bawds and Statesmen grow in plenty there,
 To thee submit and yield, should we be just,
 To thy experienc'd and well-travell'd Lust:
 Thy well-known Merits claim that thou should'st be,
 First in the Glorious Roll of Infamy.
 To thee they all give place, and Homage pay,
 Do all thy Letcherous Decrees obey;
 (Thou Queen of Lust, thy Bawdy Subjects they.)
 While *Suffex*, *Brughill*, *Betty Felton* come,
 Thy Whores of Honour, to attend thy Throne;
 For what proud Strumpet e'er could merit more,
 Than be Anointed the Imperial Whore?

P O E M S

For tell me in all *Europe*, where's the part,
 That is not conscious of thy Lewd desert.
 The great *Pelean* Youth, whose Conquests run
 O'er all the World, and travell'd with the Sun,
 Made not his Valour in more Nations known,
 Than thou thy Lust, thy matchles Lust have shown.
 All Climes, all Countries do with Tribute come,
 (Thou World of Lewdness) to thy boundless Womb:
 Thou Sea of Lust, that never ebb dost know,
 Whither the Rivers of all Nations flow.
 Lewd *Messaline* was but a Tipe of thee,
 Thou highest, last degree of Letchery:
 For in all Ages, except her and you,
 Who ever sinn'd so high and stooped so low?
 She to the Imperial Bed each Night did use,
 To bring the stink of the exhausted Stews;
 Tir'd (but not satisfy'd) with Man did come,
 Drunk with abundant Lust, and reeling home.
 But thou to our admiring Age dost show
 More sin than innocent *Rome* did ever know;
 And having all her Lewdnesses out-ran,
 Takes up with Devil, having tir'd Man:
 For what is else that loathsome ugly Black,
 Which you and *Suffex* in your Arms do take?
 Nor does Old Age, which now rides on so fast,
 Makes thee come short of all thy Lewdness past:
 Though on thy Head, Grey Hairs, like *Etna's* Snow
 Are shed, thou'rt Fire and Brimstone all below.
 Thou monstrous thing, in whom at once does rage
 The Flames of Youth, and Impotence of Age.
 My Lady Dutchess takes the second place,
 Proud with thy favour and peculiar grace;
 Ev'n she with all her Piety and Zeal,
 The hotter flames that burn in thee does feel.
 Thou dost into her kindling Breast inspire,
 The lustful Seeds of thy contagious fire;
 So well the Spirit and the Flesh agree,
 Lust and Devotion, Zeal and Letchery.
 Of what Important use Religion's made,
 By those who wisely drive the cheating Trade;
 As Wines prohibited securely pass,
 Changing the Name of their own native Place.
 So Vice grows safe, drefs'd in Devotion's Name,

P O E M S

Unquestion'd by the Custom-house of Fame:
 Where ever too much Sanctity you see,
 Be more suspicious of hid Villany?
 Whose'ever's Zeal is than his Neighbours more,
 If Man suspect him Rogue, if Woman Whore:
 And such a thing art thou religious Pride,
 So very Lew'd, and yet so sanctify'd.
 Let now the Dutcheſs take no further care,
 Of numerous Stallions, let her not despair,
 Since her indulgent Stars so kind have been,
 To send her *Bromley*, *H——* and *Mazarine*;
 This last doth banish'd *Monmouth's* place supply,
 And Wit supplanted is by Letchery.

For *Monmouth* he had Parts, and Wit, and Sense,
 To all which *Mazarine* had no pretence;
 A proof that since such things as she prevail,
 Her Highness Head is lighter than her Tail.
 But stay, I *Portsmouth* almost had forgot,
 The common Theam of ev'ry rhiming Sot;
 She'll after railing make us laugh a while,
 For at her Folly who can chuse but smile?
 While them who always flight her, great she makes,
 And so much pains to be despis'd she takes.
 Goes fauntring with her Highness up to Town,
 To an old Play, and in the dark comes down;
 Still makes her Court to her as to the Queen,
 But still is Justled out by *Mazarine*.
 So much more Worthy a kind Bawd is thought,
 Than even she who her from Exile brought.
 O *Portsmouth*, foolish *Portsmouth*! Not to take
 The offer the great *Sun[derlan]*d did make.
 When cringing at thy Feet; e'en *Monmouth* bow'd,
 The Golden Calf, that's worshipp'd by the Crowd.
 But thou for *York*, who now despises thee,
 To leave both him and pow'rful *Shaftesbury*.
 If this is all the Policy you know,
 This all the skill in States you boast of so.
 How wisely did thy Countreys Laws ordain,
 Never to let the foolish Women reign,
 But what must we expect, who daily see
 Unthinking *Charles* rul'd by Unthinking thee?

ALEXANDER BENDO'S
ADVERTISMENT

In 1676, the Earl of Rochester was banished from Whitehall for a libel which he had written against the King. During the time of his exile he disguised himself as an astrologer; his fame ran through the town so swiftly that men and women of every class flocked to him for advice. The story is told more fully in the Introduction. His Advertisement, reprinted here, was originally issued as a broadside circular.

ALEXANDER BENDO'S

Advertisement

TO ALL GENTLEMEN, LADIES, AND OTHERS,
WHETHER OF CITY, TOWN, OR COUNTRY,

ALEXANDER BENDO

Wisheth all Health and Prosperity.

WHEREAS this Famous *Metropolis* of *England*, (and were the Endeavours of its worthy Inhabitants equal to their Power, Merit, and Vertue, I should not stick to denounce it, in a short time, the *Metropolis* of the whole *World*)—Whereas this City (as most Great Ones are) has ever been infested with a numerous Company of such, whose Arrogant Confidence, backing their Ignorance, has enabled them to impose upon the People, either premeditated Cheats, or at best, the palpable, dull, and empty Mistakes of their self-deluded Imaginations in Physick, Chymical, and Galenick, in Astrology, Physiognomy, Palmestry, Mathematicks, Alchymy, and even in Government it self; the last of which, I will not propose to Discourse of, or meddle at all in, since it no ways belongs to my Trade or Vocation, as the rest do; which (thanks to my God) I find much more safe, I think equally Honest, and therefore more Profitable: But as to all the former, they have been so erroneously practis'd by many unlearned Wretches, whom Poverty and Neediness for the most part, (if not the restless Itch of Deceiving) has forc'd to straggle and wander in unknown Paths, that even the Professions themselves, though originally the Products of the most Wise Men's Laborious Studies and Experiences,

A. BENDO'S ADVERTISEMENT

and by them, left a wealthy and glorious Inheritance for Ages to come, seem by this Bastard-Race of Quacks and Cheats, to have been run out of all Wisdom, Learning, Perspicuousness, and Truth, with which they were so plentifully stock'd, and now run into a Repute of meer Mists, Imaginations, Errours, and Deceits, such as in the Management of these idle Professors indeed they were.

You will therefore (I hope) *Gentlemen, Ladies, and Others*, deem it but just; that I, who for some Years have with all Faithfulness and Assiduity, courted these Arts, and received such signal Favours from them; that they have admitted me to the happy and full enjoyment of themselves, and trusted me with their greatest Secrets; shou'd with an Earnestness and Concern more than ordinary, take their parts against those impudent Fops, whose saucy, impertinent Addresses and Pretensions have brought such Scandal upon their most immaculate Honours and Reputations.

Besides, I hope you will not think I could be so impudent, that if I had intended any such foul play my self, I would have giv'n you so fair warning by my severe Observations upon others. *Qui alterum incusat probri, ipsum se intueri oportet*, (Plaut). However, *Gentlemen*, in a World like this (where Vertue is so exactly counterfeited, and Hypocrisie so generally taken notice of, that every one, arm'd with Suspicions, stands upon his Guard against it) 'twill be very hard for a Stranger especially to escape a Censure.

All I shall say for my self on this score, is this: If I appear to any one like a Counterfeit, ev'n for the sake of that chiefly, ought I to be construed a true Man, who is the Counterfeits Example, his Original, and that which he employs his Industry and Pains to imitate and copy: Is it therefore my fault, if the Cheat by his Wits and Endeavours makes himself so like me, that consequently I cannot avoid resembling of him? Consider, pray, the Valiant and the Coward; the wealthy Merchant, and the Bankrupt; the Politician, and the Fool; they are the same in many things, and differ in but *one* alone. The Valiant Man holds up his Head, looks confidently round about him, wears a Sword, courts a Lord's Wife, and owns it: So does the Coward, one only point of Honour, and that's Courage, (which, like false Metal, one only trial can discover) makes the distinction.

The Bankrupt walks the *Exchange*, buys Bargains, draws Bills, and accepts them with the richest, whilst Paper and Credit are current Coin: That which makes the difference, is real Cash, a great Defect indeed, and yet but one, and that the last found out, and still then the least perceived.

Now for the Politician, he is a grave, deliberating, close, prying Man: Pray, are there not grave, deliberating, close prying Fools? If then the difference betwixt all these (though infinite in effect) be so nice in all appearance, will you expect it should be otherwise betwixt the false Physician, Astrologer, &c. and the true? The first calls himself Learned Doctor, sends forth his Bills, gives Physick, and Counsel, tells, and fore-

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tels; the other is bound to do just as much; 'tis only your Experience must distinguish betwixt them; to which I willingly submit my self: I'll only say something to the Honour of the Mountebank, in case you discover me to be one.

Reflect a little what kind of Creature 'tis: He is one then who is fain to supply some higher Ability he pretends to, with Craft: He draws great Companies to him, by undertaking strange things which can never be effected.

The Politician (by his Example, no doubt) finding how the people are taken with specious, miraculous Impossibilities, plays the same Game, protests, declares, promises I know not what things, which he's sure can ne'er be brought about: The people believe, are deluded, and pleased, the expectation of a future good, which shall never befall them, draws their eyes off of a present evil. Thus are *They* kept and establish'd in Subjection, Peace, and Obedience; *He* in Greatness, Wealth, and Power: So you see the *Politician* is, and must be a *Mountebank* in State Affairs, and the *Mountebank* (no doubt if he thrives) is an arrant *Politician* in Physick.

But, that I may not prove too tedious, I will proceed faithfully to inform you, what are the Things in which I pretend chiefly at this time to serve my Country.

First, I will, by the leave of God, perfectly cure that *Labes Brittanica*, or Grand *English* Disease, the *Scurvy*, and that with such ease to my *Patient*, that he shall not be sensible of the least Inconvenience whilst I steal his Distemper from him; I know there are many who treat this Disease with *Mercury*, *Antimony*, *Spirits*, and *Salts*, being dangerous Remedies, in which I shall meddle very little, and with great Caution, but by more secure, gentle, and less fallible Medicines, together with the Observation of some few Rules in Diet, perfectly cure the *Patient*, having freed him from all the Symptoms, as looseness of the Teeth, Scorbutick Spots, want of Appetite, pains and lassitude in the Limbs and Joints, especially the Legs. And, to say truth, there are few Distempers in this Nation that are not, or at least proceed not, originally from the *Scurvy*; which were it well rooted out (as I make no question to do it of all those who shall come into my hands) there would not be heard of so many Gouts, Aches, Dropsies, and Consumptions: Nay, ev'n those thick and slimy Humors which generate Stones in the Kidneys, and Bladder, are for the most part Offsprings of the *Scurvy*. It would prove tedious to set down all its malignant Race; but those who address themselves here, shall be still informed by me in the Natures of their Distempers, and the grounds I proceed upon to their cure: So will all reasonable people be satisfied, that I treat them with Care, Honesty, and Understanding; for I am not of their Opinion, who en-

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deavour to render their Vocations rather mysterious, than useful and satisfactory.

I will not here make a Catalogue of Diseases and Distempers; it behoves a *Physician* I am sure to understand them all: But if any one come to me (as I think there are very few have escaped my *Practice*) I shall not be ashamed to own to my *Patient*, where I find my self to seek, and at least he shall be secure with me from having Experiments tried upon him: a privilege he can never hope to enjoy, either in the hands of the Grand Doctors of the Court and Town, or in those of the lesser Quacks and Mountebanks. It is thought fit, that I assure you of great Secrecie as well as Care in Diseases, where it is requisite, whether Venereal, or other; as some peculiar to Women, the Green-Sickness, Weaknesses, Inflammations, or Obstructions in the Stomach, Reins, Liver, Spleen, &c. (For I would put no Word in my Bill that bears any unclean found; it is enough that I make my self understood; I have seen Physicians Bills as bawdy, as *Aretine's* Dialogues; which no Man that walks warily before God can approve of.) But I cure all Suffocations in those Parts producing Fits of the Mother, Convulsions, Nocturnal Inquietudes, and other strange Accidents, not fit to be set down here, perswading young Women very often that their *Hearts* are like to break for Love, when God knows the Distemper lies far enough from that place.

Likewise Barrenness (proceeding from any accidental Cause, as it often falls out, and no natural Defect; for Nature is easily assisted, difficultly restored, but impossible to be made more perfect by Man, than God Himself had at first created and bestowed it). Cures of this kind I have done signal and many, for the which I doubt not but I have the good Wishes and hearty Prayers of many Families, who had else pin'd out their Days under the deplorable and reproachful Misfortunes of Barren Wombs, leaving plentiful Estates and Possessions, to be inherited by Strangers.

As to Astrological Predictions, Physiognomy, Divination by Dreams, and otherwise (Palmestry I have not faith in, because there can be no reason be alledg'd for it) my own Experience has convinc'd me more of their considerable Effects, and marvellous Operations, chiefly in the directions of future Proceedings, to the avoiding of Dangers that threaten, and laying hold of Advantages that might offer themselves.

I say, my own Practice has convinc'd me more, than all the Sage and Wise Writings, extant of those Matters: For I might say this for my self (did it not look like Ostentation) that I have very seldom failed in my Predictions, and often been very serviceable in my Advice; how far I am capable in this way, I am sure is not fit to be delivered in Print.

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Those who have no Opinion of the Truth of this Art, will not, I suppose, come to me about it; such as have, I make no question of giving them ample satisfaction.

Nor will I be ashamed to set down here, my Willingness to practise rare Secrets, (though somewhat collateral to my Profession) for the Help, Conservation, and Augmentation of Beauty and Comeliness: A thing created at first by God, chiefly for the Glory of his own Name, and then for the better establishment of mutual Love between Man and Woman: God had bestowed on Man the Power of Strength and Wisdom, and thereby rendered Woman liable to the Subjection of his absolute Will: it seem'd but requisite, that she should be indued likewise in recompence, with some Quality, that might beget in him admiration of her, and so enforce his Tenderness and Love.

The knowledge of these Secrets, I gathered in my Travels abroad (where I have spent my time ever since I was Fifteen Years Old, to this my Nine and Twentieth Year) in *France*, and *Italy*: Those that have travelled in *Italy*, will tell you to what a Miracle Art does there assist Nature in the preservation of Beauty; how Women of Forty bear the same Countenance with those of Fifteen; Ages are no way distinguished by Faces, whereas here in *England*, look a Horse in the Mouth, and a Woman in the Face, you presently know both their Ages to a Year. I will therefore give you such Remedies, that without destroying your Complexion (as most of your Paints and Dawbings do) shall render them purely fair, clearing and preserving them from all Spots, Freckles, Heats, and Pimples, any Marks of the Small-Pox, or any other accidental ones, so the Face be not seam'd or scarr'd.

I will also preserve and cleanse your Teeth, white and round as Pearls, fastning them that are loose; your Gums shall be kept entire and red as Corral, your Lips of the same colour, and soft as you could wish your lawful Kisses.

I will likewise administer that which shall cure the worst of Breaths, provided the Lungs be not totally perish'd, and imposthumated; as also certain and infallible Remedies for those whose Breaths are yet untainted, so that nothing but either a very long Sicknes, or Old Age it self, shall ever be able to spoil them.

I will besides (if it be desired) take away from their Fatness who have over-much, and add Flesh to those that want it, without the least detriment to their Constitutions.

Now should *Galen* himself look out of his Grave, and tell me these were Bawbles below the Profession of a Physician, I would boldly answer him, that I take more Glory in preserving God's Image in its unblemish'd

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Beauty, upon one good Face, than I should do in patching up all the decay'd Carkasses in the World.

They that will do me the favour to come to me, shall be sure from Three of the Clock in the Afternoon, till Eight at Night, at my Lodgings in *Tower-Street*, next door to the sign of the *Black Swan*, at a *Goldsmith's* House, to find

Their Humble Servant,

ALEXANDER BENDO.

VALENTINIAN A TRAGEDY



Drammatis Perfonæ.

<i>Valentinian</i>	Emperor.
<i>Æcius</i>	The <i>Roman</i> General.
<i>Maximus</i>	Lieutenant General.
<i>Pontius</i>	A Captain.
<i>Licinius</i>	} Servants to th' Emperor.
<i>Balbus</i>	
<i>Proculus</i>	
<i>Chylax</i>	} An Eunuch belonging to <i>Maximus</i> .
<i>Lycias</i>	
<i>Lucina</i>	Wife to <i>Maximus</i> .
<i>Celandia</i>	} Ladies attending <i>Lucina</i> .
<i>Marcellina</i>	
<i>Ardellia</i>	} Lewd Women belonging to the Court.
<i>Phorba</i>	
<i>Phidias</i>	} Friends to <i>Æcius</i> , and Servants to the Emperor.
<i>Aretus</i>	

THE TRAGEDY OF VALENTINIAN

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

The Curtain flies up with the Musick of Trumpets and Kettle-Drums; and discovers the Emperor passing through to the Garden, Attended with a great Court. Æcius and Maximus stay behind.

Maximus. Æcius.

Max. Great is the Honour, which our Emperor
Does by his frequent Visits throw on *Maximus*;
Not less than thrice this Week has his Gay-Court,
With all its Splendor shin'd within my Walls:
Nor does this glorious Sun bestow his Beams
Upon a barren Soyl; My happy Wife,
Fruitful in Charms for *Valentinian's* Heart,
Crowns the soft Moments of each welcome Hour,
With such variety of successive Joys,
That Lost in Love, when the long Day is done,
He willingly would give his Empire up
For the Enjoyment of a Minute more,
While I——

Made glorious through the Merit of my Wife,
Am at the Court ador'd as much as She,
As if the vast Dominion of the World
He had Exchang'd with me for my *Lucina*.

Æcius. I rather wish he would Exchange his Passions,
Give you his Thirst of Love for yours of Honour.
And leaving you the due possession
Of your just Wishes in *Lucina's* Arms,
Think how he may by force of Worth and Virtue,
Maintain the Right of his Imperial Crown,

Which he neglects for Garlands made of Roses;
 Whilst, in disdain of his ill-guided Youth,
 Whole Provinces fall off, and scorn to have
 Him for their Prince, who is his Pleasures Slave.
Max. I cannot blame the Nations, Noble Friend,
 For falling off so fast from this wild man,
 When, under our Allegiance be it spoken,
 And the most happy Tye of our Affections,
 The whole World groans beneath him: By the Gods,
 I'd rather be a Bondslave to his Panders,
 Constrain'd by Power to serve their vicious Wills,
 Than bear the Infamy of being held
 A Favourite to this foul flatter'd Tyrant.
 Where lives Vertue,
 Honour, Discretion, Wisdom? Who are call'd
 And chosen to the steering of his Empire,
 But Whores and Bawds and Traitors! Oh my *Æcius*,
 The Glory of a Souldier, and the Truth
 Of men made up for Goodness sake, like shells
 Grow to the rugged Walls for want of Action,
 Only your happy self and I that love you,
 Which is a larger means to me than Favour——

Æcius. No more, my worthy Friend, tho' these be Truths,
 And tho' these Truths would ask a Reformation,
 At least a little Mending——Yet remember
 We are but Subjects, *Maximus*, Obedience
 To what is done, and Grief for what's ill done,
 Is all we can call Ours; The Hearts of Princes
 Are like the Temples of the Gods: pure Incense,
 (Till some unhallow'd Hands defile their Offerings,)
 Burns ever there. We must not put 'em out
 Because the Priests, who touch these Sweets are wicked.
 We dare not, Dearest Friend; Nay more, we cannot
 (While we consider whose we are, and how,
 To what Laws bound, much more to what Lawgiver,)
 While Majesty is made to be obey'd;
 And not enquir'd into.

Max. Thou best of Friends and Men, whose wise instructions
 Are not less charitable, weigh but thus much,
 Nor think I speak it with Ambition,
 For by the Gods I do not. Why my *Æcius*,
 Why are we thus? or how become thus wretched?

Æcius. You'll fall again into your Fit.

VALENTINIAN

Max. I will not,
Or are we now no more the Sons of *Romans*,
No more the followers of their mighty Fortunes?
But conquer'd *Gauls*, And Quivers for the *Parthians*:
Why is the Emperor, this Man we honour,
This God that ought to be——

Æcius. You are too curious.

Max. Give me leave,——Why is this Author of us?

Æcius. I dare not hear you speak thus.

Max. I'll be modest,

Thus led away, thus vainly led away,
And we beholders! Misconceive me not,
I sow no Danger in my Words; but wherefore
And to what end are we the Sons of Fathers
Famous and fast to *Rome*? Why are their Virtues
Stamp'd in the Dangers of a thousand Battels,
Their Honours Time out-daring?——
I think for our Example.

Æcius. You speak well.

Max. Why are we Seeds of those then to shake hands
With Bawds and base Informers? Kifs Discredit,
And Court her like a Mistress? Pray your leave yet,
You'll say th'Emperor's young, and apt to take
Impression from his Pleasures,
Yet even his Errors have their good Effects,
For the same gentle temper which inclines
His Mind to Softness, does his Heart defend
From savage thoughts of Cruelty and Blood,
Which throu' the streets of *Rome* in streams did flow
From Hearts of Senators under the Reigns
Of our feverer Warlike Emperors!
While under this scarcely one Criminal
Meets the hard Sentence of the dooming Law,
And the whole World dissolv'd into a Peace,
Owes its Security to this Man's Pleasures;
But *Æcius*——be sincere, do not defend
Actions and Principles your Soul abhors.
You know this Virtue is his greatest Vice:
Impunity is the highest Tyranny:
And what the fawning Court miscals his Pleasures,
Exceeds the Moderation of a Man:
Nay to say justly, Friend, they are loath'd Vices,
And such as shake our Worths with Foreign Nations.

VALENTINIAN

Æcius. You search the Sore too deep; and let me tell you
 In any Other man, this had been Treason;
 And so rewarded: Pray depreſs your Spirit;
 For tho' I conſtantly believe you honeſt,
 (You were no Friend for me elſe); and what now
 You freely ſpeak, But good you owe to the Empire,
 Yet take heed, Worthy *Maximus*, all Ears
 Hear not with that diſtinction mine do, few you'll find
 Admoniſhers, but Urgers of your Actions,
 And to the Heavieſt (Friend) and pray conſider
 We are but Shadows, Motions others give us,
 And tho' our Pities may become the Times,
 Our Powers cannot, nor may we juſtifie
 Our private Jealouſies, by open Force;
 Wiſe or what Elſe to me it matters not,
 I am your Friend, but durſt my own Soul urge me,
 And by that Soul I ſpeak my juſt Affections,
 To turn my hand from Truth, which is Obedience,
 And give the Helm my Virtue holds, to Anger,
 Tho' I had both the Bleſſings of the *Bruti*
 And both their inſtigations, tho' my Cauſe
 Carry'd a Face of Juſtice beyond theirs,
 And as I am a Servant to my Fortunes,
 That daring Soul that firſt taught Diſobedience,
 Should feel the firſt Example.

Max. Miſtake me not my deareſt *Æcius*,
 Do not believe, that through mean Jealouſie
 How far th'Emperor's Paſſion may prevail
 On my *Lucina*'s thoughts to our Diſhonour,
 That I abhor the Perſon of my Prince,
 Alas! That Honour were a trivial Loſs
 Which ſhe and I want merit to preſerve;
 Virtue and *Maximus* are plac'd too near
Lucina's Heart, to leave him ſuch a fear;
 No private loſs or wrong, inflames my Spirits,
 The *Roman* Glory, *Æcius*, languiſhes;
 I am concern'd for *Rome*, and for the World,
 And when th'Emperor pleaſes to afford
 Time from his Pleaſures, to take care of thoſe,
 I am his Slave, and have a Sword and Life
 Still ready for his Service.

Æcius. Now you are brave,
 And like a *Roman* juſtly are concern'd:

VALENTINIAN

But say he be to blame. Are therefore we
Fit Fires to purge him? No, My Dearest Friend,
The Elephant is never won with Anger,
Nor must that man who would reclaim a Lion
Take him by the Teeth.

Our honest Actions, and the Truth that breaks
Like Morning from our Service chaste and blushing,
Is that that pulls a Prince back, then he sees
And not till then truly repents his Errors.

Max. My Heart agrees with yours: I'll take your Council,
The Emperor appears; let us withdraw
And as We both do love him, may he flourish.

Exeunt.

Enter Valentinian and Lucina.

Val. Which way, *Lucina*, hope you to escape
The Censures both of Tyrannous and Proud,
While your Admirers languish'd by your Eyes
And at your feet an Emperor despairs!
Gods! Why was I mark'd out of all your Brood
To suffer tamely under mortal hate?
Is it not I that do protect your Shrines?
Am Author of your Sacrifice and Pray'rs?
Forc'd by whose great Commands the knowing World
Submits to own your Beings and your Power.
And must I feel the Torments of Neglect?
Betray'd by Love to be the Slave of Scorn?
But 'tis not you, Poor harmless Deities,
That can make *Valentinian* sigh and mourn!
Alas! All Power is in *Lucina's* Eyes!
How soon could I shake off this heavy Earth
Which makes me little lower than your selves,
And sit in Heaven an Equal with the first;
But Love bids me pursue a Nobler Aim.
Continue Mortal, and *Lucina's* Slave,
From whose fair Eyes, would pity take my part,
And bend her Will to save a bleeding Heart,
I in Her Arms such Blessings shou'd obtain,
For which th'unenvy'd Gods might wish in vain.

Lucin. Ah! Cease to tempt those Gods and Virtue too!
Great Emperor of the World and Lord of me!
Heaven has my Life submitted to your Will!
My Honour's Heav'ns, which will preserve its own.
How vile a thing am I when that is gone!

VALENTINIAN

When of my Honour you have rifl'd me,
 What other Merit have I to be yours?
 With my fair Fame let me your Subject live,
 And save that Humbleness you smile upon,
 Those Gracious Looks, whose brightness thou'd rejoice,
 Make your poor Handmaid tremble when she thinks
 That they appear like Lightning's fatal Flash,
 Which by destructive Thunder is persu'd,
 Blasting those Fields on which it shin'd before!
 And thou'd the Gods abandon worthless Me
 A Sacrifice to shame and to dishonour,
 A Plague to *Rome*, and Blot to *Cæsar's* Fame!
 For what Crime yet unknown shall *Maximus*
 By Me and *Cæsar* be made infamous?
 The faithfull'st Servant, and the kindest Lord!
 So true, so brave, so gen'rous, and so just,
 Who ne'er knew fault: Why thou'd he fall to Shame?

Val. Sweet Innocence! Alas! Your *Maximus*
 (Whom I, like you, esteem!) is in no Danger
 If Duty and Allegiance be no shame!
 Have I not Prætors through the spacious Earth
 Who in my Name do mighty Nations sway?
 Enjoying rich Dominions in my Right;
 Their Temporary Governments I change,
 Divide or take away, as I see good;
 And this they think no Injury nor Shame;
 Can you believe your Husband's Right to you
 Other than what from me he does derive?
 Who justly may recall my own at pleasure;
 Am I not Emperor? This World my own?
 Given me without a Partner by the Gods?
 And shall those Gods who gave me all, allow
 That one less than my self should have a Claim
 To you, the Pride and Glory of the whole?
 You, without whom the rest is worthless dross,
 Life a base Slavery, Empire but a Mock,
 And Love, the Soul of all, a bitter Curse!
 No, only Blessing, *Maximus* and I
 Must change our Provinces; the World shall bow
 Beneath my Scepter, grasp'd in his strong hand
 Whose Valour may reduce rebellious Slaves,
 And wise Integrity secure the rest:
 In all those Rights the Gods to me have given;

VALENTINIAN

While I from tedious Toils of Empire free,
The fervile Pride of Government despise!
Find Peace and Joy, and Love and Heav'n in Thee,
And seek for all my Glory in those Eyes.

Lucina. Had Heav'n design'd for me so great a Fate
As *Cæsar's* Love I shou'd have been preserv'd,
By careful Providence for Him alone,
Not offer'd up at first to *Maximus*;
For Princes should not mingle with their Slaves,
Nor seek to quench their Thirst in troubled streams.
Nor am I fram'd with thoughts fit for a Throne.
To be commanded still has been my Joy;
And to obey the height of my Ambition.
When young in Anxious Cares I spent the Day,
Trembling for fear lest each unguided step
Should tread the paths of Error and of Blame:
Till Heav'n in gentle pity sent my Lord,
In whose Commands my Wishes meet their end,
Pleas'd and secure while following his Will;
Whether to live or die I cannot err.
You like the Sun, Great Sir, are plac'd above,
I, a low Mirtle, in the humble Vale,
May flourish by your distant influence;
But should you bend your Glories nearer me,
Such fatal Favour withers me to dust—
Or I in foolish gratitude desire
To kiss your feet, by whom we live and grow,
To such a height I should in vain aspire,
Who am already rooted here below
Fixt in my *Maximus's* Breast I lie!
Torn from that Bed, like gather'd Flow'rs, I die.

Val. Cease to oppress me with a thousand Charms!
There needs no succour to prevailing Arms!
Your Beauty had subdu'd my Heart before,
Such Virtue could alone enslave me more:
If you love *Maximus* to this degree,
How would you be in Love, Did you love Me?
In Her, who to a Husband is so kind,
What Raptures might a Lover hope to find?
I burn, *Lucina*, like a Field of Corn
By flowing streams of kindled Flames ore-born
When North-winds drive the Torrent with a storm;
These Fires into my Bosom you have thrown,

VALENTINIAN

And must in pity quench 'em in your own:
Heav'n, when it gave your Eyes th'Inflaming pow'r
Which was ordain'd to cast an Emperor
Into Loves Feaver, kindly did impart
That Sea of Milk to bathe his burning Heart.
Throu' all those Joys—

[*Lays hold on Her.*]

Lucina. Hold, Sir, for Mercy's sake—
Love will abhor whatever Force can take.
I may perhaps persuade my self in time
That this is Duty which now seems a Crime;
I'll to the Gods and begg they will inspire
My Breaft or Yours with what it shou'd desire.

Val. Fly to their Altars strait, and let 'em know
Now is their time to make me Friend or Foe,
If to my Wifhes they your Heart incline,
Or th'are no longer Favourites of mine.
Ho *Chylax, Proculus?*

[*Exit Lucina.*]

Enter Chylax, Proculus, Balbus and Lycin.

As ever you do hope to be by me
Protected in your boundless Infamy,
For Diffoluteness cherish'd, lov'd and prais'd
On Pyramids of your own Vices rais'd,
Above the reach of Law, Reproof or Shame,
Assist me now to quench my raging Flame.
'Tis not as heretofore a Lambent Fire,
Rais'd by some common Beauty in my Breaft,
Vapours from Idleness or loose Desire,
By each new Motion easily suppress'd,
But a fixt Heat that robs me of all rest.
Before my Dazled Eyes cou'd you now place
A thousand willing Beauties to allure
And give me Lust for every loose Embrace,
Lucina's Love my Virtue would secure;
From the contagious Charm in vain I fly,
'T has seiz'd upon my Heart, and may defie
That great Preservative Variety!
Go, call your Wives to Council, and prepare
To tempt, dissemble, promise, fawn and swear,
To make Faith look like Folly use your skill,
Virtue an ill-bred Crossness in the Will,
Fame, the loose breathings of a Clamorous Crowd—
Ever in Lies most confident and loud!

VALENTINIAN

Honour a Notion! Piety a Cheat!

And if you prove successful Bawds, be great.

Chy. All hind'rance to your hopes we'll soon remove,
And clear the Way to your triumphant Love.

Bal. *Lucina* for your Wishes we'll prepare,
And shew we know to merit what we are.

Val. Once more the pow'r of Vows and Tears I'll prove,
These may perhaps her gentle Nature move,
To Pity first, by consequence to Love.

Poor are the Brutal Conquests we obtain
Ore Barb'rous Nations by the force of Arms,
But when with humble Love a Heart we gain,
And plant our Trophies on our Conqu'rors Charms,

[*Exeunt.*

}

Enter Æcius.

Such Triumphs ev'n to us may honour bring;
No Glory's vain, which does from Pleasure spring:
How now *Æcius*! Are the Souldiers quiet?

Æcius. Better I hope, Sir, than they were.

Val. Th'are pleas'd I hear
To censure me extreemly for my Pleasures;
Shortly they'll fight against me.

Æcius. Gods defend, Sir. And for their Cenfures they are
Such shrewd Judges,
A Donative of ten Sexterces
'I undertake shall make 'em ring your Praifes
More than they sung your Pleasures.

Val. I believe thee!
Art thou in Love *Æcius* yet?

Æcius. Oh no, Sir, I am too coarse for Ladies, my Embraces,
That only am acquainted with Allarms,
Would break their tender Bodies.

Val. Never fear it.
They are stronger than you think——
The Empress swears thou art a Lusty Souldier,
A good one I believe thee.

Æcius. All that Goodness is but your Creature, Sir.

Val. But tell me truly,
Or thou dar'ft tell me—

Æcius. Any thing concerns you
That's fit for me to speak, or you to pardon.

Val. What say the Souldiers of me? And the same Words,

VALENTINIAN

Mince 'em not, good *Æcius*, But deliver
The very Forms and Tongues they talk withal.

Æcius. I'll tell you, Sir; but with this Caution
You be not stirr'd: For should the Gods live with us,
Even those we certainly believe are righteous,
Give 'em but Drink, They'd censure them too.

Val. Forward!

Æcius. Then to begin, They say you sleep too much,
By which they judge you, Sir, too sensual:
Apt to decline your strength to ease and pleasure:
And when you do not sleep, you drink too much;
From which they fear Suspitions first, then Ruine,
And when you neither drink nor sleep you guess, Sir,
Which they affirm first breaks your Understanding,
Then dulls the edge of Honour, makes them seem
That are the Ribs and Rampires of the Empire,
Fencers and beaten Fools, and so regarded:
But I believe 'em not: for were these Truths,
Your Virtue can correct them.

Val. They speak plainly.

Æcius. They say moreover, Sir, since you will have it;
For they will take their freedoms tho' the Sword
Were at their throats: That of late times like *Nero*,
And with the same forgetfulness of Glory,
You have got a vein of Fiddling: So they term it.

Val. Some drunken Dreamers, *Æcius*.

Æcius. So I hope, Sir.
They say besides, you nourish strange Devourers;
Fed with the Fat of the Empire, they call Bawds,
Lazy and lustful Creatures that abuse you.

Val. What Sin's next? for I perceive they have no mind
To spare me!

Æcius. Nor hurt you, on my Soul, Sir: but such people
(Nor can the pow'r of man restrain it)
When they are full of Meat, and Ease, must prate.

Val. Forward.

Æcius. I have spoken too much, Sir.

Val. I'll have all.

Æcius. It is not fit
Your Ears should hear their Vanities, no profit
Can justly arise to you from their Behaviour,
Unless you were guilty of these Crimes.

Val. It may be, I am so. Therefore forward.

VALENTINIAN

Æcius. I have ever learn'd to obey.

Val. No more Apologies.

Æcius. They grieve besides, Sir,
To see the Nations whom our ancient Virtue
With many a weary March and Hunger conquer'd
With loss of many a daring Life subdu'd
Fall from their fair Obedience, and ev'n murmur
To see the Warlike Eagles mew their Honours,
In obscure Towns, that us'd to prey on Princes,
They cry for Enemies, and tell the Captain
The Fruits of *Italy* are Luscious: Give us *Ægypt*,
Or sandy *Affrick* to display our Valours,
There, where our Swords may get us Meat and Dangers!
Digest our well-got Food, for here our Weapons
And Bodies that were made for shining Brafs,
Are both unedg'd and old with Ease and Women!
And then they cry again, Where are the *Germans*
Lin'd with hot *Spain* or *Gallia*? Bring 'em near:
And let the Son of War, steel'd *Mithridates*
Pour on us his wing'd *Parthians* like a storm:
Hiding the face of Heav'n with show'rs of Arrows;
Yet we dare fight like *Romans*; then as Souldiers
Tyr'd with a weary March, they tell their Wounds
Ev'n weeping ripe, they were no more nor deeper,
And glory in these Scars that make 'em lovely.
And sitting where a Camp was, like sad Pilgrims
They reckon up the Times and loading Labours
Of *Julius* or *Germanicus*, and wonder
That *Rome*, whose Turrets once were topt with Honour
Can now forget the Custom of her Conquests;
And then they blame you, Sir—And say, Who leads us?
Shall we stand here like Statues? Were our Fathers
The Sons of lazy *Moors*, our Princes *Persians*?
Nothing but Silk and Softness? Curfes on 'em
That first taught *Nero* Wantonness and Blood,
Tiberius Doubts, *Caligula* all Vices;
For from the spring of these succeeding Princes—
Thus they talk, Sir.

Val. Well!

Why do you hear these things?

Æcius. Why do you do 'em?

I take the Gods to witness with more sorrow

VALENTINIAN

And more vexation hear I thefe Reproaches
Than were my Life dropt from me through an Hour-Glaſs.

Val. 'Tis like then you believe 'em or at leaſt
Are glad they ſhould be ſo: Take heed—you were better
Build your own Tomb, and run into it living
Than dare a Prince's Anger.

Æcius. I am old, Sir:
And ten years more addition is but nothing:
Now if my Life be pleaſing to you, take it.
Upon my knees, if ever any Service
(As let me brag, ſome have been worthy notice!)
If ever any Worth or Truſt you gave me
Deſerv'd a Favour, Sir; If all my Actions
The hazards of my Youth, Colds, Burnings, Wants
For You and for the Empire be not Vices:
By the ſtile you have ſtampt upon me, Souldier!
Let me not fall into the Hands of Wretches.

Val. I underſtand you not.

Æcius. Let not this Body
That has look'd bravely in his Blood for *Cæſar*,
And covetous of Wounds, and for your ſafety,
After the ſcape of Swords, Spears, Slings and Arrows,
'Gainſt which my beaten Body was my Armor!
Throu' Seas, and thirſty Deſerts, now be purchace
For Slaves and baſe informers: I ſee Anger
And Death, look throu' your Eyes—I am markt for
Slaughter, and know the telling of this Truth has made Me,
A man clean loſt to this World—I embrace it,
Only my laſt Petition, Sacred *Cæſar*!
Is, I may die a *Roman*.——

Val. Riſe! my Friend ſtill,
And worthy of my Love: Reclaim the Souldiers!
I'll ſtudy to do ſo upon my ſelf.
Go—keep your Command and proſper.

Æcius. Life to *Cæſar*.——

Exit.

Val. The Honeſty of this *Æcius*,
Who is indeed the Bulwark of my Empire
Is to be cheriſht for the good it brings,
Not valu'd as a Merit in the Owner!
All Princes are Slaves bound up by Gratitude,
And Duty has no Claim beyond Acknowledgment
Which I'll pay *Æcius*, whom I ſtill have found
Dull, faithful, humble, vigilant and brave:

VALENTINIAN

Talents as I could wish 'em for my Slave:

But oh this Woman!—

Is it a Sin to love this lovely Woman?

No: She is such a Pleasure, being good;

That though I were a God, shee'd fire my Blood.

Exit.

The End of the First Act.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Balbus, Proculus, Chylax, Lycinius.

Bal. I Never saw the like she's no more stirr'd,
No more another Woman, no more alter'd
With any Hopes or Promises laid to her,
Let them be ne'r so weighty, ne'r so winning,
Than I am with the motion of my own Legs.

Proc. Chylax!

You are a stranger yet in these Designs,
At least in *Rome*, tell me, and tell me truth
Did you e'er know in all your course of Practice
In all the ways of Women you have run through,
For I presume you have been brought up, *Chylax*,
As we, to fetch and carry—

Chyl. True—I have so.

Proc. Did you, I say again in all this Progress
Ever discover such a piece of Beauty
Ever so rare a Creature, and no doubt
One that must know her worth too and affect it,
Ay, and be flatter'd, else 'tis none: and honest,
Honest against the Tide of all Temptations?
Honest to one Man, and to her Husband only,
And yet not Eighteen, not of Age to know
Why she is honest?

Chyl. I confess it freely,
I never saw her Fellow, nor ever shall:
For all our *Græcian* Dames as I have try'd
And sure I have try'd a hundred—if I say Two
I speak within my Compass: All these Beauties

VALENTINIAN

And all the Constancy of all these Faces
 Maids, Widdows, Wives, of what Degree or Calling
 So they be *Greeks* and fat: for there's my Cunning,
 I would undertake, and not sweat for't: *Proculus*,
 Were they to try again, say twice as many
 Under a Thousand pound to lay them flat:
 But this Wench staggers me.

Lycin. Do you see these Jewels?
 You would think these pretty Baits now; I'll assure you
 Here's half the Wealth of *Asia*.

Bal. These are nothing
 To the full Honours I propounded to her.
 I bid her think and be, and presently
 Whatever her Ambition, what the Council
 Of others would add to her, What her Dreams
 Could more enlarge, What any President
 Of any Woman rising up to Glory;
 And standing certain there, and in the highest
 Could give her more, Nay to be Empress——

Proc. And cold at all these Offers?

Bal. Cold as Crystal,
 Never to be thaw'd.

Chy. I try'd her further:
 And so far that I think she is no Woman,
 At least as Women go now.

Lycin. Why what did you?

Chy. I offered that, that had she been but Mistress
 Of as much spleen as Doves have, I had reach'd Her
 A safe Revenge of all that ever hate her,
 The crying down for ever of all Beauties
 That may be thought come near her.

Proc. That was pretty.

Chy. I never knew that way fail; yet I tell you,
 I offer'd her a Gift beyond all yours
 That, that had made a Saint start, well consider'd;
 The Law to be her Creature; she to make it,
 Her Mouth to give it; Every thing alive
 From her Aspect to draw their Good or Evil
 Fixt in 'em spight of Fortune, a new Nature
 She should be call'd, and Mother of all Ages;
 Time should be hers, what she did, flatt'ring Virtues
 Should blest to all Posterities, Her Air
 Should give us Life, Her Earth and Water feed us,

And laſt to none but to the Emp'rour.
(And then but when ſhe pleas'd to have it ſo)
She ſhould be held a Mortal.

Lycin. And ſhe heard you?

Chy. Yes, as a ſick man hears a Noiſe, or he
That ſtands condemn'd, his Judgment.
Well, if there can be Virtue, if that Name
Be any thing but Name, and empty Title,
If it be ſo as Fools are us'd to feign it,
A Power that can preſerve us after Death,
And make the Names of Men out-reckon Ages,
This Woman has a God of Virtue in her.

Bal. I would the Emperor were that God.

Chy. She has in her
All the Contempt of Glory, and vain ſeeming
Of all the *Stoicks*, All the Truth of Chriſtians,
And all their Conſtancy; Modesty was made
When ſhe was firſt intended; When ſhe bluſhes
It is the holieſt thing to look upon;
The pureſt Temple of her Sex, that ever
Made Nature a bleſt Founder,
If ſhe were any way inclining
To Eaſe or Pleaſure, or affected Glory,
Proud to be ſeen or worſhipp'd, 'twere a Venture:
But on my Soul ſhe is chafter than cold Camphire.

Bal. I think ſo too: For all the ways of Woman
Like a full ſail ſhe bears againſt: I aſkt her
After my many Offers, walking with her,
And her many down Denials, How
If the Emperor grown mad with Love ſhould force her?
She pointed to a *Lucrece* that hung by,
And with an angry Look—that from her Eyes
Shot Veſtal Fire againſt me; ſhe departed.

Pro. This is the firſt Woman I was ever poſ'd in,
Yet I have brought young loving things together
This two and thirty Year.

Chyl. I find by this fair Lady
The Calling of a Bawd to be a ſtrange
A wiſe and ſubtle Calling: And for none
But ſtaid, diſcreet and underſtanding People:
And as the Tutor to great *Alexander*
Would ſay, A young man ſhould not dare to read
His Moral Books till after five and twenty,

VALENTINIAN

So must that He or She that will be Bawdy,
(I mean discreetly Bawdy, and be trusted)
If they will rise and gain Experience
Well steeped in Years and Discipline, begin it——
I take it 'tis no Boys Play.

Bal. What's to be thought of?

Proc. The Emperor must know it.

Lycin. If the Women should chance to fail too——

Chy. As 'tis ten to one.

Proc. Why what remains but new Nets for the purpose——
Th' Emperor.——

Enter Valentinian.

Emp. What! have you brought Her?

Chy. Brought her, Sir! Alas,

What would you do with such a Cake of Ice
Whom all the Love i'th' Empire cannot thaw?
A dull cross thing, insensible of Glory,
Deaf to all Promises, dead to Desire,
A tedious stickler for her Husband's Rights,
Who like a Beggars Curr hath brought her up
To fawn on him, and bark at all besides.

Emp. Lewd and ill-manner'd Fool, wer't not for fear
To do thee good by mending of thy Manners
I'd have thee whipt! Is this th'account you bring
To ease the Torments of my restless mind.

Balb. } *Cæsar!* In vain your Vassals have endeavour'd
Kneeling. } By Promises, Persuasions, Reasons, Wealth,
All that can make the firmest Virtue bend
To alter Her. Our Arguments like Darts
Shot in the Bosom of the boundless Air
Are lost and do not leave the least Impression;
Forgive us, if we fail'd to overcome
Virtue that could resist the Emperor.

Emp. You impotent Provokers of my Lust,
Who can incite and have no power to help,
How dare you be alive and I unsatisfied,
Who to your Beings have no other Title
Nor least Hopes to preserve 'em, but my Smiles;
Who play like poisonous Insects all the Day
In the warm Shine of Me your Vital Sun;
And when Night comes must perish——
Wretches! whose vicious Lives when I withdraw

VALENTINIAN

The Absolute Protection of my Favour
Will drag you into all the Miseries
That your own Terrors, Universal Hate,
And Law, with Jayls and Whips can bring upon you;
As you have fail'd to satisfy my Wishes,
Perdition is the least you can expect
Who durst to undertake and not perform!
Slaves! was it fit I should be disappointed?
Yet live——

Continue infamous a little longer;
You have deserv'd to end. But for this once
I'll not tread out your nasty snuffs of Life;
But had your poysonous Flatteries prevail'd
Upon her Chastity I so admire,
A Virtue that adds Fury to my Flames!
Dogs had devour'd ere this your Carcasses;
Is that an Object fit for my Desires
Which lies within the reach of your persuasions!
Had you by your infectious Industry
Shew'd my *Lucina* frail to that degree,
You had been damn'd for undeceiving me;
But to possess her chaste and uncorrupted,
There lies the Joy and Glory of my Love!
A Passion too refin'd for your dull Souls,
And such a Blessing as I scorn to owe
The gaining of to any but my self:
Haste strait to *Maximus*, and let him know
He must come instantly and speak with me;
The rest of you wait here—I'll play to night.

[To Chylax.

You, sawcy Fool! send privately away
For *Lycias* hither by the Garden Gate,
That sweet-fac'd Eunuch that sung
In *Maximus's* Grove the other day,
And in my Closet keep him till I come.

[Exit Valent.

Chyl. I shall, Sir.

'Tis a soft Rogue, this *Lycias*
And rightly understood,
Hee's worth a thousand Womens Niceneffes!
The Love of Women moves even with their Lust,
Who therefore still are fond, but seldom just:
Their Love is Ufury, while they pretend,
To gain the Pleasure double which they lend.
But a dear Boy's disinterested Flame

VALENTINIAN

Gives Pleasure, and for meer Love gathers pain;
In him alone Fondness sincere does prove,
And the kind tender Naked Boy is Love.

[Exit.]

SCENE 2. A GARDEN.

Enter Lucina, Ardelia and Phorba.

Ard. You still insist upon that Idol Honour,
Can it renew your Youth? Can it add Wealth?
Or take off wrinkles? Can it draw mens Eyes
To gaze upon you in your Age? Can Honour
That truly is a Saint to none but Souldiers,
And lookt into, bears no Reward but Danger,
Leave you the most respected Woman living?
Or can the common Kisses of a Husband
(Which to a Sprightly Lady is a Labour)
Make you almost immortal? You are cozen'd,
The Honour of a Woman is her Praifes,
The way to get these, to be seen and fought too,
And not to bury such a happy Sweetness
Under a smoaking Roof.

Lucina. I'll hear no more.

Phorb. That White and Red, and all that blooming Beauty,
Kept from the Eyes that make it so is nothing:
Then you are truly fair when men proclaim it:
The *Phoenix* that was never seen is doubted,
But when the Virtue's known, the Honour's doubled:
Virtue is either lame or not at all,
And Love a Sacrilege and not a Saint,
When it barrs up the way to mens Petitions.

Ard. Nay you shall love your Husband too; We
Come not to make a Monster of you.

Lucin. Are you Women?

Ard. You'll find us so; and women you shall thank too
If you have but Grace to make your Use.

Lucin. Fie on you.

Phor. Alas, poor bashful Lady! By my Soul
Had you no other Virtue but your Blushes,
And I a man, I should run mad for those!
How prettily they set her off! how sweetly!

Ard. Come, Goddesses, come! you move too near the Earth,
It must not be, a better Orb stays for you.

VALENTINIAN

Lucin. Pray leave me.

Phorb. That were a Sin, sweet Madam, and a way
To make us guilty of your Melancholy,
You must not be alone; In Conversation
Doubts are resolv'd, and what sticks near the Conscience
Made easie and allowable.

Lucin. Ye are Devils.

Ard. That you may one day blefs for your Damnation.

Lucin. I charge you in the Name of Chastity
Tempt me no more: how ugly you seem to me!
There's no wonder Men defame our Sex,
And lay the Vices of all Ages on us,
When such as you shall bear the Name of Women!
If you had Eyes to see your selves, or fence,
Above the base Rewards yee earn with shame!
If ever in your Lives yee heard of Goodness
Tho' many Regions off,—as men hear Thunder—
If ever you had Fathers, and they Souls,
Or ever Mothers, and not such as you are!
If ever any thing were constant in you
Besides your Sins!
If any of your Ancestors
Dy'd worth a Noble Deed—that would be cherish'd,
Soul-frighted with this black Infection,
You would run from one anothers Repentance,
And from your Guilty Eyes drop out those Sins
That made ye blind and Beasts.

Phorb. You speak well, Madam!
A Sign of fruitful Education
If your religious Zeal had Wisdom with it.

Ard. This Lady was ordain'd to blefs the Empire,
And we may all give thanks for Her.

Phorb. I believe you.

Ard. If any thing redeem the Emperor
From his wild flying Courses this is she!
She can instruct him—if you mark—she's wise too.

Phor. Exceeding wise, which is a wonder in her;
And so religious that I well believe,
Tho' she wou'd sin she cannot.

Ard. And besides
She has the Empire's Cause in hand, not Love's,
There lies the main consideration
For which she is chiefly born.

VALENTINIAN

Phorb. She finds that Point
Stronger than we can tell her, and believe it
I look by her means for a Reformation,
And such a one, and such a rare way carry'd.

Ard. I never thought the Emperor had wisdom,
Pity, or fair Affection to his Country,
Till he profess this Love. Gods give 'em Children
Such as her Virtues merit and his Zeal;
I look to see a *Numa* from this Lady,
Or greater than *Octavius*.

Phor. Do you mark too——
Which is a noble Virtue—how she blushes,
And what flowing Modesty runs through her
When we but name the Emperor.

Ard. Mark it!
Yes, and admire it too: for she considers
Tho' she be fair as Heav'n, and Virtuous
As holy Truth; Yet to the Emperor
She is a kind of Nothing—but her Service,
Which she is bound to offer, and she'll do it;
And when her Countries Cause commands Affection,
She knows Obedience is the Key of Virtues;
Then fly the Blushes out like *Cupid's* Arrows,
And though the Tie of Marriage to her Lord,
Would fain cry, stay *Lucina*——yet the Cause
And general Wisdom of the Prince's Love
Makes her find surer Ends and happier,
And if the first were chaste these are twice doubled.

Phor. Her Tartness to us too.

Ard. That's a wise one.

Phor. I like it, it shews a rising Wisdom,
That chides all common Fools who dare enquire
What Princes would have private.

Ard. What a Lady shall we be blest to serve?

Lucin. Go—get you from me,
Yee are your Purfes Agents not the Princes,
Is this the virtuous Love you train'd me out to?
Am I a Woman fit to Imp your Vices?
But that I had a Mother and a Woman
Whose ever living Fame turns all it touches
Into the Good, it self was, I should now
Even doubt my self; I have been searcht so near
The very Soul of Honour. Why shou'd you Two

VALENTINIAN

That happily have been as chaste as I am!
Fairer I think by much (For yet your Faces
Like Ancient well-built Piles shew worthy Ruines)
After that Angel Age, turn mortal Devils?
For Shame, for Womanhood, for what you have been
(For rotten Cedars have born goodly Branches)
If you have hope of any Heav'n but Court
Which like a Dream you'll find hereafter vanish;
Or at the best but subject to Repentance,
Study no more to be ill spoken of.
Let Women live themselves; if they must fail;
Their own Destruction find 'em.

Ard. You are so excellent in all
That I must tell it you with Admiration!
So true a joy you have, so sweet a fear!
And when you come to Anger—'Tis so noble
That for my own part I could still offend
To hear you angry: Women that want that,
And your way guided (else I count it nothing)
Are either Fools or Fearful.

Phorb. She were no Mistrefs for the World's great Lord
Could she not frown a ravisht Kifs from Anger,
And such an Anger as this Lady shews us
Stuck with such pleasing Dangers (Gods I ask yee)
Which of you all could hold from?

Lucin. I perceive you,
Your own dark Sins dwell with you and that price
You sell the Chastity of modest Wives at,
Run to Diseases with you—I despise you,
And all the Nets you have pitcht to catch my Virtue,
Like Spiders webs I sweep away before me!
Go! tell th'Emperor, You have met a Woman,
That neither his own Person, which is God-like,
The World he rules, nor what that World can purchase,
Nor all the Glories subject to a *Cæsar*!
The Honours that he offers for my Honour,
The Hopes, the Gifts, and everlasting Flatteries,
Nor any thing that's His, and apt to tempt——
No! not to be the Mother of the Empire
And Queen of all the holy Fires he worships,
Can make a Whore of.

Ard. You mistake us, Madam.

Lucin. Yet tell him this, h'as thus much weaken'd me

VALENTINIAN

That I have heard his Slaves and you his Matrons,
Fit Nurfes for his Sins! which Gods forgive me.
But ever to be leaning to his Folly,
Or to be brought to love his Vice——Affure him
And from her Mouth, whose Life shall make it certain,
I never can; I have a Noble Husband
Pray tell him that too: Yet a Noble Name,
A Noble Family, and last a Conscience.
Thus much by way of Answer; for your selves
You have liv'd the shame of Women——die the better.

[*Ex. Luc.*

Phor. What's now to do?

Ard. Even as she said, to die.

For there's no living here and Women thus,
I am sure for us two.

Phor. Nothing sticks upon her?——

Ard. We have lost a Mass of Money. Well Dame Virtue,
Yet you may halt if good Luck serve!

Phor. Worms take her.

Ard. So Godly——

This is ill Breeding, *Phorba.*

Phor. If the Women

Should have a longing now to see the Monster
And she convert 'em all!

Ard. That may be, *Phorba!*

But if it be I'll have the Young men hang'd,
——Come——let's go think——she must not scape us thus.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

The Scene opens, and discovers the Emperor at Dice.

Maximus. Lycin. Proc. and Chylax.

Emp. **N**Ay! set my Hand out: 'Tis not just
I should neglect my Luck when 'tis so prosp'rous:

Chy. If I have any thing to set you, Sir, but Cloaths
And good Conditions, let me perish;
You have all my Money.

Proc. And mine.

VALENTINIAN

Lycin. And mine too.

Max. You may trust us sure till to morrow.

Or if you please, I'll send home for Money presently.

Emp. 'Tis already Morning, and staying will be tedious.

My Luck will vanish ere your Money comes.

Chy. Shall we redeem 'em if we set our Houses?

Emp. Yes fairly.

Chy. That at my *Villa*——

Emp. At it——'Tis mine.

Chy. Then farewell, Fig-Trees: For I can ne'r redeem 'em.

Emp. Who sets?——Set any thing.

Lycin. At my Horfe.

Emp. The Dapple *Spaniard*?

Lycin. He.

Emp. He's mine.

Lycin. He is so.

Max. Hah!

Lycin. Nothing my Lord! But Pox on my Damn'd Fortune.

Emp. Come *Maximus*; You were not wont to flinch.

Max. By Heaven, Sir, I have not a Penny.

Emp. Then that Ring.

Max. O Good Sir, This was not given to lose.

Emp. Some Love-Token——Set it I say!

Max. I beg you, Sir.

Emp. How filly and how fond you are grown of Toys!

Max. Shall I redeem it?

Emp. When you please to morrow

Or next day as you will: I do not care,

Only for luck-fake——

Max. There Sir, will you throw?

Emp. Why then, have at it fairly; the last stake!

'Tis mine.

Max. Y're ever fortunate! to morrow

I'll bring you what you please to think it worth.

Emp. Then your *Arabian* Horfe: but for this night

I'll wear it as my Victory.

Enter Balbus.

Balb. From the Camp

Æcius in haste has sent these Letters, Sir;

It seems the Cohorts mutiny for Pay.

Emp. *Maximus*——This is ill News. Next week they are to march.

You must away immediately; no stay,

No, not so much as to take leave at home.

VALENTINIAN

This careful haste may probably appease 'em;
Send word, what are their Numbers;
And Money shall be sent to pay 'em all.
Besides something by way of Donative.

Max. I'll not delay a moment, Sir,
The Gods preserve you in this mind for ever.

Emp. I'll see 'em march my self.

Max. Gods ever keep you——

[*Exit Max.*]

Emp. To what end now de'e think this Ring shall serve?
For you are the dull'st and the veriest Rogues—
Fellows that know only by roat, as Birds
Whistle and sing.

Chy. Why, Sir, 'tis for the Lady.

Emp. The Lady! Blockhead! which end of the Lady?
Her Nose!

Chy. Faith, Sir, that I know not.

[*Exit Chylax.*]

Emp. Then pray for him that does——

Fetch in the Eunuch;

You! See th'Apartment made very fine
That lies upon the Garden—Masks and Mufick
With the best speed you can. And all your Arts
Serve to the higheft, for my Master-piece
Is now on foot.

Proc. Sir, we shall have a care.

Emp. I'll sleep an hour or two; and let the Women
Put on a graver shew of Welcome!

Your Wives! they are such Haggard-Bawds,
A Thought too eager.

[*Enter Chyl. and Lycias.*]

Chy. Here's *Lycias*, Sir.

Lyc. Long Life to mighty *Cæsar*.

Emp. Fortune to thee, for I must use thee *Lycias*.

Lyc. I am the humble Slave of *Cæsar*'s Will,
By my Ambition bound to his Commands
As by my duty.

Emp. Follow me.

Lyc. With Joy.——

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2. GROVE and FOREST.

Enter Lucina.

Lucin. Dear solitary Groves where Peace does dwell,
Sweet Harbours of pure Love and Innocence!
How willingly could I for ever stay

VALENTINIAN

Beneath the shade of your embracing Greens,
 Lifting to Harmony of warbling Birds,
 Tun'd with the gentle Murmurs of the Streams,
 Upon whose Banks in various Livery
 The fragrant offspring of the early Year,
 Their Heads like graceful Swans bent proudly down,
 See their own Beauties in the Crystal Flood?
 Of these I could mysterious Chaplets weave,
 Expressing some kind innocent Design
 To shew my *Maximus* at his Return
 And fondly chiding make his Heart confess
 How far my busie Idleness excels
 The idle Business he pursues all day
 At the contentious Court or clamorous Camp,
 Robbing my Eyes of what they love to see,
 My Ears of his dear Words they wish to hear,
 My longing Arms of th'Embrace they covet.
 Forgive me, Heav'n! if when I these enjoy,
 So perfect is the happiness I find
 That my Soul satisf'd feels no Ambition
 To change these humble Roofs and sit above.

Enter Marcellina.

Marc. Madam, My Lord just now alighted here,
 Was by an Order from th'Emperor
 Call'd back to Court!
 This he commanded me to let you know,
 And that he would make haste in his return.

Lucin. The Emperor!
 Unwonted Horror seizes me all o're,
 When I but hear him nam'd: sure 'tis not Hate;
 For tho' his impious Love with scorn I heard,
 And fled with terror from his threatening force,
 Duty commands me humbly to forgive
 And bless the Lord to whom my Lord does bow!
 Nay more methinks he is the gracefullest man,
 His Words so fram'd to tempt, himself to please,
 That 'tis my wonder how the Pow'rs above,
 Those wise and careful Guardians of the Good,
 Have trusted such a force of tempting Charms
 To Enemies declar'd of Innocence!

'Tis then some strange Prophetick Fear I feel
 That seems to warn me of approaching Ills.

VALENTINIAN

Go *Marcellina*, fetch your Lute, and sing that Song
My Lord calls his: I'll try to wear away
The Melancholy Thoughts his Absence breeds!
Come gentle Slumbers! In your flattering Arms
I'll bury these Disquiets of my Mind
Till *Maximus* returns—for when he's here
My Heart is rais'd above the reach of Fear.
Marcellina sings——

SONG. By Mr. W.

WHere wou'd coy *Aminta* run
From a despairing Lovers Story?
When her Eyes have Conquests won,
Why shou'd her Ear refuse the Glory?
Shall a Slave whom Racks constrain
Be forbidden to complain?
Let her scorn me, let her fly me,
Let her Lookes her Life deny me.
Ne're can my Heart change for Relief,
Or my Tongue cease to tell my Grief;
Much to Love and much to Pray
Is to Heaven the only Way.

Marc. She sleeps.

[*The Song ended, Exeunt Claudia
and Marcellina before the Dance.*]

SCENE 3. Dance of Satyrs.

Enter Claudia and Marcellina to Lucina.

Claud. Prithee, what ails my Lady, that of late
She never cares for Company?

Marc. I know not
Unless it be that Company causes Cuckolds.

Claud. Ridiculous! That were a Childish Fear!
'Tis Opportunity does cause 'em rather,
When two made one are glad to be alone.

Marc. But *Claudia*—Why this sitting up all Night
In Groves by purling streams? This argues Heat!
Great Heat and Vapors, which are main Corrupters!

VALENTINIAN

Mark when you will; Your Ladies that have Vapors,
They are not Flinchers; that insulting Spleen
Is the Artillery of pow'rful Lust,
Discharg'd upon weak Honour which stands out
Two Fits of Head-Ach, at the most, then yields.

Claudia. Thou art the frailest Creature, *Marcellina!*
And think'st all Womens Honours like thy own!
So thin a Cobweb that each blast of Passion
Can blow away: But for my own part, Girl!
I think I may be well stil'd Honours Martyr.
With firmeft Constancy I have endur'd
The raging Heats of passionate Desires!
While flaming Love and boyling Nature both
Were pour'd upon my Soul with equal Torture:
I, arm'd with Resolution stood it out
And kept my Honour safe.

Marc. Thy Glory's great!
But, *Claudia*, Thanks to Heav'n that I am made
The weakest of all women: fram'd so frail
That Honour ne'er thought fit to chuse me out
His Champion against Pleasure: my poor Heart
For divers years still tost from Flame to Flame,
Is now burnt up to Tinder; every Spark
Dropt from kind Eyes sets it a-fire afresh;
Prest by a gentle hand I melt away;
One Sigh's a Storm that blows me all along;
Pity a wretch, who has no Charm at all,
Against th'impetuous Tide of flowing Pleasure,
Who wants both Force and Courage to maintain
The glorious War made upon Flesh and Blood,
But is a Sacrifice to every wish
And has no power left to resist a Joy.

Claud. Poor Girl! How strange a Riddle Virtue is?
They never miss it who possess it not;
And they who have it ever find a want.
With what Tranquility and Peace thou liv'st!
For stript of Shame Thou hast no cause to fear;
While I the Slave of Virtue am afraid
Of every thing I see: And think the World
A dreadful wilderness of savage Beasts;
Each man I meet I fancy will devour me;
And sway'd by Rules not natural but affected
I hate Mankind for fear of being lov'd.

VALENTINIAN

Marc. 'Tis nothing less than Witchcraft can constrain
Still to persist in Errors we perceive!
Prithee reform; what Nature prompts us to,
And Reason seconds, why should we avoid?
This Honour is the veriest Mountebank,
It fits our Fancies with affected Tricks
And makes us freakish; what a Cheat must that be
Which robs our Lives of all their softer hours,
Beauty, our only Treasure it lays waste,
Hurries us over our neglected Youth,
To the detested state of Age and Ugliness,
Tearing our dearest Hearts Desires from us.
Then in reward of what it took away,
Our Joys, our Hopes, our Wishes and Delights
It bountifully pays us all with Pride!
Poor shifts! still to be proud and never pleas'd,
Yet this is all your Honour can do for you.

Claud. Concluded like thy self, for sure thou art
The most corrupt corrupting thing alive,
Yet glory not too much in cheating Wit:
'Tis but false Wisdom; and its Property
Has ever been to take the part of Vice,
Which tho' the Fancy with vain shows it please,
Yet wants a power to satisfy the Mind.

Lucina wakes.

Claud. But see my Lady wakes and comes this way.
Bless me! how pale and how confus'd she looks!

Luc. In what Fantastique new world have I been?
What Horrors past? what threatening Visions seen?
Wrapt as I lay in my amazing Trance,
The Host of Heav'n and Hell did round me Dance:
Debates arose betwixt the Pow'rs above
And those below: Methought they talkt of Love,
And nam'd me often; but it could not be
Of any Love that had to do with me.
For all the while they talk'd and argu'd thus,
I never heard one word of *Maximus*.
Discourteous Nymphs! who own these murmuring Floods
And you unkind Divinities o'th' Woods!
When to your Banks and Bowers I came distressed
Half dead throu' Absence seeking Peace and Rest,
Why would you not protect by these your Streams
A sleeping wretch from such wild dismal Dreams?

VALENTINIAN

Mishapen Monsters round in Measures went
 Horrid in Form with Gestures insolent;
 Grinning throu' Goatish Beards with half clos'd Eyes,
 They look'd me in the face, frighted to rise!
 In vain I did attempt, methought no Ground
 Was to support my sinking Footsteps found.
 In clammy Fogs like one half choak'd I lay,
 Crying for help my Voyce was snatch'd away.

And when I would have fled,
 My Limbs benumm'd, or dead.

Could not my Will with Terror wing'd obey.
 Upon my absent Lord for help I cry'd
 But in that Moment when I must have dy'd,
 With Anguish of my Fears confusing pains
 Relenting Sleep loos'd his Tyrannick Chains.

Claud. Madam, Alas such Accidents as these
 Are not of value to disturb your Peace!
 The cold damp Dews of Night have mixt and wrought
 With the dark Melancholy of your Thought. }
 And throu' your Fancy these Illusions brought.
 I still have markt your Fondness will afford
 No hour of Joy in th' absence of my Lord.

Enter Lycias.

A Ring!

Lucin. Absent, all night—and never send me word?

Lycias. Madam, while sleeping by those Banks you lay
 One from my Lord commanded me away.

In all obedient haste I went to Court,
 Where busie Crowds confus'dly did resort;
 News from the Camp it seems was then arriv'd
 Of Tumults rais'd and Civil Wars contriv'd;
 The Emperor frighted from his Bed does call
 Grave Senators to Council in the Hall——

Throngs of ill-favour'd Faces fill'd with Scars
 Wait for Employments, praying hard for Wars.

At Council Door, attend with fair pretence,
 In Knavish Decency and Reverence, }
 Banquers, who with officious Diligence
 Lend Money to supply the present need }
 At treble Use that greater may succeed;
 So publick Wants will private Plenty breed,
 Whisp'ring in every Corner you might see.

VALENTINIAN

Lucin. But what's all this to *Maximus* and me?
Where is my Lord? what Message has he sent?
Is he in Health? What fatal Accident,
Does all this while his wisht Return prevent?

Lycias. When ere the Gods that happy hour decree,
May he appear safe and with Victory;
Of many Hero's who stood Candidate
To be the Arbiters 'twixt *Rome* and Fate,
To quell Rebellion and protect the Throne
A Choice was made of *Maximus* alone;
The People, Souldiers, Senate, Emperor
For *Maximus* with one consent concur.

Their new born hopes now hurry him away,
Nor will their Fears admit one moments stay:
Trembling through Terror lest he come too late
They huddle his Dispatch, while at the Gate
The Emperor's Chariots to conduct him wait.

Lucina. These fatal Honours my dire Dream foretold!
Why should the Kind be ruin'd by the Bold?

He ne'r reflects upon my Destiny
So careless of himself, undoing mee.
Ah *Claudia*! in my Visions so unskill'd
Hee'l to the Army go and there be kill'd.
Forgetful of my Love; Hee'l not afford
The easie Favour of a parting Word;
Of all my Wishes hee's alone the Scope
And hee's the only End of all my Hope,
My fill of Joy, and what is yet above
Joys, Hopes, and Wishes—He is all my Love:
Mysterious Honour tell me what thou art!
That takes up diff'rent Forms in every Heart,
And doth to diverse Ends and Interests move.
Conquest is his—my Honour is my Love.
Both these do Paths so oppositely chuse
By following one you must the other lose.
So two strait Lines from the same Point begun
Can never meet, tho' without end they run——
Alas, I rave!

Lycias. Look on thy Glory, Love, and smile to see
Two faithful Hearts at strife for Victory!
Who blazing in thy sacred Fires contend
While both their equal Flames to Heav'n ascend.
The God that dwells in Eyes light on my Tongue

VALENTINIAN

Left in my Message I his Passion wrong;
 You'll better guess the Anguish of his Heart,
 From what you Feel, than what I can impart;
 But Madam, know the Moment I was come,
 His watchful Eye perceiv'd me in the Room;
 When with a quick precipitated haste
 From *Cæsar's* Bosom where he stood embrac'd
 Piercing the busie Crowd to me he past——
 Tears in his Eyes; his Orders in his Hand,
 He scarce had Breath to give this short Command:
 With thy best speed to my *Lucina* fly,
 If I must part unseen by her I dy,
 Decrees inevitable from above,
 And Fate which takes too little Care of Love,
 Force me away: Tell her 'tis my Request,
 By those kind Fires she kindled in my Breast;
 Our future Hopes and all that we hold dear,
 She instantly wou'd come and see me here.
 That parting Grievs to her I may reveal
 And on her Lips propitious Omens seal.
 Affairs that press in this short space of time
 Afford no other place without a Crime;
 And that thou maist not fail of wisht-for Ends
 In a success whereon my Life depends,
 Give her this Ring.

[*Looks on the Ring.*

Lucin. How strange soever these Commands appear
 Love awes my Reason, and controuls my Fear.
 But how couldst thou employ thy lavish Tongue
 So idly to be telling this so long!
 When ev'ry moment thou hast spent in vain,
 Was half the Life that did to me remain.
 Flatter me, Hope, and on my Wishes smile,
 And make me happy yet a little while.
 If through my Fears I can such Sorrow show
 As to convince I perish if he go:
 Pity perhaps his Gen'rous Heart may move
 To sacrifice his Glory to his Love.
 I'll not despair!

Who knows how eloquent these Eyes may prove
 Begging in Floods of Tears and Flames of Love.

[*Exit Lucina.*

Lycias. Thanks to the Devil, my Friend, now all's our own,
 How easily this mighty work was done!
 Well! first or last all Women must be won——

VALENTINIAN

" It is their Fate and cannot be withstood
" The wise do still comply with Flesh and Blood;
" Or if through peevish Honour Nature fail
" They do but lose their Thanks—Art will prevail.

[Exit.

SCENE 4.

Enter Æcius pursuing Pontius, and Maximus following.

Max. Temper your self, *Æcius*.

Pont. Hold, my Lord—I am a Souldier and a *Roman*!

Max. Pray Sir!

Æcius. Thou art a lying Villain and a Traytor.

Give me my self, or by the Gods, my Friend,
You'll make me dang'rous: How dar'st thou pluck
The Souldiers to Sedition, and I living?
And sow Seeds of rank Rebellion even then
When I am drawing out to Action?

Pont. Hear me!

Max. Are you a man?

Æcius. I am true, *Maximus*!

And if the Villain live, we are dishonour'd.

Max. But hear him what he can say!

Æcius. That's the way

To pardon him, I am so easie-Natur'd,
That if he speak but humbly, I forgive him.

Pont. I do beseech you, worthy General!

Æcius. H' has found the way already. Give me room,
And if he scape me then, H' has Mercy.

Pont. I do not call you Worthy, that I fear you:
I never car'd for Death; if you will kill me,
Consider first for what! not what you can do:
'Tis true I know you are my General;
And by that great Prerogative may kill.—

Æcius. He argues with me!

By Heav'n a made-up finisht Rebel.

Max. Pray consider what certain grounds you have.

Æcius. What Grounds?

Did I not take him preaching to the Souldiers,
How lazily they liv'd; and what dishonour
It was to serve a Prince so full of Softness!
These were his very Words, Sir.

VALENTINIAN

Max. These! *Æcius*,
 Tho' they were rashly spoken, which was an Error,
 A great one, *Pontius*! yet from him that hungers
 For War and brave Employment might be pardon'd!
 The Heart, and harbour'd Thoughts of ill makes Traytors,——
 Not spleeny Speeches——

Æcius. Why should you protect him?
 Go to——it scarce shews honest——

Max. Taint me not!
 For that shews worse, *Æcius*! All your Friendship
 And that pretended Love you lay upon me;
 (Hold back my Honesty!) is like a Favour
 You do your Slave to day—to morrow hang him;
 Was I your Bosom-Friend for this?

Æcius. Forgive me!
 So zealous is my Duty for my Prince,
 That oft it makes me to forget my self;
 And tho' I strive to be without my Passion,
 I am no God, Sir; For you whose infection
 Has spread it self like Poyson throu' the Army,
 And cast a killing Fogg on fair Allegiance,
 First thank this Noble Gentleman; you had dy'd else:
 Next from your Place and Honour of a Souldier
 I here seclude you.

Pont. May I speak yet?

Max. Hear him.

Æcius. And while *Æcius* holds a Reputation,
 At least Command! you bear no Arms for *Rome*, Sir.

Pont. Against her I shall never: The condemn'd man
 Has yet the priviledge to speak, my Lord,
 Law were not equal else.

Max. Pray hear, *Æcius*,
 For happily the fault he has committed
 Tho' I believe it mighty; yet consider'd,
 If Mercy may be thought upon, will prove
 Rather a hasty Sin than heinous.

Æcius. Speak.

Pont. 'Tis true, my Lord, you took me tir'd with peace,
 My Words as rough and ragged as my Fortune,
 Telling the Souldiers what a man we serve
 Led from us by the Flourishes of Fencers;
 I blam'd him too for softness.

Æcius. To the rest, Sir.

VALENTINIAN

Pont. 'Tis true I told 'em too
 We lay at home to shew our Country
 We durst go naked, durst want Meat and Money;
 And when the Slaves drink Wine, we durst be thirsty.
 I told 'em too the Trees and Roots
 Were our best Pay-masters.
 'Tis likely too I counsell'd 'em to turn
 Their warlike Pikes to Plow-shares, their sure Targets
 And Swords hatcht with the Blood of many Nations
 To Spades and Pruning-Knives: their warlike
 Eagles, into Daws and Starlings.

Æcius. What think you
 Were these Words to be spoken by a Captain,
 One that should give Example?

Max. 'Twas too much.

Pont. My Lord! I did not wooe 'em from the Empire,
 Nor bid 'em turn their daring Steel against *Cæsar*;
 The Gods for ever hate me if that motion
 Were part of me; Give me but Employment
 And way to live, and where you find me vicious
 Bred up to mutiny, my Sword shall tell you,
 And if you please, that Place I held maintain it
 'Gainst the most daring Foes of *Rome*; I'm honest!
 A Lover of my Country, one that holds
 His Life no longer His than kept for *Cæsar*:
 Weigh not—(I thus low on my Knee beseech you!)
 What my rude Tongue discover'd 'twas my want,
 No other part of *Pontius*; You have seen me
 And you, my Lord, do something for my Country,
 And both the wounds I gave and took
 Not like a backward Traytor.

Æcius. All your Language
 Makes but against you, *Pontius*! you are cast,
 And by my Honour and my Love to *Cæsar*
 By me shall never be restor'd in Camp;
 I will not have a Tongue, tho' to himself
 Dare talk but near Sedition: As I govern
 All shall obey, and when they want, their Duty
 And ready Service shall redress their needs,
 Not prating what they wou'd be.

Pont. Thus I leave you;
 Yet shall my Pray'rs, altho' my wretched Fortune
 Must follow you no more, be still about you.

VALENTINIAN

Gods give you where you fight the Victory!

You cannot cast my wishes.

Æcius. Come, my Lord!

Now to the Field again.

Max. Alas poor *Pontius*!

[*Exit.*]

The End of the Third Act.

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

Enter Chylax at one Door, Lycinius and Balbus at another.

Lyc. **H**OW now!

Chy. Shee's come.

Balb. Then I'll to the Emperor!

[*Ex.* *Balb.*]

Chy. Is the Mufick plac'd well?

Lyc. Excellent.

Chy. *Lycinius*, you and *Proculus* receive 'em
In the great Chamber at her Entrance.

Lycin. Let us alone.

Chy. And do you here *Lycinius*.

Pray let the Women ply her farther off.

And with much more Discretion—one word more;

Are all the Maskers ready?

Lycin. Take no care, man.

[*Ex.*]

Chyl. I am all over in a Sweat with Pimping;
'Tis a laborious moyling Trade this.—

Enter Emperor, Balb. and Procul.

Emp. Is she come?

Chy. She is, Sir! but 'twere best
That you were last seen to her.

Emp. So I mean.

Keep your Court empty *Proculus*.

Proc. 'Tis done Sir.

Emp. Be not too fudden to her.

Chy. Good sweet Sir

Retire and Man your self: Let us alone,

We are no Children this way: One thing Sir!

VALENTINIAN

'Tis necessary, that her She-Companions
Be cut off in the Lobby by the Women,
They'll break the Business else.

Emp. 'Tis true: They shall.

Chy. Remember your Place, *Proculus*.

Proc. I warrant you——

[*Ex. Emp. Balb. and Proculus.*]

Enter Lucina, Claudia, Marcellina and Lycias.

Chyl. She enters! Who waits there? The Emperor
Calls for his Chariots, He will take the Air.

Lucin. I am glad I came in such a happy hour
When hee'll be absent: This removes all Fears;
But *Lycias* lead me to my Lord,
Heav'n grant he be not gone.

Lyc. Faith, Madam, that's uncertain!
I'll run and see. But if you miss my Lord
And find a better to supply his Room,
A Change so happy will not discontent you.—

[*Exit.*]

Luc. What means that unwonted Insolence of this Slave?
Now I begin to fear again. Oh—Honour,
If ever thou hadst Temple in weak Woman
And Sacrifice of Modesty offer'd to Thee
Hold me fast now and Ile be safe for ever.

Chy. The fair *Lucina*; Nay then I find
Our Slander'd-Court has not sinn'd up so high
To fright all the good Angels from its Care,
Since they have sent so great a Blessing hither.
Madam—I beg th'Advantage of my Fortune,
Who as I am the first have met you here,
May humbly hope to be made proud and happy
With the honour of your first Command and Service.

Lucin. Sir—I am so far from knowing how to merit
Your Service, that your Complement's too much,
And I return it you with all my heart.
You'll want it Sir, for those who know you better.

Chy. Madam, I have the honour to be own'd
By *Maximus* for his most humble Servant,
Which gives me Confidence.

Marc. Now *Claudia*, for a Wager,
What thing is this that cringes to my Lady?

Claud. Why some grave States-man, by his looks a Courtier.

Marc. *Claudia*, a Bawd: By all my hopes a Bawd!

VALENTINIAN

What use can reverend Gravity be of here,
To any but a trusty Bawd?
States-men are markt for Fops by it, besides
Nothing but Sin and Lazinefs could make him
So very fat, and look so fleshy on't.

Lucin. But is my Lord not gone yet do you say Sir?

Chy. He is not Madam, and must take this kindly,
Exceeding kindly of you, wondrous kindly,
You come so far to visit him. I'll guide you.

Lucin. Whither?

Chy. Why to my Lord.

Lucin. Is it impossible
To find him in this Place without a Guide,
For I would willingly not trouble you?

Chy. My only trouble, Madam, is my fear,
I'm too unworthy of so great an Honour.
But here you're in the publick Gallery,
Where th'Emperor must pass, unless you'd see him.

Lucin. Bless me Sir—No—pray lead me any whither,
My Lord cannot be long before he finds me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lycinius, Proculus, and Balbus. Musick.

Lycin. She's coming up the Stairs: now the Musick—
And as that softens—her love will grow warm,
Till she melts down. Then *Cæsar* lays his Stamp.
Burn these Perfumes there.

Proc. Peace, no noise without.

A SONG.

Nymph.

I *Njurious Charmer of my vanquish'd Heart,
Canst thou feel Love, and yet no pity know?
Since of my self from thee I cannot part,
Invent some gentle Way to let me go.*

*For what with Joy thou didst obtain,
And I with more did give;
In time will make thee false and vain,
And me unfit to live.*

VALENTINIAN

Shepherd.

*Frail Angel, that wou'dst leave a Heart forlorn,
With vain pretence falshood therein might lye;
Seek not to cast wild shadows o're your scorn,
You cannot sooner change than I can dye.*

*To tedious life I'le never fall,
Thrown from thy dear lov'd Breast;
He merits not to live at all,
Who cares to live unblest.*

Chor.

*Then let our flaming Hearts be joynd,
While in that sacred fire;
Ere thou prove false, or I unkind,
Together both expire.*

Enter Chyl. Lucina, Claudia, Marcellina.

Lucin. Where is this Wretch, this Villain *Lycias*?
Pray Heav'n my Lord be here; for now I fear it.
I am certainly betray'd. This curf'd Ring
Is either counterfeit or stoln.

Claud. Your fear
Does but difarm your Resolution,
Which may defend you in the worst Extreame;
Or if that fail—Are there not Gods and Angels?

Lucin. None in this Place I fear but evil ones.
Heav'n pity me.

Chy. But tell me, dearest Madam,
How do you like the Song?

Lucin. Sir, I am no Judge
Of Musick, and the words, I thank my Gods,
I did not understand.

Chy. The Emperor
Has the best Talent at expounding 'em;
You'l ne'r forget a Lesson of his Teaching.

Lucin. Are you the worthy Friend of *Maximus*?
Would lead me to him? He shall thank you Sir,
As you desire.

Chy. Madam, he shall not need,
I have a Master will reward my Service,

VALENTINIAN

When you have made him happy with your Love,
For which he hourly languishes——Be kind——

[*Whispers.*]

Lucin. The Gods shall kill me first.

Chy. Think better on't.

'Tis sweeter dying in th'Emperor's Arms.

Enter Phorba and Ardellia.

But here are Ladies come to see you, Madam,
They'll entertain you better. I but tire you;
Therefore I'll leave you for a while, and bring
Your lov'd Lord to you——

[*Exit.*]

Lucin. Then I'll thank you.

I am betray'd for certain.

Phorb. You are a welcome Woman.

Ard. Bless me Heaven!

How did you find your way to Court?

Lucin. I know not; would I had never trod it.

Phorb. Prithee tell me.

[*Call Emperor behind.*]

Good pretty Lady, and dear sweet Heart, love us,
For we love thee extreemly. Is not this Place
A Paradife to live in?

Lucin. Yes to you,

Who know no Paradife but guilty Pleasure.

Ard. Heard you the Musick yet?

Lucin. 'Twas none to me.

Phor. You must not be thus froward. Well, this Gown
Is one o'th' prettiest, by my troth *Ardelia*,
I ever saw yet; 'twas not to frown in, Madam.
You put this Gown on when you came.

Ard. How dee ye?

Alas, poor Wretch, how cold it is!

Lucin. Content you.

I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
So you will let me be so——Where's my Lord?
For that's the business I come for hither.

Phor. We'll lead you to him: he's i'th' Gallery.

Ard. We'll shew you all the Court too.

Lucin. Shew me him, & you have shew'd me all I come to look on.

Phor. Come on, we'll be your Guides; and as you go,
We have some pretty Tales to tell you, Madam,
Shall make you merry too. You come not hither
To be sad, *Lucina*.

Lucin. Would I might not——

[*Exeunt.*]

VALENTINIAN

Enter Chylax and Balbus in haste.

Chyl. Now see all ready, *Balbus* : run.

Balb. I fly Boy——

[*Exit.*

Chy. The Women by this time are warning of her,
If she holds out them—the Emperor
Takes her to task—he has her——Hark, I hear 'em.

Enter Emperor drawing in Lucina. Ring.

Emp. Would you have run away so sily, Madam?

Lucin. I beseech you Sir,
Consider what I am, and whose.

Emp. I do so.

For what you are, I am fill'd with such Amaze,
So far transported with Desire and Love,
My slippery Soul flows to you while I speak,
And whose you were, I care not, for now you are mine,
Who love you, and will doat on you more
Than you do on your Vertue.

Lucin. Sacred *Cæsar*.

Emp. You shall not kneel to me; rise.

Lucin. Look upon me,

And if you be so cruel to abuse me,
Think how the Gods will take it. Does this Face
Afflict your Soul? I'll hide it from you ever;
Nay more, I will become so leproous,
That you shall curse me from you. My dear Lord
Has ever serv'd you truly—fought your Battels,
As if he daily long'd to die for *Cæsar*;
Was never Traitor Sir, nor never tainted,
In all the Actions of his Life.

Emp. How high does this fantastick Vertue swell?
She thinks it Infamy to please too well.
I know it——

[*Aside.*
[*To her.*

Lucin. His Merits and his Fame have grown together,
Together flourish'd like two spreading Cedars,
Over the *Roman* Diadem. O let not,
(As you have a Heart that's humane in you)
The having of an honest Wife decline him;
Let not my Vertue be a Wedge to break him,
Much less my Shame his undeserv'd Dishonour.
I do not think you are so bad a man;

VALENTINIAN

I know Report belyes you; you are *Cæsar*,
Which is the Father of the Empires Glory:
You are too near the Nature of the Gods,
To wrong the weakest of all Creatures, Woman.

Emp. I dare not do it here. Rise, fair *Lucina*.
When you believe me worthy, make me happy.
Chylax! wait on her to her Lord within.

[*Aside.*

Wipe your fair Eyes——

[*Exeunt.*

Ah Love! ah curfed Boy!

Where art thou that torments me thus unseen,
And ragest with thy Fires within my Breast,
With idle purpose to inflame her Heart,
Which is as inaccessible and cold,
As the proud tops of those aspiring Hills,
Whose Heads are wrapt in everlasting Snow,
Tho' the hot Sun roll o're 'em every day?
And as his Beams, which only shine above,
Scorch and confume in Regions round below,
Soft Love which throws such brightness thro' her eyes,
Leaves her Heart cold, and burns me at her feet;
My Tyrant, but her flattering Slave thou art,
A Glory round her lovely Face, a Fire within my Heart.
Who waits without? *Lycinius*?

Enter Lycinius.

Lycin. My Lord.

Emp. Where are the Masquers that should dance to night?

Lycin. In the old Hall, Sir, going now to practise.

Emp. About it strait. 'Twill serve to draw away
Those listning Fools, who trace it in the Gallery;
And if by chance odd noises should be heard,
As Womens Shrieks, or so, say, 'tis a Play
Is practising within.

Lycin. The Rape of *Lucrece*,
Or some such merry Prank——It shall be done Sir.

[*Ex.*

Emp. 'Tis nobler like a Lion to invade,
Where Appetite directs, and seize my Prey,
Than to wait tamely like a begging Dog,
Till dull Consent throws out the Scraps of Love.
[scorn those Gods who seek to cross my Wishes,
And will in spite of 'em be happy: Force
Of all the Powers is the most generous;
For what that gives, it freely does bestow,

VALENTINIAN

Without the after Bribe of Gratitude.
I'll plunge into a Sea of my Desires,
And quench my Fever, tho' I drown my Fame,
And tear up Pleasure by the Roots: No matter
Tho' it never grow again; what shall ensue,
Let Gods and Fate look to it; 'tis their Business.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

Opens and discovers 5 or 6 Dancing-masters practising.

1 *Dan.* That is the damn'd shuffling Step, Pox on't.

2 *Dan.* I shall never hit it.

Thou hast naturally

All the neat Motions of a merry Tailor,

Ten thousand Riggles with thy Toes inward,

Cut clear and strong: let thy Limbs play about thee;

Keep time, and hold thy Back upright and firm:

It may prefer thee to a waiting Woman.

1 *Dan.* Or to her Lady, which is worse.

Enter Lycinius.

[Ten dance.

Lycin. Bless me, the loud Shrieks and horrid Outcries
Of the poor Lady! Ravishing d'ye call it?

She roars as if she were upon the Rack:

'Tis strange there should be such a difference

Betwixt half-ravishing, which most Women love,

And thorough force, which takes away all Blame,

And should be therefore welcome to the virtuous.

These tumbling Rogues, I fear, have overheard 'em;

But their Ears with their Brains are in their Heels.

Good morrow Gentlemen:

What, is all perfect? I have taken care

Your Habits shall be rich and glorious.

3 *Dan.* That will set off. Pray sit down and see
How the last Entry I have made will please you.

Second Dance.

Lycin. 'Tis very fine indeed.

2 *Dan.* I hope so Sir——

[Ex. Dancers.

VALENTINIAN

Enter Chyl. Proculus and Lycias.

Proc. 'Tis done *Lycinus*.

Lycin. How?

Proc. I blush to tell it.

If there be any Justice, we are Villains,
And must be so rewarded.

Lycias. Since 'tis done,
I take it is not time now to repent it,
Let's make the best of our Trade.

Chy. Now Vengeance take it:
Why should not he have settl'd on a Beauty,
Whose Modesty stuck in a piece of Tissue?
Or one a Ring might rule? or such a one
That had a Husband itching to be honourable,
And ground to get it? If he must have Women,
And no allay without 'em, why not those
That know the Mystery, and are best able
To play a Game with judgment, such as she is?
Grant they be won with long siege, endless travel,
And brought to opportunities with millions,
Yet when they come to Motion, their cold Vertue
Keeps 'em like Beds of Snow.

Lycin. A good Whore
Had fav'd all this, and happily as wholsom,
And the thing once done as well thought of too.
But this same Chastity forfooth.

Chy. A Pox on't.
Why should not Women be as free as we are?
They are, but will not own it, and far freer,
And the more bold you bear your self, more welcom,
And there is nothing you dare say but Truth,
But they dare hear.

Proc. No doubt of it——away,
Let them who can repent, go home and pray.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene opens, discovers th' Emperor's Chamber. Lucina newly unbound by
th' Emperor.*

Emp. Your only Vertue now is Patience,
Be wise and save your Honour; if you talk——

Lucin. As long as there is Life in this Body,
And Breath to give me words, I'll cry for Justice.

Emp. Justice will never hear you; I am Justice.

VALENTINIAN

Lucin. Wilt thou not kill me Monster, Ravisher?
Thou bitter Bane o'th' Empire, look upon me,
And if thy guilty eyes dare see the Ruines
Thy wild Lust hath laid level with Dishonour,
The sacrilegious razing of that Temple,
The Tempter to thy black sins would have blusht at,
Behold, and curse thy self. The Gods will find thee,
That's all my Refuge now, for they are righteous;
Vengeance and Horror circle thee. The Empire,
In which thou liv'st a strong continu'd Surfeit,
Like Poyson will disgorge thee; good men raze thee
From ever being read agen;
Chast Wives and fearful Maids make Vows against thee;
Thy worst Slaves, when they hear of this, shall hate thee,
And those thou hast corrupted, first fall from thee,
And if thou let'st me live, the Souldier
Tired with thy Tyrannies break thro' Obedience,
And shake his strong Steel at thee.

Emp. This prevails not,
Nor any Agony you utter Madam:
If I have done a sin, curse her that drew me;
Curse the first Cause, the Witchcraft that abus'd me;
Curse your fair Eyes, and curse that heav'nly Beauty,
And curse your being good too.

Lucin. Glorious Thief!
What restitution canst thou make to save me?

Emp. I'll ever love—and ever honour you.

Lucin. Thou canst not;
For that which was my Honour, thou hast murder'd;
And can there be a Love in Violence?

Emp. You shall be only mine.

Lucin. Yet I like better
Thy Villainy than Flattery; that's thy own,
The other basely counterfeit. Fly from me,
Or for thy safeties fake and wisdom kill me;
For I am worse than thou art: Thou maist pray,
And so recover Grace—I am lost for ever,
And if thou let'st me live, thou'rt lost thy self too.

Emp. I fear no loss but Love—I stand above it.

Lucin. Gods! what a wretched thing has this man made me?
For I am now no Wife for *Maximus*;
No Company for Women that are vertuous;
No Family I now can claim or Countrey,

Nor Name but *Cæsar's* Whore: Oh sacred *Cæsar*!
 (For that should be your Title) was your Empire,
 Your Rods and Axes that are Types of Justice,
 And from the Gods themselves—to ravish Women?
 The Curses that I owe to Enemies, ev'n those the *Sabins* sent,
 When *Romulus* (as thou hast me) ravish'd their noble Maids,
 Made more and heavier, light on thee.

Emp. This helps not.

Lucin. The sins of *Tarquin* be remember'd in thee,
 And where there has a chaste Wife been abus'd,
 Let it be thine, the Shame thine, thine the Slaughter,
 And last for ever thine the fear'd Example.
 Where shall poor Vertue live now I am fallen?
 What can your Honours now and Empire make me,
 But a more glorious Whore?

Emp. A better Woman.

If you be blind and scorn it, who can help it?
 Come leave these Lamentations; you do nothing
 But make a noise—I am the same man still—
 Were it to do agen, Therefore be wiser, by all
 This holy Light I would attempt it.
 You are so excellent, and made to ravish,
 There were no pleasure in you else.

Lucin. Oh Villain!

Emp. So bred for man's Amazement, that my Reason
 And every help to do me right has left me:
 The God of Love himself had been before me,
 Had he but Eyes to see you; tell me justly
 How should I choose but err—then if you will
 Be mine and only mine (for you are so precious)
 I envy any other should enjoy you,
 Almost look on you, and your daring Husband
 Shall know he has kept an Off'ring from th'Emperor,
 Too holy for the Altars—Be the greatest;
 More than my self I'll make you; if you will not,
 Sit down with this and silence: for which wisdom,
 You shall have use of me; if you divulge it,
 Know I am far above the faults I do,
 And those I do, I am able to forgive;
 And where your credit in the telling of it
 May be with gloss enough suspected, mine
 Is as my own Command shall make it. Princes
 Tho' they be sometimes subject to loose Whispers,

VALENTINIAN

Yet wear they two edg'd Swords for open Cenfures:
Your Husband cannot help you, nor the Souldiers;
Your Husband is my Creature, they my Weapons,
And only where I bid 'em ftrike—I feed 'em,
Nor can the Gods be angry at this Aftion,
Who as they made me greateft, meant me happieft,
Which I had never been without this pleafure.
Confider, and farewell. You'll find your Women
Waiting without.

[*Ex. Emperor.*

Lucin. Destruction find thee.
Now which way fhall I go—my honeft Houfe
Will fhake to fhelter me—my Husband fly me,
My Family,
Because they're honeft, and defire to be fo.
Is this the end of Goodnefs? This the price
Of all my early pray'rs to protect me?
Why then I fee there is no God—but Power,
Nor Vertue now alive that cares for us,
But what is either lame or fenfual;
How had I been thus wretched elfe?

Enter Maximus and Æcius.

Æcius. Let *Titus*
Command the Company that *Pontius* loft.

Max. How now fweet Heart!
What make you here and thus?

Æcius. *Lucina* weeping.
This is fome ftrange offence.

Max. Look up and tell me.
Why art thou thus? my Ring! oh Friend I have found it!
You are at Court then.

Lucin. This and that vile Wretch *Lycias* brought me hither.

Max. Rife and go home. I have my Fears, *Æcius.*
Oh my beft Friend! I am ruin'd. Go *Lucina*,
Already in thy tears I've read thy Wrongs,
Already found a *Cæfar*? Go thou Lilly,
Thou fweetly drooping Flower; be gone, I fay,
And if thou dar'ft—outlive this Wrong.

Lucin. I dare not.

Æcius. Is that the Ring you loft?

Max. That, that *Æcius*,
That curfed Ring, my felf and all my Fortunes have undone.

VALENTINIAN

Thus pleas'd th' Emperor, my noble Master,
For all my Services and Dangers for him,
To make me my own Pandar! was this Justice?
Oh my *Æcius*! have I liv'd to bear this?

Lucin. Farewel for ever Sir.

Max. That's a sad saying;

But such a one becomes you well, *Lucina*.
And yet methinks we should not part so slightly;
Our Loves have been of longer growth, more rooted
Than the sharp blast of one Farewel can scatter.
Kiss me—I find no *Cæsar* here. These Lips
Taste not of Ravisher, in my opinion.
Was it not so?

Lucin. O yes.

Max. I dare believe you.

I know him and thy truth too well to doubt it.
Oh my most dear *Lucina*! oh my Comfort!
Thou Blessing of my Youth! Life of my Life!

Æcius. I have seen enough to stagger my Obedience.
Hold me, ye equal Gods! this is too sinful.

Max. Why wert thou chosen out to make a Whore of,
Thou only among millions of thy Sex?
Unfeignedly virtuous! fall, fall chrystal Fountains,
And ever feed your Streams, your rising Sorrows,
Till you have wept your Mistress into marble.
Now go for ever from me.

Lucin. A long farewell Sir!

And as I have been faithful, Gods, think on me.

Æcius. Madam farewell, since you resolve to die.
Which well consider'd,
If you can cease a while from these strange thoughts,
I wish were rather alter'd.

Lucin. No.

Æcius. Mistake not.

I would not stain your Vertue for the Empire,
Nor any way decline you to Dishonour:
It is not my profession, but a Villain's;
I find and feel your loss as deep as you do,
And still am the same *Æcius*, still as honest;
The same Life I have still for *Maximus*,
The same Sword wear for you where Justice bids me,
And 'tis no dull one. Therefore misconceive me not.
Only I'd have you live a little longer.

VALENTINIAN

Lucin. Alas Sir! why?

Am I not wretched enough already?

Æcius. To draw from that wild man a sweet repentance,
And goodness in his days to come.

Max. They are so.

And will be ever coming, my *Æcius*.

Æcius. For who knows but the sight of you, presenting
His swollen sins at the full, and your wrong'd Virtue,
May like a fearful Vision fright his Follies,
And once more bend him right again; which Blessing,
If your dark Wrongs would give you leave to read,
Is more than Death, and the Reward more glorious;
Death only eases you. This the whole Empire
Besides, compell'd and forc'd by violence,
To what was done. The deed was none of yours;
For should th' eternal Gods desire to perish,
Because we daily violate their Truth,
Which is the Chastity of Heav'n? No Madam—

Lucin. The Tongues of Angels cannot alter me.
For could the World again restore my Honour,
As fair and absolute as ere I bred it,
That World I should not trust; again, the Emperor
Can by my Life get nothing but my Story,
Which whilst I breathe must be his Infamy:
And where you counsel me to live, that *Cæsar*
May see his Errors and repent—I'll tell you,
His Penitence is but increase of Pleasure;
His Pray'rs are never said but to deceive us;
And when he weeps, (as you think, for his Vices)
'Tis but as killing Drops from baleful Yew-trees,
That rot his harmless Neighbours, if he can grieve
As one that yet desires his free Conversion,
I'll leave him Robes to mourn in—my sad Ashes.

Æcius. The Farewel then of happy Souls be with thee,
And to thy Memory be ever sung
The Praises of a just and constant Woman:
This sad day whilst I live, a Souldier's Tears
I'll offer on thy Monument.

Max. All that is chaste upon thy Tomb shall flourish;
All living Epitaphs be thine; Time's Story,
And what is left behind to piece our Lives,
Shall be no more abus'd with Tales and Trifles.

Æcius. But full of thee stand to Eternity,

VALENTINIAN

Once more farewell—Go find *Elizium*,
There where deserving Souls are crown'd with Blessings.

Max. There where no vicious Tyrants come: Truth, Honour,
Are keepers of that blessed Place; go thither. [Ex. Lucina.]

Æcius. Gods give thee Justice.
His Thoughts begin to work, I fear him yet;
He ever was a worthy *Roman*, but
I know not what to think on't. He has suffer'd
Beyond a man, if he stand this.

Max. Æcius,
Am I alive, or has a dead Sleep seiz'd me?
It was my Wife th'Emperor abus'd thus,
And I must say—I am glad I had her for him.
Must I not *Æcius*?

Æcius. I am stricken~
With such a stiff Amazement, that no Answer
Can readily come from me, nor no Comfort.
Will you go home, or go to my House?

Max. Neither.
I have no home, and you are mad *Æcius*,
To keep me Company—I am a Fellow
My own Sword would forsake, not tyed to me.
By Heav'n I dare do nothing.

Æcius. You do better.

Max. I am made a branded Slave, *Æcius*,
Yet I must blest the Maker.
Death on my Soul! shall I endure this tamely?
Must *Maximus* be mention'd for his Wrongs?
I am a Child too; what do I do railing?
I cannot mend my self. 'Twas *Cæsar* did it.
And what am I to him?

Æcius. 'Tis well remember'd;
However you are tainted, be not Traitor.

Max. O that thou wert not living, and my Friend!

Æcius. I'll bear a wary Eye upon your Actions:
I fear you, *Maximus*, nor can I blame you,
If you break out; for by the Gods, your Wrong
Deserves a general Ruine. Do you love me?

Max. That's all I have to live on.

Æcius. Then go with me.
You shall not to your own House.

Max. Nor to any.
My Grievs are greater far than Walls can compass;

VALENTINIAN

And yet I wonder how it happens with me.
 I am not dang'rous, and in my Conscience,
 Should I now see the Emperor i'th' heat on't,
 I should scarce blame him for't: an awe runs thro' me,
 I feel it sensibly that binds me to it,
 'Tis at my Heart now, there it sits and rules,
 And methinks 'tis a pleasure to obey it.

Æcius. This is a Mask to cozen me. I know you,
 And how far you dare do. No *Roman* farther,
 Nor with more fearless valour, and I'll watch you.

Max. Is a Wifes loss—
 More than the fading of a few fresh Colours?

Æcius. No more, *Maximus*,
 To one that truly lives.

Max. Why then I care not; I can live well enough, *Æcius*:
 For look you, Friend, for Vertue and those Trifles,
 They may be bought they say.

Æcius. He's crazed a little.
 His grief has made him talk things from his nature.
 Will you go any ways?

Max. I'll tell thee Friend,
 If my Wife for all this should be a Whore now,
 'Twould vex me,
 For I am not angry yet. The Emperor
 Is young and handsome, and the Woman, Flesh,
 And may not these two couple without Scratching?

Æcius. Alas, my *Maximus*!

Max. Alas not me, I am not wretched, for there's no man miserable
 But he that makes himself so.

Æcius. Will you walk yet?

Max. Come, come; she dares not die, Friend, that's the truth on't.
 She knows the enticing Sweets and Delicacies
 Of a young Princes Pleasure, and I thank her,
 She has made way for *Maximus* to rise.
 Wilt not become me bravely?

Æcius. Dearest Friend,
 These wild words shew your violated mind,
 Urg'd with the last extremity of grief;
 Which since I cannot like a Man redress,
 With tears I must lament it like a Child;
 For when 'tis *Cæsar* does the injury,
 Sorrow is all the Remedy I know.

Max. 'Tis then a certain truth that I am wrong'd,

VALENTINIAN

Wrong'd in that barb'rous manner I imagin'd:
 Alas, I was in hopes I had been mad,
 And that these Horrors which invade my Heart,
 Were but distracted melancholy Whimseys:
 But they are real truths (it seems) and I
 The last of men, and vilest of all Beings.
 Bear me cold Earth, who am too weak to move
 Beneath my load of Shame and Misery!
 Wrong'd by my lawful Prince, robb'd of my Love,
 Branded with everlasting infamy.
 Take pity Fate, and give me leave to die:
 Gods! would you be ador'd for being good,
 Or only fear'd for proving mischievous?
 How would you have your Mercy understood?
 Who could create a Wretch like *Maximus*,
 Ordain'd tho' guiltless to be infamous?
 Supream first Causes! you, whence all things flow,
 Whose infiniteness does each little fill,
 You, who decree each seeming Chance below,
 (So great in Power) were you as good in Will,
 How could you ever have produc'd such ill?
 Had your eternal minds been bent to good?
 Could humane happiness have prov'd so lame,
 Rapine, Revenge, Injustice, thirst of Blood,
 Grief, Anguish, Horror, Want, Despair and Shame,
 Had never found a Being nor a Name.
 'Tis therefore less impiety to say,
 Evil with you has Coeternity,
 Than blindly taking it the other way,
 That merciful and of election free,
 You did create the mischiefs you foresee.
 Wretch that I am, on Heav'n to exclaim,
 When this poor tributary Worm below,
 More than my self in nothing but in name,
 Who durst invade me with this fatal Blow,
 I dare not crush in the revenge I owe.
 Not all his Power shall the wild Monster save;
 Him and my shame I'll tread into one Grave.

Æcius. Does he but seem so?
 Or is he mad indeed?—Now to reprove him,
 Were council lost; but something must be done
 With speed and care, which may prevent that Fate
 Which threatens this unhappy Emperor.

VALENTINIAN

Max. O Gods! my Heart, would it would fairly break;
Methinks I am somewhat wilder than I was,
And yet I thank the Gods I know my Duty.

Enter Claudia.

Claud. Forgive me my sad Tidings Sir——She's dead,

Max. Why so it should be—— [*He rises*] How?

Claud. When first she enter'd

Into the House, after a world of weeping,
And blushing like the Sunset——
Dare I, said she, defile my Husband's House,
Wherein his spotless Family has flourisht?
At this she fell——Choakt with a thousand sighs!
And now the pleas'd expiring Saint,
Her dying Looks, where new born Beauty shines.
Opprest with Blushes, modestly declines,
While Death approacht with a Majestick Grace,
Proud to look lovely once in such a Face:
Her Arms spread to receive her welcome Guest,
With a glad sigh she drew into her Breast:
Her Eyes then languishing tow'rds Heaven she cast,
To thank the Powers that Death was come at last.
And at the approach of the cold silent God;
Ten thousand hidden Glories rush'd abroad.

Max. No more of this——Begone. Now my *Æcius*,
If thou wilt do me pleasure, weep a little;
I am so parcht I cannot——Your Example
Has taught my tears to flow——Now lead away Friend,
And as we walk together——Let us pray
I may not fall from truth.

Æcius. That's nobly spoken.

Max. Was I not wild, *Æcius*?

Æcius. You were troubled.

Max. I felt no sorrows then, but now my Grief,
Like festering Wounds grown cold, begins to smart,
The raging Anguish gnaws and tears my Heart.
Lead on and weep, but do not name the Woman.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Æcius Solus. A Letter.

Æcius. LOOK down, ye equal Gods, and guide my heart,
Or it will throw upon my hands an act
Which after Ages shall record with horror:
As well may I kill my offended Friend,
As think to punish my offending Prince.
The Laws of Friendship we our selves create,
And 'tis but simple Villany to break 'em;
But Faith to Princes broke, is Sacriledge,
An injury to the Gods, And that lost Wretch
Whose Breaſt is poyſon'd with ſo vile a Purpoſe,
Tears Thunder down from Heav'n on his own head,
And leaves a Curſe to his Poſterity:
Judge him your ſelves, ye mighty Gods, who know
Why you permit ſometimes that Honour bleed,
That Faith be broke, and Innocence oppreſt.
My Duty's my Religion, and howe're
The great Account may riſe 'twixt him and you,
Through all his Crimes I ſee your Image on him,
And muſt protect it no way then but this,
To draw far off the injur'd *Maximus*,
And keep him there faſt Priſoner to my Friendſhip;
Revenge ſhall thus be flatter'd or deſtroy'd,
And my bad Maſter whom I bluſh to ſerve,
Shall by my means at leaſt be ſafe. This Letter
Informs him I am gone to *Ægypt*, there
I ſhall live ſecure and innocent;
His ſins ſhall ne're o'retake me, nor his fears,

Enter Proculus.

Here comes one for my Purpoſe; *Proculus*,
Well met, I have a Courteſie to aſk of you.

Proc. Of me, my Lord! Is there a Houſe on fire?
Or is there ſome knotty Point now in debate
Betwixt your Lordſhip and the Scavengers?
For you have ſuch a popular, and publick Spirit,

VALENTINIAN

As in dull times of Peace will not disdain
The meanest opportunity to serve your Country.

Æcius. You witty Fools are apt to get your Heads broke:
This is no season for Buffooning, Sirrah!
Though heretofore I tamely have endur'd
Before th'Emperour your ridiculous Mirth;
Think not you have a Title to be sawcy;
When Monkey's grow mischievous, they are whipt,
Chain'd up and whipt. There has been mischief done,
And you (I hear) a wretched Instrument:
Look to't, when e're I draw this Sword to punish,
You and your grinning Crew will tremble, Slaves;
Nor shall the ruin'd world afford a Corner
To shelter you, nor that poor Prince's Bosom
You have invenom'd and polluted fo;
As if the Gods were willing it should be
A Dungeon for such Toads to crawl and croak in.

Proc. All this in earnest to your humblest Creature?
Nay, then my Lord, I must no more pretend
With my poor Talent to divert your Ears;
Since my well-meaning Mirth is grown offensive.
Tho' Heav'n can tell,
There's not so low an Act of servile Duty,
I wou'd not with more Pride throw my self on,
For great *Æcius's* sake, than gain a Province,
Or share with *Valentinian* in his Empire.

Æcius. Thou art so fawning and so mean a Villain,
That I disdain to hate, tho' I despise thee;
When e're thou art not fearful, thou art sawcy;
Be so again, my Pardon gives thee leave,
And to deserve it, carry this my Letter
To the Emperor: Tell him I am gone for *Ægypt*,
And with me, *Maximus*; 'twas scarce fit we two
Should take our leaves of him: Pray use your Interest;
He may forgive us. 'Twill concern you much,
For when we are gone, to be base vicious Villains,
Will prove less dang'rous——

[*Exit Æcius.*]

Proc. What the Devil possesses
This rusty Back and Breast without a Head-Piece?
Villains and Vicious! *Maximus* and *Ægypt*!
This may be Treason, or I'll make it so:
The Emperor's apt enough to fears and jealousies
Since his late Rape. I must blow up the fire,

VALENTINIAN

And aggravate this doating Hero's Notions,
Till they such Terrors in the Prince have bred,
May cost the Fool his worst part, that's his Head.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Emperour, Lycinius, Chylax, and Balbus.

Emp. Dead?

Balb. 'Tis too certain.

Emp. How?

Lycin. Grief and Disgrace,
As people say.

Emp. No more, I have too much on't,
Too much by you. You whetters of my Follies;
Ye Angel formers of my sins; but Devils,
Where is your cunning now? you would work Wonders.
There was no Chastity above your practice;
You'd undertake to make her love her Wrongs,
And doat upon her Rape. Mark what I tell you,
If she be dead!

Chy. Alas Sir!

Emp. Hang you, Rascals!
Ye blasters of my Youth; if she be gone,
'Twere better ye had been your Fathers Camels,
Groan'd under weights of Wooll and Water.
Am I not *Cæsar*?

Lycin. Mighty, and our Maker——

Emp. Than thus have given my Pleasures to destruction——
Look she be living, Slaves——

Chy. We are no Gods, Sir,
If she be dead, to make her live again.

Emp. She cannot dye, she must not dye: are those
I plant my Love upon but common livers?
Their Hours told out to 'em? Can they be Ashes?
Why do you flatter a belief in me,
That I am all that is? The World my Creature;
The Trees bring forth their Fruit, when I say Summer;
The Wind that knows no limits but its wildness,
At my command moves not a Leaf; The Sea,
With his proud mountain-Waters envying Heav'n,
When I say still, runs into chrystal Mirrors.

VALENTINIAN

Can I do this and she dye? Why ye Bubbles,
That with my least breath break, no more remember'd,
Ye Moths that fly about my Flames and perish;
Why do ye make me God, that can do nothing?
Is she not dead?

Chy. All Women are not dead with her.

Emp. A common Whore serves you, and far above you,
The Pleasures of a Body lam'd with lewdness,
A meer perpetual Motion makes you happy.
Am I a man to traffick with Diseases?
You think, because ye have bred me up to Pleasures,
And almost run me over all the rare ones,
Your Wives will serve the turn; I care not for 'em,
Your Wives are Fencers Whores, and shall be Footmens,
Tho' sometimes my Fantastick Lust or Scorn,
Has made you Cuckolds for variety;
I wou'd not have ye hope or dream, ye poor ones,
Always so great a Blessing from me. Go,
Get your own Infamy hereafter Rascals; ye enjoy
Each one an Heir, the Royal Seed of *Cæsar*,
And I may curse ye for it.

Thou *Lycinius*,

Haft such a *Messelina*, such a *Lais*,
The Backs of Bulls cannot content, nor Stallions,
The sweat of fifty men anight does nothing.

Lycin. I hope Sir, you know better things of her.

Emp. 'Tis Oracle,

The City can bear witness, thine's a Fool, *Chylax*,
Yet she can tell her twenty, and all Lovers,
All have lain with her too; and all as she is,
Rotten and ready for an Hospital.
Yours is a holy Whore, friend *Balbus*.

Balb. Well Sir.

Emp. One that can pray away the Sins she suffers,
But not the Punishment; she has had ten Bastards,
Five of 'em now are Lictors, yet she prays.
She has been the Song of *Rome* and common Pasquil,
Since I durst see a Wench, she was Camp-Mistress,
And muster'd all the Cohorts, paid 'em too;
They have it yet to shew, and yet she prays.
She is now to enter old Men turn'd Children,
That have forgot their Rudiments; and am I
Left for these wither'd Vices? And was there but one,

VALENTINIAN

But one of all the World that could content me,
 And snatcht away in shewing? if your Wives
 Be not yet Witches, or your selves? now be so,
 And save your Lives; raise me the dearest Beauty,
 As when I forc'd her full of Chastity,
 Or by the Gods——

Lycin. Most sacred *Cæsar*——

Emp. Slaves.

Enter Proculus.

Proc. Hail *Cæsar*, Tidings of Concern and Danger,
 My Message does contain in furious manner,
 With Oaths and Threatnings; stern *Æcius*
 Enjoyn'd me on the peril of my life,
 To give this Letter into *Cæsars* hands.
 Arm'd at all points, prepar'd to march he stands,
 With crowds of mutinous Officers about him,
 Among these, full of Anguish and Despair,
 Like pale *Typhphone* along Hell-brinks,
 Plotting Revenge and Ruine——*Maximus*
 With Ominous aspect walks in silent horror,
 In threatening Murmurs and harsh broken speeches,
 They talk of *Ægypt* and their Provinces,
 Of Cohorts ready with their lives to serve 'em,
 And then with bitter Curses they nam'd you.

Emp. Go tell thy fears to thy Companions, Slave!
 For 'tis a Language Princes understand not;
 Be gone, and leave me to my self.

[*Ex. all but Emperor.*]

The names of *Æcius* and of *Maximus*
 Run thro' me like a Fever, shake and burn me;
 But to my Slaves I must not shew my poorness.
 They know me vicious, thou'd they find me base,
 How would the Villains scorn me and insult?

Letter. He reads.

Sir,

*Would some God inspire me with another way to serve you,
 I would not thus fly from you without leave; but
 Maximus his wrongs have toucht too many, and should
 His presence here incourage 'em, dangers to you might follow;
 In Ægypt he will be more forgot, and you more safe by his
 Absence.*

Emp. A Plot, by Heav'n! a Plot laid for my Life,

VALENTINIAN

This is too subtle for my dull friend *Æcius*;
Heav'n give you Sir, a better servant to guard you,
A faithfuller you will never find than *Æcius*,
Since he repents his Friends Wrongs, he'll revenge 'em;
I know the Souldiers love him more than Heav'n,
Me they hate more than Peace; what this may breed
If dull security and confidence
Let him grow up, a Fool may find and laugh at.
Who waits there? *Proculus*.

Enter Proculus.

Well, hast thou observ'd
The growing pow'r and pride of this *Æcius*?
He writes to me with terms of Insolence,
And shortly will rebel, if not prevented;
But in my base lew'd Herd of vicious Slaves,
There's not a man that dares stand up to strike
At my Command, and kill this rising Traitor.

Proc. The Gods forbid *Cæsar* should thus be serv'd,
The Earth will swallow him, did you command it!
But I have study'd a safe sure way,
How he shall dye and your will ne're suspected.
A Souldier waits without, whom he has wrong'd,
Cashier'd, disgrac'd, and turn'd to beg or starve.
This fellow for revenge wou'd kill the Devil;
Encouragement of Pardon and Reward,
Which in your name I'll give him instantly,
Will make him fly more swiftly on the Murder,
Than longing Lovers to their first appointment.

Emp. Thou art the wisest, watchful, wary Villain,
And shalt partake the secrets of my soul,
And ever feel my Favour and my Bounty.
Tell the poor Souldier he shall be a General,
Æcius once dead.

Proc. Ay, there y'have found the point Sir,
If he can be so brutish to believe it.

Emp. Oh never fear! urge it with Confidence.
What will not flatter'd angry fools believe?
Minutes are precious, loose not one.

Proc. I fly Sir——

[*Exit Proculus.*]

Emp. What an infected Conscience do I live with,
And what a Beast I'm grown? when Lust has gain'd
An uncontroul'd Dominion in mans Heart,

VALENTINIAN

Then fears succeed with horror and amazement,
Which rack the wretch and tyrannize by turns.
But hold——
Shall I grow then so poor as to repent?
Tho' *Æcius*, Mankind, and the Gods forsake me,
I'll never alter and forsake my self.
Can I forget the last discourse he held?
As if he had intent to make me odious
To my own face, and by a way of terror,
What Vices I was grounded in, and almost
Proclaim'd the Souldiers hate against me. Is not
The sacred Name and Dignity of *Cæsar*
(Were this *Æcius* more than man sufficient)
To shake off all his Honesty? He is dangerous,
Tho' he be good, and tho' a Friend, a fear'd one,
And such I must not sleep by; as for *Maximus*,
I'll find a time when *Æcius* is dispatcht.
I do believe this *Proculus*, and I thank him;
'Twas time to look about; if I must perish,
Yet shall my fears go foremost, that's determin'd.

[Exit Emperour]

SCENE III.

Enter Proculus and Pontius.

Proc. Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble name of *Patrician*, more than that too;
The Friend of *Cæsar* y'are stil'd. There's nothing
Within the hopes of *Rome*, or present being,
But you may safely say is yours.

Pont. Pray stay Sir.
What has *Æcius* done to be destroy'd?
At least I would have a Colour.

Proc. You have more.
Nay, all that can be given; he is a Traitor.
One, any man would strike that were a Subject.

Pont. Is he so foul?

Proc. Yes, a most fearful Traitor.

Pont. A fearful Plague upon thee, for thou ly'st;
I ever thought the Souldiers would undo him
With their too much Affection.

[Aside.]

Proc. You have it.
They have brought him to Ambition.

Pont. Then he is gone.

Proc. The Emperour, out of a foolish Pity,
Would save him yet.

Pont. Is he so mad?

Proc. He's madder,
Would go to th' Army to him.

Pont. Would he so?

Proc. Yes *Pontius*, but we consider.

Pont. Wisely.

Proc. How else man, that the State lies in it?

Pont. And your Lives?

Proc. And every mans.

Pont. He did me [*Aretus here.*]
All the disgrace he could.

Proc. And scurvily.

Pont. Out of a Mischief meerly. Did you mark it?

Proc. Yes, well enough.
Now you have means to quit it;
The Deed done, take his Place.

Pont. Pray let me think on't,
'Tis ten to one I do it.

Proc. Do, and be happy——

[*Exit Proculus.*]

Pont. This Emperor is made of nought but mischief,
Sure Murther was his Mother. None to lop
But the main Link he had? Upon my Conscience,
The man is truly honest, and that kills him.
For to live here, and study to be true,
Is all one as to be a Traitor. Why should he dye?
Have they not Slaves and Rascals for their Offerings
In full abundance; Bawds, more than Beasts for slaughter?
Have they not singing Whores enough, and Knaves besides,
And millions of such Martyrs to sink *Charon*,
But the best Sons of *Rome* must fall too? I will shew him
(Since he must dye) a way to do it truly.
And tho' he bears me hard, yet shall he know
I'm born to make him blest me for a Blow.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Phidius, Aretus, and Æcius.

Aret. The Treason is too certain; fly my Lord.
I heard that Villain *Proculus* instruct
The desperate *Pontius* to dispatch you here,
Here in the Anti-Chamber.

Phid. Curst Wretches,
Yet you may escape to the Camp, we'll hazard with you.

Aret. Lose not your Life so basely Sir; you are arm'd,
And many when they see your Sword, and know why,
Must follow your Adventures.

Æcius. Get ye from me.
Is not the Doom of *Cæsar* on this Body?
Do I not bear my last hour here now sent me?
Am I not old *Æcius* ever dying?
You think this Tendernefs and Love you bring me;
'Tis Treason and the strength of Difobedience;
And if ye tempt me further ye shall feel it.
I seek the Camp for safety, when my Death,
Ten times more glorious then my Life and lasting,
Bids me be happy. Let Fools fear to dye,
Or he that weds a Woman for his Honour,
Dreaming no other Life to come but Kiffes.
Æcius is not now to learn to suffer;
If ye dare shew a just affection, kill me——
I stay but those that must; why do ye weep?
Am I so wretched as to deserve mens Pities?
Go, give your Tears to those that lose their worths,
Bewail their miseries: For me, wear Garlands,
Drink Wine, and much. Sing *Pæans* to my Praise,
I am to triumph, Friends, and more than *Cæsar*,
For *Cæsar* fears to dye, I love to dye.

Phid. O my dear Lord!

Æcius. No more, go, go I say,
Shew me not signs of sorrow, I deserve none.
Dare any man lament I should dye nobly?
When I am dead, speak honourably of me;
That is, preserve my Memory from dying,
There if you needs must weep your ruin'd Master,
A Tear or two will seem well; This I charge you,

(Because ye say ye yet love old *Æcius*.)
 See my poor Body burnt, and some to sing
 About my Pile what I have done and suffer'd.
 If *Cæsar* kill not that too: At your Banquets,
 When I am gone, if any chance to number
 The times that have been sad and dangerous,
 Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient.
 No more I say; he that laments my end,
 By all the Gods, dishonours me; be gone,
 And suddenly and wisely from my Dangers,
 My Death is catching else.

Phid. We fear not dying.

Æcius. Yet fear a wilful Death, the just Gods hate it;
 I need no Company to that, that Children
 Dare do alone, and Slaves are proud to purchase.
 Live till your honesties, as mine has done,
 Make this corrupted Age sick of your Virtues.
 Then dye a Sacrifice, and then you'll know
 The noble use of dying well and *Romans*.

Ares. And must we leave you Sir?

Æcius. We must all dye,
 All leave our selves, it matters not where, when
 Nor how, so we dye well. And can that man that does so
 Need Lamentation for him? Children weep
 Because they have offended, or for fear;
 Women for want of Will and Anger; is there
 In noble man, that truly feels both Poyses
 Of Life and Death, so much of this weakness,
 To drown a glorious Death in Child and Woman?
 I am asham'd to see you, yet you move me,
 And were it not my Manhood would accuse me
 For covetous to live, I should weep with you.

Phid. O we shall never see you more!

Æcius. 'Tis true.

Nor I the Miseries that *Rome* shall suffer,
 Which is a Benefit Life cannot reckon;
 But what I have been, which is just and faithful——
 One that grew old for *Rome*, when *Rome* forgot him,
 And for he was an honest man durst dye,
 Ye shall have daily with you. Could that dye too,
 And I return no Traffick of my Travels,
 No Annals of old *Æcius*, but he lived,
 My Friends, ye had cause to weep, and bitterly

VALENTINIAN

The common overflows of tender Women
And Children new born; Crying were too little
To shew me then most wretched; if Tears must be,
I should in justice weep 'em, and for you;
You are to live, and yet behold those Slaughters,
The dry and wither'd bones of Death would bleed at.
But sooner than I have time to think what must be,
I fear you'll find what shall be.

If you love me,
Let that word serve for all. Be gone, and leave me;
I have some little practice with my Soul,
And then the sharpest Sword is welcomest—Go,
Pray be gone. Ye have obey'd me living,
Be not for shame now stubborn—So—I thank ye——
And fare you well—A better Fortune guide ye.

Phid. What shall we do to save our best lov'd Master?

[*Aside.*

Aret. I'll to *Affranus*, who with half a Legion
Lies in the old *Subbura*; all will rise
For the brave *Æcius*.

Phid. I'll to *Maximus*,
And lead him hither to prevent this Murder,
Or help in the Revenge, which I'll make sure of.

[*Exit Phidius and Aretus.*

Æcius. I hear 'em come, who strikes first? I stay for you.

Enter Balbus, Chylax, Lycinius.

Yet will I dye a Souldier, my Sword drawn,
But against none. Why do you fear? Come forward.

Balb. You were a Souldier *Chylax*.

Chy. Yes, I muster'd,
But never saw the Enemy.

Lycin. He's armed.
By Heav'n I dare not do it.

Æcius. Why do you tremble?
I am to dye. Come ye not from *Cæsar*
To that end? Speak.

Balb. We do, and we must kill you.
'Tis *Cæsar's* Will.

Chy. I charge you put your Sword up,
That we may do it handsomly.

Æcius. Ha, ha, ha!
My Sword up! handsomely! where were you bred?
You are the merriest Murtherers, my Masters,

VALENTINIAN

I ever met withal. Come forward, Fools.
Why do you stare? Upon my Honour, Bawds,
I will not strike you.

Lycin. I'll not be first.

Balb. Nor I.

Chy. You had best dye quietly. The Emperor
Sees how you bear your self.

Æcius. I would dye, Rascals,

If you would kill me quietly.

Balb. Plague on *Proculus*,

He promis'd to bring a Captain hither,
That has been us'd to kill.

Æcius. I'll call the Guard,

Unless you kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beastly, base, cowardly Companions
The Emperor has trusted with his safety;
Nay, I'll give out you fell on my side, Villains;
Strike home you bawdy Slaves.

Chy. He will kill us,
I markt his hand, he waits but time to reach us;
Now do you offer.

Æcius. If you do mangle me,
And kill me not at two blows, or at three,
Or not so, stagger me, my Senses fail me,
Look to your selves.

Chy. I told ye.

Æcius. Strike me manly,
And take a thousand strokes.

Balb. Here's *Pontius*.

Pont. Not kill him yet?

Is this the Love you bear the Emperor?
Nay, then I see you are Traitors all; have at ye.

Chy. Oh I am hurt.

Balb. And I am kill'd——

Pont. Dye Bawds,

As you have liv'd and flourish'd.

Æcius. Wretched Fellow,
What hast thou done?

Pont. Kill'd them that durst not kill,
And you are next.

Æcius. Art thou not *Pontius*?

Pont. I am the same you cast, *Æcius*,
And in the face of all the Camp disgrac'd.

[Enter *Pontius*.
[*Licinius* runs away.]

[Exit *Chylax* and *Balbus*.]

VALENTINIAN

Æcius. Then so much nobler, as thou art a Soldier,
Shall my death be. Is it revenge provokt thee?
Or art thou hired to kill me?

Pont. Both.

Æcius. Then do it.

Pont. Is that all?

Æcius. Yes.

Pont. Would you not live?

Æcius. Why should I?

To thank thee for my Life?

Pont. Yes, if I spare it.

Æcius. Be not deceiv'd, I was not made to thank
For any Courtesie but killing me,
A fellow of thy Fortune. Do thy Duty.

Pont. Do you not fear me?

Æcius. No.

Pont. Nor love me for it?

Æcius. That's as thou do'st thy Business.

Pont. When you are dead, your Place is mine, *Æcius.*

Æcius. Now I fear thee,

And not alone thee, *Pontius*, but the Empire.

Pont. Why? I can govern Sir.

Æcius. I would thou coul'dst,

And first thy self: Thou canst fight well and bravely,
Thou canst endure all Dangers, Heats, Colds, Hungers;
Heav'ns angry Flashes are not suddener,
Than I have seen thee execute, nor more mortal;
The winged feet of flying Enemies,
I have stood and seen thee mow away like Rushes,
And still kill the Killer; were thy mind
But half so sweet in Peace as rough in Dangers,
I'd dye to leave a happy Heir behind me.
Come strike and be a General——

Pont. Prepare then,

And for I see your honour cannot lessen,
And 'twere a shame for me to strike a dead man,
Fight your short span out.

Æcius. No. Thou know'st I must not;
I dare not give thee such advantage of me
As Disobedience.

Pont. Dare you not defend you
Against your Enemy?

Æcius. Not sent from *Cæsar*?

VALENTINIAN

I have no power to make fuch Enemies,
 For as I am condemn'd, my naked Sword
 Stands but a Hatchment by me, only held
 To shew I was a Souldier. Had not *Cæsar*
 Chain'd all defence in this Doom—Let him dye,
 Old as I am, and quench'd with Scars and Sorrows——
 Yet would I make this wither'd Arm do wonders,
 And open in an Enemy fuch wounds,
 Mercy would weep to look on.

Pont. Then have at you,
 And look upon me, and be fure you fear not,
 Remember who you are, and why you live,
 And what I have been to you: Cry not hold,
 Nor think it bafe injustice I fhould kill thee.

Æcius. I am prepar'd for all.

Pont. For now *Æcius*,
 Thou fhalt behold and find I was no Traitor,
 And as I do it, blefs me—Dye as I do——

[*Pontius kills
himself.*]

Æcius. Thou haft deceiv'd me *Pontius*, and I thank thee,
 By all my Hopes in Heav'n thou art a *Roman*.

Pont. To shew you what you ought to do this is not;
 But noble Sir, you have been jealous of me,
 And held me in the Rank of dangerous perfons,
 And I muft dying fay it was but juftice,
 You caft me from my Credit. Yet believe me,
 For there is nothing now but truth to fave me,
 And your forgiveness, tho' you hold me heinous
 And of a troubled Spirit that like fire
 Turns all to flames it meets with: You miftook me,
 If I were Foe to any thing, 'twas eafe,
 Want of the Souldiers due—The Enemy.
 The Nakednefs we found at home, and Scorn——
 Children of Peace, and Pleasures—no regard
 Nor comfort for our Scars, nor how we got 'em——
 To rusty time that eats our Bodies up,
 And even began to prey upon our hours——
 To Wants at home, and more than Wants, Abufes——
 To them that when the Enemy invaded,
 Made us their Saints, but now the Sores of *Rome*——
 To filken Flattery, and Pride plain'd over,
 Forgetting with what Wind their Fathers sail'd,
 And under whose protection their foft pleasures
 Grew full and numberlefs. To this I am Foe,

VALENTINIAN

Not to the State or any point of Duty;
 And let me speak but what a Souldier may,
 Truly I ought to be so, yet I err'd,
 Because a far more noble Sufferer,
 Shew'd me the way to Patience, and I lost it;
 This is the end I dye for, to live basely,
 And not the follower of him that bred me,
 In full account and Virtue, *Pontius* dares not,
 Much less to out-live all that is good, and flatter.

Æcius. I want a Name to give thy Virtue, Souldier,
 For only good is far below thee, *Pontius*;
 The Gods shall find thee one: Thou hast fashion'd Death
 In such an excellent and beauteous manner,
 I wonder men can live! Canst thou speak one word more?
 For thy words are such Harmony, a Soul
 Would chuse to fly to Heav'n in.

Pont. A farewell——

Good noble General your hand: Forgive me,
 And think whatever was displeasing to you,
 Was none of mine. You cannot live.

Æcius. I will not,
 Yet one word more.

Pont. Dye nobly, *Rome* farewell,
 And *Valentinian* fall.

In joy you have given me a quiet Death,
 I would strike more Wounds if I had more Breath.

[*Dies.*

Æcius. Is there an hour of goodness beyond this?

Or any man that would outlive such Dying?

Would *Cæsar* double all my Honours on me,

And stick me o're with Favours like a Mistress;

Yet would I grow to this man: I have Lov'd,

But never doated on a Face till now.

Oh Death! Thou art more than Beauty, and thy Pleasures

Beyond Posterity: Come Friends and kill me.

Cæsar be kind and send a thousand Swords,

The more the greater is my fall: why stay you?

Come and I'll kiss your Weapons: fear me not;

By all the Gods I'll honour ye for killing:

Appear, or through the Court and World I'll search ye,

I'll follow ye, and ere I die proclaim ye

The Weeds of *Italy*, the dross of Nature.

Where are ye Villains, Traitors, Slaves——

[*Exit.*

VALENTINIAN

SCENE V.

Valentinian and the Eunuch discover'd on a Couch.

Emp. Oh let me press these balmy Lips all day,
And bathe my Love-scorch'd Soul in thy moist Kisses.
Now by my Joys thou art all sweet and soft,
And thou shalt be the Altar of my Love,
Upon thy Beauties hourly will I offer,
And pour out Pleasure and blest Sacrifice,
To the dear memory of my *Lucina*,
No God, nor Goddes ever was ador'd
With such Religion, as my Love shall be.
For in these charming Raptures of my Soul,
Claspt in thy Arms, I'll waste my self away,
And rob the ruin'd World of their great Lord,
While to the Honour of *Lucina's* Name,
I leave Mankind to mourn the loss for ever.

A SONG.

1.

Kindness hath resistless Charms,
All besides can weakly move;
Fiercest Anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying Love.

2.

*Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade;
It gilds the Lovers servile-chain,
And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and vain.*

Enter Æcius with two Swords.

Emp. Ha!
What desperate Mad-man weary of his Being,
Presumes to press upon my happy Moments?
Æcius? And arm'd? Whence comes this impious Boldness?
Did not my Will, the Worlds most sacred Law,
Doom thee to die?
And dar'st thou in Rebellion be alive?
Is Death more frightful grown than Disobedience?

VALENTINIAN

Æcius. Not for a hated Life condemn'd by you,
Which in your Service has been still expos'd
To Pain and Labours, Famine, Slaughter, Fire,
And all the dreadful Toyls of horrid War!
Am I thus lowly laid before your feet!
For what mean Wretch, who has his Duty done,
Would care to live, when you declare him worthless?
If I must fall, which your severe Disfavour
Hath made the easier and the nobler Choice,
Yield me not up a wretched Sacrifice
To the poor Spleen of a base Favourite.
Let not vile Instruments destroy the man
Whom once you lov'd: but let your hand bestow
That welcome Death your anger has decreed.

[Lays his Sword at his feet.]

Emp. Go, seek the common Executioner,
Old man, thro' vanity and years grown mad,
Or to reprieve thee from the Hangman's stroak,
Go, use thy military Interest
To beg a milder Death among the Guards,
And tempt my kindl'd Wrath no more with folly.

Æcius. Ill-counsell'd thankless Prince, you did indeed
Bestow that Office on a Souldier;
But in the Army could you hope to find
With all your Bribes a Murderer of *Æcius*?
Whom they so long have follow'd, known and own'd
Their God in War, and thy good Genius ever!
Speechless and cold without, upon the Ground
The Souldier lyes, whose generous Death will teach
Posterity true Gratitude and Honour.

And press as heavily upon thy Soul,
Loft *Valentinian*, as thy barb'rous Rape.
For which since Heav'n alone must punish thee,
I'll do Heav'n's justice on thy base Assister.

[Runs at Lycias.]

Lycias. Save me, my Lord.

Emp. Hold honest *Æcius*, hold.
I was too rash. Oh spare the gentle Boy!
And I'll forgive thee all.

Lycias. Furies and Death.

[Dies.]

Emp. He bleeds! mourn ye Inhabitants of Heav'n!
For sure my lovely Boy was one of you!
But he is dead, and now ye may rejoyce,
For ye have stol'n him from me, spiteful Powers!

VALENTINIAN

Empire and Life I ever have despis'd,
The vanity of Pride, of Hope and Fear,
In Love alone my Soul found real Joys!
And still ye tyrannize and cross my Love.

Oh that I had a Sword,

[*Throws him a Sword.*

To drive this raving Fool headlong to Hell.

[*Fight.*

Æcius. Take your desire, and try if lawless Lust
Can stand against Truth, Honesty and Justice!
I have my Wish. Gods! Give you true Repentance,
And bless you still: beware of *Maximus*.

[*They fight. Æcius runs on the Emp. Sword, and falls. Dies.*

Emp. Farewel dull Honesty, which tho' despis'd,
Canst make thy owner run on certain Ruine.

Old *Æcius*! Where is now thy Name in War?
Thy Interest with so many conquer'd Nations?
The Souldiers Reverence, and the Peoples Love?
Thy mighty Fame and Popularity?

With which thou kept'st me still in certain fear,
Depending on thee for uncertain safety:

Ah what a lamentable Wretch is he,
Who urg'd by Fear or Sloth, yields up his pow'r
To hope protection from his Favourite!

Wallowing in Ease and Vice, feels no Contempt,
But wears the empty Name of Prince with scorn,
And lives a poor lead Pageant to his Slave!

Such have I been to thee, honest *Æcius*!

Thy pow'r kept me in awe, thy pride in pain,
Till now I liv'd; but since th'art dead, I'll reign.

Enter Phidius with Maximus.

Phid. Behold my Lord the cruel Emperor,
By whose tyrannick Doom the noble *Æcius*
Was judg'd to die.

Emp. He was so, sawcy Slave!
Struck by this hand, here groveling at my feet
The Traitor lyes! as thou shalt do bold Villain!
Go to the Furies, carry my Defiance,
And tell 'em, *Cæsar* fears nor Earth nor Hell.

[*Kills him.*

Phid. Stay *Æcius*, and I'll wait thy mightier Ghost.
Oh *Maximus*, thro' the long vault of Death,
I hear thy Wife cry out, revenge me!
Revenge me on the Ravisher! no more
Aretus comes to aid thee! Oh farewell!

[*Dies.*

Emp. Ha! what, not speak yet? thou whose wrongs are greatest;
Or do the Horrors that we have been doing,
Amaze thy feeble Soul? If thou art a *Roman*,
Answer the Emperor: *Cæsar* bids thee speak.

Max. A *Roman*? Ha! And *Cæsar* bids thee speak?
Pronounce thy Wrongs, and tell 'em o're in Groans;
But oh the Story is ineffable!

Cæsar's Commands, back'd with the Eloquence
Of all the inspiring Gods, cannot declare it.

Oh Emperor, thou Picture of a Glory!

Thou mangled Figure of a ruin'd Greatness!

Speak, saist thou? Speak the Wrongs of *Maximus*?

Yes, I will speak. Imperial Murderer!

Ravisher! Oh thou royal Villany!

In Purple dipt to give a Globs to Mischief.

Yet ere thy Death enriches my Revenge,

And swells the Book of Fate, you statelier Mad-man,

Plac'd by the Gods upon a Precipice,

To make thy Fall more dreadful—Why hast thou slain

Thy Friend? thy only Stay for sinking Greatness?

What Frenzy, what blind Fury did possess thee,

To cut off thy right Hand, and fling it from thee?

For such was *Æcius*.

Emp. Yes, and such art thou;

Joynt Traitors to my Empire and my Glory.

Put up thy Sword; be gone for ever, leave me,

Tho' Traitor, yet because I once did wrong thee,

Live like a vagrant Slave. I banish thee.

Max. Hold me you Gods; and judge our Passions rightly,

Lest I should kill him: kill this luxurious Worm,

Ere yet a thought of Danger has awak'd him.

End him even in the midst of night-Debauches,

Mounted upon a *Tripes*, drinking Healths

With shallow Rascals, Pimps, Buffoons and Bawds,

Who with vile Laughter take him in their Arms,

And bear the drunken *Cæsar* to his Bed,

Where to the scandal of all Majesty,

At every grasp he belches Provinces,

Kisses off Fame, and at the Empires ruine,

Enjoys his costly Whore.

Emp. Peace Traitor, or thou dy'ft.

Tho' pale *Lucina* should direct thy Sword,

I would assault thee if thou offer more.

VALENTINIAN

Max. More? By the immortal Gods I will awake thee;
 I'll rouse thee *Cæsar*, if strong Reason can,
 If thou hadst ever sense of *Roman* Honour,
 Or th' imperial Genius ever warm'd thee.
 Why hast thou us'd me thus? for all my Service,
 My Toyls, my Frights, my Wounds in horrid War?
 Why didst thou tear the only Garland from me,
 That could make proud my Conquests? Oh ye Gods!
 If there be no such thing as Right or Wrong,
 But Force alone must swallow all possession,
 Then to what purpose in so long descents
 Were *Roman* Laws observ'd or Heav'n obey'd?
 If still the Great for Ease or Vice were form'd,
 Why did our first Kings toyl? Why was the Plow
 Advanc'd to be the Pillar of the State?
 Why was the lustful *Tarquin* with his House
 Expell'd, but for the Rape of bleeding *Lucrece*?

Emp. I cannot bear thy words. Vext Wretch no more.
 He shocks me. Prithee *Maximus* no more.
 Reason no more; thou troublest me with Reason.

Max. What servile Rascal, what most abject Slave,
 That lick'd the Dust where ere his Master trod,
 Bounded not from the Earth upon his feet,
 And shook his Chain, that heard of *Brutus* Vengeance?
 Who that ere heard the Cause, applauded not
 That *Roman* Spirit, for his great Revenge?
 Yet mine is more, and touches me far nearer:
Lucrece was not his Wife as she was mine,
 For ever ravish'd, ever lost *Lucina*.

Emp. Ah name her not! That Name, thy Face, and Reason,
 Are the three things on Earth I would avoid:
 Let me forget her, I'll forgive thee all,
 And give thee half the Empire to be gone.

Max. Thus steel'd with such a Cause, what Soul but mine
 Had not upon the instant ended thee?
 Sworn in that moment.—*Cæsar* is no more;
 And so I had. But I will tell thee Tyrant,
 To make thee hate thy Guilt, and curse thy Fears,
Æcius, whom thou hast slain, prevented me;
Æcius, who on this bloody Spot lyes murder'd
 By barb'rous *Cæsar*, watcht my vow'd Revenge,
 And from my Sword preserv'd ungrateful *Cæsar*.

Emp. How then dar'st thou, viewing this great Example,
With impious Arms assault thy Emperor?

Max. Because I have more Wit than Honesty,
More of thy self, more Villany than Vertue,
More Passion, more Revenge, and more Ambition,
Than foolish Honour, and fantastick Glory.
What? Share your Empire? Suffer you to live?
After the impious Wrongs I have receiv'd,
Couldst thou thus lull me, thou might'st laugh indeed.

Emp. I am satisfy'd that thou didst ever hate me,
Thy Wifes Rape therefore was an act of Justice,
And so far thou hast eas'd my tender Conscience.
Therefore to hope a Friendship from thee now,
Were vain to me, as is the Worlds Continuance,
Where solid pains succeed our senseless joys,
And short-liv'd pleasures fleet like passing Dreams.
Æcius, I mourn thy Fate as much as man
Can do in my condition, that am going,
And therefore should be busie with my self:
Yet to thy memory I will allow
Some grains of Time, and drop some forrowing Tears.
Oh *Æcius*! oh!

Max. Why this is right, my Lord,
And if these Drops are orient, you will set,
True *Cæsar*, glorious in your going down,
Tho' all the Journey of your Life was cloudy.
Allow at least a Possibility,
Where Thought is lost, and think there may be Gods,
An unknown Countrey after you are dead,
As well as there was one ere you were born.

Emp. I've thought enough, and with that thought resolve
To mount Imperial from the burning Pile.
I grieve for *Æcius*! Yes, I mourn him, Gods,
As if I had met my Father in the dark,
And striving for the Way had murder'd him.
Oh such a faithful Friend! that when he knew
I hated him, and had contriv'd his Death,
Yet then he ran his Heart upon my Sword,
And gave a fatal proof of dying Love.

Max. 'Tis now fit time, I've wrought you to my purpose,
Else at my entrance with a brutal Blow
I'd fell'd you like a Victim for the Altar,
Not warn'd you thus, and arm'd you for your hour,

VALENTINIAN

As if when ere Fate call'd a *Cæsar* home,
The judging Gods lookt down to mark his dying.

Emp. Oh subtil Traitor! how he dallies with me?
Think not thou sawcy Counsellor, my Slave,
Tho' at this moment I should feel thy Foot
Upon my Neck, and Sword within my Bowels,
That I would ask a Life from thee. No Villain,
When once the Emperor is at thy Command,
Power, Life and Glory must take leave for ever.
Therefore prepare the utmost of thy malice;
But to torment thee more, and shew how little
All thy Revenge can do appears to *Cæsar*—
Would the Gods raise *Lucina* from the Grave,
And fetter thee but while I might enjoy her,
Before thy Face I'd ravish her again.

Max. Hark, hark *Aretus*, and the Legions come.

Emp. Come all, *Aretus*, and the Rebel Legions;
Let *Æcius* too part from the Gaol of Death,
And run the flying race of Life again.
I'll be the foremost still, and snatch fresh Glory
To my last Gasps, from the contending World;
Garlands and Crowns too shall attend my Dying;
Statues and Temples, Altars shall be rais'd
To my great Name, while your more vile Inscriptions
Time rots, and mouldring Clay is all your Portion.

Enter Aretus and Souldiers. They kill the Emperor.

Max. Lead me to Death or Empire, which you please,
For both are equal to a ruin'd man:
But fellow-Souldiers, if you are my Friends,
Bring me to Death, that I may there find peace,
Since Empire is too poor to make amends
For half the Losses I have undergone,—
A true Friend and a tender faithful Wife,
The two blest Miracles of humane Life.
Go now and seek new Worlds to add to this,
Search Heav'n for Blessings to enrich the gift,
Bring Power and Pleasure on the wings of Fame,
And heap this Treasure upon *Maximus*,
You'll make a great man not a happy one;
Sorrows so just as mine must never end,
For my Love ravish'd, and my murder'd Friend.

[*Ex. omnes.*]

SCENE OF
SIR R. HOWARD'S
PLAY

A SCENE

Of Sir R. Howard's

PLAY

The Army appears drawn up in three Battalions. The Empreffe heading ye maine Body, on ye right hand Hyachian, on ye left Lycurgus.

Emp. **L**EAD faster on, why creepe you thus to fight?
Faintly to charge is shamefuller than flight;
Your Emperour Deify'd hovers in ye aire
Commands revenge and does rewards prepare——
For ye brave Glory, for ye base Despaire.
Perhaps they think or woud perswade ye Foe,
Warr, led by women, must bee cold or flow.
This day I'le prove ye Injustice of that scorne
Men treat our Sex withall; Woman is borne
With equall thirst of Honour and of Fame,
But treacherous man misguides her in her aime;
Makes her believe that all her Glories lye
In dull Obedience, Truth, and Modesty;
That to bee Beautifull is to bee Brave,
And calls her Conqueror when she's most his Slave,
Forbidding her those noble Paths to tread
Which through bold daring deeds to Glory lead,
With ye poor Hypocriticall pretence
That Womans merit is her Innocence;
Who treacherously advis'd, Retaining thus
The sole Ambition to bee vertuous,
Thinks 'tis enough if she's not Infamous.
On these false grounds is mans stol'n Triumph laid,
Through Craft alone ye Nobler Creature made.

SCENE OF SIR R. HOWARD'S PLAY

Woman henceforth on my Example taught,
To vaster heights of vertue shall bee wrought,
Train'd up in Warre and Armes she shall despise
The mean pretended Conquests of her Eyes.
Nor bee contented with ye low applause
Left to her Sex, (by mans tyrannique Lawes);
Glory was never got by sitting still,
The Lazy merits of not doing ill.

Who ere aspires to reach a Glorious name,
By Acting greatly must lay in their Claime,
Storm, tear, and fight with all ye world for Fame.

Hyach. Now all the powers of Warre and Victory
Forever to your Armes propitious bee,
And may yet Fame they for your sword reserve
Equall ye Glory wee obtaine to serve!

Lycur. I will not mingle wishes with ye Crowd,
Nor till my Service pleases you bee proud,
But if revenge through conquest you designe,
For that depend on this Sole Arme of mine;
Guarded by this, Danger you may despise,
And finde your Sword as powerfull as your Eyes,
Whose brightness, should ye God of Battel see
As full of Charmes as they appeare to mee,
Hee'd think his Venus were grown young againe,
Leap downe from Heaven and Resume his Chaîne,
Nor though a God should hee your fetters weare
Without ye hazard of a Rivall here.

Emp. That Prince who to my Aide his Army brings,
I doe expect shall fight, not say fine things.
If his presuming Vanity bee such,
Let him take care his Courage bee as much,
And with his daring hand build a pretence
To bee forgiv'n his Tongues Impertinence.

Lycur. Pride and contempt that often blinde ye f[ai]re
Make them least pertinent wher most severe.
From unaffected Truths noe Errours flow,
I thinke you Lovely and I told you foe.
What of my selfe I said, I shall make good,
And when I fight bee better understood.

Emp. Fighting indeed your Riddle will explaine,
Distinguishing the Valiant from the Vaine.

Hyach. And that distinction quickly will be made,
For I perceive from yonder gloomy shade

SCENE OF SIR R. HOWARD'S PLAY

Which these tall woods doe or'e ye valleys throw,
Like swelling Tides ye numerous Tartars flow.
Their glittering Helmets force a brighter day
And moving Shields
Like dancing Billows in ye sunbeams Play.

Emp. They meet my Just Revenge and their own Fate
And have the manners not to make mee waite.
(*To Hyach.*) But you brave Prince whose deeds advance your name,
Even with ye foremost in ye mouth of Fame,
Who wherefoe e're you come bring Victory,
Blush not this day to leave a part to mee;
I to your conduct will ye trust afford
Of the first Blooming Honour of my Sword;
All here to your unequall'd worth must yield
This day I make you Generall of ye field.

Hyac. Few conquests yet my feeble hand has wrought,
But were my deeds as humble as my thought,
Rank't with ye meanest Slave that does pursue
The matchlesse Glory here to fight for you,
Since on my Arme you Place such confidence
To think it worthy of your Fames defence,
The sole Ambition not to prove unjust
May raise my Merit equall to my trust.

Emp. My Judgement I but weakly shoud expresse
To value you foe much and trust you lesse,
But in what order will you now bestow
The Bold Chineses to receive ye Foe?
Whose discipline as well as ours you know.

Hyach. Fiercely ye Tartars with confusion Charge
In broken order here and there at Large,
With wilde Excurfions to and fro they bound
And if not well observ'd will charge you round;
But a large front shall hinder that design;
Half ye first Legion draw into a line,
Let ye other halfe ye two extreames inforce
And let ye point bee wing'd with all ye horse;
I'th' middle which ye greatest shock must prove
Let the maine Body of the Army move.

Emp. My selfe and guards will at the head bee plac't.

Hyac. My force may follow next.

[*Exit Emp.*]

Lycur. Lycurgus last! I thank your Care;
'Tis for Hyachian then that wee make warre.
You who Create, what difference can you see

SCENE OF SIR R. HOWARD'S PLAY

Twixt this admir'd Hyachian and mee?
 Woman! ah worthleffe woman! erring still
 In ye wilde maze of thy fantaftick Will,
 Equally shar'd betwixt thy Pride and Luft,
 Averse to all that's good and blinde to all that's Juft,
 For ever is that man of worth undone
 Whom Fate into thy Barb'rous pow'r has thrown;
 Who in ye dumb green-sicknefs of her minde
 Still hungers for ye trash of all mankind.
 Not an infipid Fopp on Earth does move
 For whom fome woman does not die in Love.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. Both Armies Sir by this time are fo neare,
 They'll bee engag'd ere you can reach ye Reare.

Lycur. Bid my advancing Troops with speed be gone
 Bid 'em stand still, be quiet and look on.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Eternall Gods! but fure there can bee none
 To fee injustice and looke Idly on——

But if there bee,
 Which of you all below ye skies
 Is not in debt to mee for Sacrifice?

To ye bright fhining God fome prayers I make,
 Some to ye Hurtfull grim Bloodthirsty Black;
 Where either hope or fear points out ye way
 With Equall zeal, I Sacrifice, and Pray.

If all my Prayers cannot [their] Bleffings raife,
 Have you ye Conscience to expect my Praise,
 Though hitherto

My innocent defires fuccess doe want?

But I'll ask favours, you'l not ftick to grant:
 When wee for Bleffings fue, you ftop your Eares,
 But if wee curfe, there's not one God but hears.

Affift me then to bring full ruine doune

On this infulting Woman and her Crowne.

Are yee not [fcorn'd], blafphem'd, deny'd each [day],
 For letting Chance in mortall Actions fway?

You'll mend ye matter well, if you permit
 The Rule of things to womans Will, or Wit——

Woman of all ye Creatures you did make
 The only figne and prooffe you could miftake,
 That heap of contradictions, mafs of Lyes,
 Snare of our wifhes, Bane of all our Joyes;

SCENE OF SIR R. HOWARD'S PLAY

If for a Blessing they were sent us, why
Have you not given them one good quality?
If for a Curse, how are you just or wise
To lend 'em your own form for a disguise?

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. The over-power'd Chineses give ground,
The Empress with her Guard's encompass'd round,
The Prince Hyachian's to her rescue fled
And both by this time taken or else dead,
The wings retire, the maine battalion's broke!

[Exit Sold.]

Lycur. No matter, see my men fight not a stroak.
Before ye sun slip in ye azure wave,
He shall bee Death's, ye Tartars' or my Slave——
My Slave, my Wife,
My hated Wife, now my revenge grows strong
And may this way bee equall to my wrong,
Thank[s] to you powers who marriage have allow'd
To make those wretched whom you first made proud.
But first Hyachian must in dust be lay'd,
The Army next deserted or betray'd;
Tis worth ye Blackest mischief I can doe
To bee reveng'd, and [g]et an Empire too.
If on ye Tartars side the day bee lost,
I'll take the advantage of my noble Post,
When the pursuit most eager does appeare,
I'll fall on ye Chineses in the reare;
If they are put to flight my forces Lye
Nearest the Towne, and thither first I'll fly,
And if my beaten Empress scape ye rout,
I'll let her in, but shut the Army out.
Then shall she from ye walls a prospect take
Of the free massacre the Tartars make;
If after she'll consent to marry mee
When she's my Slave, I'll set her Empire free,
From my own province call a fresh supply
And beat Syunges home with Infamy.
If ye proud wretch my proffer'd hand disdain,
In stead of mee ruine and death shall reigne;
With desolation I'll the City fill,
And my fierce Troops shall plunder, fire and kill;
When in their blood ye murder'd people swim
And flames for want of more supply grow dim,

SCENE OF SIR R. HOWARD'S PLAY

Enter an Officer.

I'll ravish her and call ye Tartars in.

Off. The China Army Sir has lost the day
And driv'n by conquering Tartars fly this way;
Your forces unengag'd your orders waite.

Lycur. Bid 'em retire and seize ye City Gate!
You with some dozen horse must stay behinde,
And if ye false Hyachian you can finde
Among the scatter'd runaways of the field,
Bee it your business, Sir, to see him kill'd.
Goe on Lycurgus, Murder and betray;
All Acts that lead to thy designs obey.
Noe mischief is so Black, noe crime soe high,
But to ye World success will justify.
And you, Pale deadly Dæmons, of ye Night
Whom Altars bath'd in humane gore delight,
Assist my Plots, to make my conquests good,
And when I Reigne you shall not want for food.

[*Exit.*

[*A noise of fighting and running.*

Enter Hyachian with his Sword Drawne stopping some who fly.

Hya. Stay ye Base wretches, whither would you fly?
Is it a Race for chains and Infamy?
Are you such Cowards to hide your selves in Graves,
Or have ye hopes to bee ye Tartars' Slaves?
In shamefull flight what safety does appeare?
Can yee escape a greater Hell than feare?

Enter an Officer.

Officer. Ah my deare Lord are you alive and free?

Hyach. Yes, and asham'd to see your Infamy;
How durst you bee my friend and run away.

Off. Where Torrents drive, what single force can stay?
North Winds broke loose you might as soon recall,
Fix scatter'd leaves that in ye Autumne fall,
Resist the Rapid motion of ye Spheare,
As stop the flowing Tide of Pannique feare.
Through every Rank a swift report was spread
That you were taken and ye Empress dead.
At which they flying cry'd;
After such losses 'twas not worth their Paines
To fight for conquest or decline their Chains

SCENE OF SIR R. HOWARD'S PLAY

Hya. The Emprefs, by Rash honour, driven on
Into ye thickest of ye Foe was floune.

I to her Rescue ran midst showers of Darts,
Cutting my Bloudy way through Tartars hearts;
On foot I found her for her horse was kill'd,
Strewing with gasping carcases the field——
Some drops of Blood,

Which from her wounds in her faire neck did flow,
Like Rubies set in Rocks of Silver show——

Alone she fought expos'd to Vulgar Blowes,
Like a maim'd Eagle in a flock of Crows.

While I fought death with her I could not Save,
One, more than all the rest generous and Brave,

Presses in through the Assassinating Crowd,
And with a voice of Terroure cries aloud:

Desist, for shame, [Ye] Feeble murderers,
Stain not with Womans Blood your cymeters!

I'll lead you off to nobler Victories——

The men obey him and away hee flies.

Thus got wee time our Army to regaine.

But where's Lycurgus? Taken, Fled or Slaine?

Off. Lycurgus, Sir, has never charg'd at all,
And now stands gazing ore ye City Wall.

Hya. In him ye stupid Rage of Envy see,
Though Brave, turns Coward to be reveng'd on mee.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. The scatter'd Troops
At Amacoa's presence stay their flight,
And led by her renew a Bloudey fight.

Hya. Noe more shall Nations in distresse and thrawl
On helpless man for Aid in Battails call.

This Womans Valour is above us all——

Where ere she fights, Beauty and Ruine Joyne,
Rage on her Arme, while in her Eyes they shine.

With Story and with Death ye field she fills,
So thunder, led by lightning, shines and kills.

FINIS.

LETTERS

To Henry Savile : I to XIX.
To Mrs. Barry : XX to LIV.
To his Family : LV to LXXXIX.
To various correspondents : XC to XCV.

LETTERS

TO THE HONOURABLE
MR. HENRY SAVILE

I.

Mr. SAVILE,

DO a Charity becoming one of your pious Principles, in preserving your humble Servant *Rochester*, from the imminent Peril of Sobriety; which, for want of good Wine more than Company, (for I can drink like a Hermit betwixt God and my own Conscience) is very like to befall me: Remember what Pains I have formerly taken to *wean you from your pernicious Resolutions of Discretion and Wisdom!* And, if you have a grateful Heart, (which is a Miracle amongst you Statesmen) shew it, by directing the Bearer to the best Wine in Town; and pray let not this highest Point of *sacred Friendship* be perform'd *slightly*, but go about it *with all due deliberation and care, as holy Priests to Sacrifice, or as discreet Thieves to the wary performance of Burglary and Shop-lifting.* Let your well-discerning Pallat (the best Judge about you) travel from Cellar to Cellar, and then from Piece to Piece, till it has lighted on Wine *fit for its noble Choice and my Approbation.* To engage you the more in this matter, know, I have laid a Plot may very probably betray you to the Drinking of it. My Lord — will inform you at large.

Dear *Savile!* as ever thou dost hope to *out-do* MACHIAVEL, or *equal* ME, send some good Wine! So may thy wearied Soul at last find Rest, no longer hov'ring 'twixt th' unequal Choice of *Politicks* and *Lewdness!* Maist thou be admir'd and lov'd for thy *domestick Wit*; *below'd* and *cherish'd* for thy foreign *Interest* and *Intelligence.*

ROCHESTER.

LETTERS

II.

To the same.

[*Lent, 1677.*]

'Tis not that I am the idlest Creature living, and only chuse to imploy my Thoughts rather upon my Friends, than to Languish all the Day in the tediousness of doing nothing, that I write to you; but owning, that (tho' you excel most Men in Friendship and good Nature), you are not quite exempt from all humane Frailty, I send this to hinder you from forgetting a Man who loves you very heartily. The World, ever since I can remember, has been still so insupportably the same, that 'twere vain to hope there were any alterations; and therefore I can have no curiosity for News; only I wou'd be glad to know if the Parliament be like to sit any time; for the Peers of *England* being grown of late Years very considerable in the Government, I wou'd make me at the Session. *Livy* and Sickness has a little inclin'd me to Policy; when I come to Town I make no question but to change that Folly for some less; whether Wine or Women I know not; according as my Constitution serves me: Till when (*Dear Harry*) Farewell! When you Dine at my Lord *Lisle's* let me be remembred.

Kings and Princes are only as Incomprehensible as what they *pretend* to represent; but apparently as Frail as Those they Govern. — This is a season of Tribulation; and I piously beg of Almighty God, that the strict Severity shewn to one scandalous Sin amongst us, may Expiate for all grievous Calamities. — So help them God whom it concerns!

III.

To the same.

[*October, 1677.*]

Tho' I am *almost* BLIND, *utterly* LAME, and scarce within the reasonable hopes of ever seeing LONDON *again*, I am not yet so wholly *mortified and dead* to the taste of *all Happiness*, not to be extreamly reviv'd at the receipt of a *kind Letter* from an *old Friend*, who in all probability might have *laid me aside in his Thoughts*, if not *quite forgot me by this time*. I ever thought you an *extraordinary Man*, and must now think you such a *Friend*, who, being a *Courtier*, as you are, can *love a Man* whom it is *the great Mode* to *hate*. Catch Sir G. H. or Sir Carr, at such an *ill-bred Proceeding*, and I am mistaken: For the *hideous Deportment*, which you have heard of, concerning *running naked*, so much is true, that we went into the River *somewhat late in the Year*, and had a *frisk* for forty yards in the Meadow, to *dry our-*

LETTERS

selves. I will appeal to the King and the D. if they had not done as much; nay, my Lord-Chancellor, and the Archbishops both, when they were School-boys; and, at those Years, I have heard the one declaim'd like Cicero, the others preach'd like St. Austin: Prudenter Persons, I conclude, they were, ev'n in hanging-sleeves, than any of the flashy Fry (of which I must own myself the most unsolid) can hope to appear, ev'n in their ripest Manhood. And now, (Mr. Savile) since you are pleas'd to quote yourself for a grave Man of the number of the Scandaliz'd, be pleas'd to call to mind the Year 1676, when two large fat Nudities led the Coranto round Rosamond's fair Fountain, while the poor violated Nymph wept to behold the strange decay of Manly Parts, since the Days of her dear Harry the Second: Pr——ck ('tis confes'd) you shew'd but little of, but for A—— and B——ks, (a filthier Ostentation! God wot) you expos'd more of that nastiness in your two Folio Volumes, than we all together in our six Quarto's. Pluck therefore the Beam out of thine own Eye, &c. And now 'tis time to thank you for your kind inviting me to London, to make Dutchmen merry; a thing I would avoid like killing Punaises, the filthy favour of Dutch-Mirth being more terrible. If God in Mercy has made 'em hush and melancholly, do not you rouse their sleeping Mirth, to make the Town mourn; the Prince of Orange is exalted above 'em, and I cou'd wish myself in Town to serve him in some refin'd Pleasures; which, I fear, you are too much a Dutchman to think of.

The best Present I can make at this time is the Bearer, whom I beg you to take care of, that the King may hear his Tunes, when he is easie and private, because I am sure they will divert him extreamly: And may he ever have Harmony in his Mind, as this Fellow will pour it into his Ears: May he dream pleasantly, wake joyfully, love safely and tenderly, live long and happily; ever prays (Dear Savile) *un Bougre lasse qui fera toute sa foutue reste de Vie,*

*Vostre fidelle, amy &
tres humble Serviteur,*

ROCHESTER.

IV.

To the same.

[October, 1677.]

You, who have known me these Ten Years the Grievance of all prudent Persons, the By-word of Statesmen, the Scorn of ugly Ladies, which are very near All, and the Irreconcilable Aversion of fine Gentlemen, who are the Ornamental Part of a Nation, and yet found me seldom sad, even under these

LETTERS

weighty Oppressions; can you think that the loving of *lean Arms, small Legs, red Eyes and Nose*, (if you will consider that Trifle too) can have the Power to depress the natural Alacrity of my careless Soul? especially upon receiving a fine Letter from Mr. *Savile*, which never wants Wit and Good Nature, two Qualities able to transport my Heart with Joy, tho' it were breaking! I wonder at *M[ancheste]r's* *flaunting* it in Court with such fine Clothes; sure he is an *alter'd Person* since I saw him; for, since I can remember, neither his *ownself*, nor any *belonging to him*, were ever out of Rags. His *Page alone* was well cloath'd of *all his Family*, and that but in appearance; for, of late he has made no more of wearing second-hand *C—nts*, than second-hand *Shoes*; tho' I must confess, to his Honour, he chang'd 'em oftener. I wish the King were soberly advis'd about a main Advantage in *this Marriage*, which may possibly be omitted; I mean, the ridding his Kingdom of some *old Beauties* and *young Deformities*, who swarm, and are a Grievance to his *Liege-people*. A *Foreign Prince* ought to behave himself like a *Kite*, who is allow'd to take *one Royal Chick* for his *Reward*; but then 'tis expected, before he leaves the Country, his Flock shall clear *the whole Parish* of all the *Garbage* and *Carriion* many Miles about. The King had never such an opportunity; for *the Dutch* are very *foul Feeders*, and *what they leave he must never hope to be rid of, unless he set up an Intrigue with the Tartars or Cossacks*. For *the Libel* you speak of, upon that *most unwitty Generation the present Poets*, I rejoice in it with all my Heart, and shall take it for a Favour, if you will send me a *Copy*. He cannot want Wit utterly, that *has a Spleen to those Rogues*, tho' never so dully express'd. And now, dear Mr. *Savile*, forgive me, if I do not wind up myself with an handsome Period.

ROCHESTER.

V.

To the same.

[1678.]

This day I receiv'd the *unhappy News of my own Death and Burial*. But hearing what *Heirs* and *Successors* were decreed me in *my Place*, and chiefly in *my Lodgings*, it was no small Joy to me that *those Tidings* prove *untrue*; my *Passion for living* is so encreas'd, that I omit *no Care of myself*, which *before* I never thought *Life worth the trouble of taking*. The King, who knows me to be a *very ill-natur'd Man*, will not think it an *easy matter* for me to *dye*, now I *live chiefly out of spite*. Dear Mr. *Savile*, afford me some News from your *Land of the Living*; and tho' I have little Curiosity to hear who's *well*, yet I would be glad my few *Friends* are so, of whom you

LETTERS

are no more *the least* than *the leanest*. I have *better Compliments* for you, but that may not look so sincere as I would have you believe I *am*, when I profess myself,

*Your faithful, affectionate,
humble Servant,*

Adderbury, near
Banbury, Feb. *ult.*

ROCHESTER.

My Service to my Lord *Middlesex*.

VI.

To the same.

[*June, 1678.*]

Any kind of Correspondence with such a Friend as you, is very agreeable; and therefore you will easily believe, I am very ill when I lose the opportunity of Writing to you: But Mr. *Povy* comes into my Mind, and hinders farther Complement: In a plainer way I must tell you, I pray for *your happy Restoration*; but was not at all sorry for your *Glorious Disgrace*, which is an Honour, considering the *Cause*. I wou'd say something to the *serious* part (as you were pleas'd to call it) of your *former Letter*; but it will disgrace my Politicks to differ from yours, who have wrought now sometime under *the best* and *kneeest Statesmen* our *Cabinet* boasts of: But, to confess the Truth, my Advice to the Lady you wot of, has ever been this, *Take your measures just contrary to your Rivals, live in Peace with all the World, and easily with the King: Never be so Ill-natur'd to stir up his Anger against others, but let him forget the use of a Passion, which is never to do you good: Cherish his Love where-ever it inclines, and be assur'd you can't commit greater Folly than pretending to be jealous; but, on the contrary, with Hand, Body, Head, Heart and all the Faculties you have, contribute to his Pleasure all you can, and comply with his Desires throughout: And, for new Intrigues, so you be at one end 'tis no matter which: Make Sport when you can, at other times help it.*—Thus, I have giv'n you an account how unfit I am to give the Advice you propos'd: Besides this, you may judge, whether I was a good Pimp, or no. But some thought *otherwise*; and so truly I have renounc'd *Business*; let abler Men try it. More a great deal I would say, but upon this Subject, and for this time, I beg, this may suffice, from

*Your humble, and most affectionate
faithful Servant,*

ROCHESTER.

LETTERS

VII.

To the same.

[June, 1678.]

If Sack and Sugar be a Sin, God help the Wicked ;

was the Saying of a merry fat Gentleman, who liv'd in Days of *Yore*, lov'd a Glaſs of Wine, wou'd be merry with a Friend, and ſometimes had an unlucky Fancy for a Wench. Now (dear Mr. *Savile*) forgive me, if I confeſs that upon ſeveral occaſions you have put me in mind of this fat Perſon, and now more particularly for thinking upon your preſent Circumſtances, I cannot but ſay with my ſelf, If loving a pretty Woman, and hating *Lautherdale*, bring Banishments and Pox, the Lord have mercy upon poor Thieves and S——s ! But by this time all your Inconveniencies (for, to a Man of your very good ſence, no outward Accidents are more) draw very near their end : For my own part I'm taking pains not to die, without knowing how to live on, when I have brought it about : But moſt human Affairs carried on at the ſame nonſenſical rate, which makes me, (who am now grown Superſtitious) think it a Fault to laugh at the Monkey we have here, when I compare his Condition with Mankind. You will be very good-natur'd if you keep your Word, and write to me ſometimes ; and ſo, good Night, dear Mr. *Savile*.

VIII.

To the ſame.

[July, 1678.]

Were I as *Idle* as *ever*, which I ſhou'd not fail of being, if Health permitted ; I wou'd write a ſmall *Romance*, and make the *Sun* with his *diſhivel'd Rays* guild the Tops of the *Palaces in Leather-Lane* : Then ſhou'd thoſe vile *Enchanters Barten and Ginman*, lead forth their *Illuſtrious Captives in Chains of Quickſilver*, and confining 'em by *Charms to the loathſome Banks of a dead Lake of Dyet-drink* ; you, as my Friend, ſhou'd break the *horrid Silence*, and ſpeak the *moſt paſſionate fine things* that ever *Heroick Lover* utter'd ; which being *ſoftly and ſweetly* reply'd to by Mrs. *Roberts*, ſhou'd rudely be interrupted by the *envious F——*. Thus wou'd I lead the *mournful Tale* along, 'till the gentle Reader bath'd with the *Tribute* of his Eyes, the *Names* of ſuch *unfortunate Lovers*——And this (I take it) wou'd be a moſt excellent way of celebrating the *Memories* of my moſt *Pockey Friends, Companions and Miſtreſſes*. But it is a *miraculous thing* (as the *Wife* have it)

LETTERS

when a Man, *half in the Grave*, cannot leave off *playing the Fool*, and the *Buffoon*; but so it falls out to my Comfort: For at this Moment I am in a *damn'd Relapse*, brought by a *Feavour*, the *Stone*, and some *ten Diseases more*, which have depriv'd me of the Power of *crawling*, which I happily enjoy'd some Days ago; and now I fear, I must *fall*, that it may be *fulfilled* which was long since *written for Instruction* in a good old *Ballad*,

*But he who lives not Wise and Sober,
Falls with the Leaf still in October.*

About which time, in all probability, there may be a period added to the *ridiculous being* of

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

IX.

To the same.

Whether *Love*, or the *Politicks* have the greater Interest in your Journey to *France*, because it is argu'd among *wiser Men*, I will not conclude upon; but hoping so much from your Friendship, that without Reserve, you will trust me with the time of your stay in *Paris*, I have writ this to assure you, if it can continue a Month, I will not fail to wait on you *there*. My Resolutions are to employ this Winter for the Improvement of my Parts in *Forreign Countries*, and if the *Temptation* of seeing you, be added to the *Desires* I have already, the Sin is *so sweet*, that I am resolv'd to *embrace it*, and leave out of my Prayers, *Libera nos a Malo*—For *Thine is My Kingdom, Power and Glory*, for ever and ever.

Oxford,
Septemb. 5 [1678].

ROCHESTER.

X.

To the same.

[1678?]

'Tis not the *least* of my Happiness, that I think you *love me*, but the *first* of all my *Pretensions* is to make it appear, that I faithfully endeavour to *deserve it*. If there be a *real good* upon Earth, 'tis in the Name of Friend,

LETTERS

without which all others are meerly *fantastical*. How few of us are *fit stuff* to make *that thing*, we have daily the melancholly experience. However, *Dear Harry!* Let us not *give out*, nor *despair* of bringing that about, which as it is the most *difficult*, and *rare Accident of Life*, is also *the best*; nay, (perhaps) *the only good one*. This Thought has so entirely possess'd me since I came into the Country, (*where, only, one can think*; for, *you at Court think not at all*; or, *at least*, as if you were *shut up in a Drum*; you can think of *nothing*, but *the noise* that is made about you) that I have made many serious Reflections upon it, and amongst *others*, gather'd *one* Maxime, which I desire shou'd be communicated to our *Friend Mr. G——*; That, *we are bound in Morality and common Honesty*, to endeavour after competent *Riches*; since, it is certain, that *few Men*, if *any*, *uneasie in their Fortunes*, have prov'd *firm*, and *clear* in their *Friendships*. A *very poor Fellow*, is a *very poor Friend*; and not *one of a thousand* can be good natur'd to another, who is not *pleas'd within himself*. But while I grow into *Proverbs*, I forget that you may impute my *Philosophy* to the *Dog-days*, and *living alone*. To prevent the *Inconveniences of Solitude*, and many *others*; I intend to go to the *Bath on Sunday* next, in *Visitation* to my *Lord Treasurer*: Be *so Politick*, or *be so kind*, (or a little of *both*, which is better) as to step down *thither*, if *famous Affairs at Windfor*, do not detain you. *Dear Harry!* I am

*Your Hearty, Faithful, Affectionate,
Humble Servant,*

ROCHESTER.

If you see *the Duchess of Portsmouth* very often, take some opportunity to talk to her about what I spoke to you at *London*.

XI.

To the same.

[1678?]

If it were *the Sign of an honest Man, to be happy in his Friends*, sure I were mark'd out for *the worst of Men*; since no one e'er lost so many as I have done, or knew to make so few. *The Severity*, you say the *D. of P——* shews to me, is a proof that 'tis not in my power to *deserve well of any Body*; since (I call *Truth* to Witness) I have never been guilty of an *Error*, that I know, to her: And this may be a *warning* to you, that remain in the *Mistake* of being *kind* to me, *never* to expect a *grateful Return*; since I am so utterly ignorant *how to make it*: To *value you in my Thoughts*, to *prefer*

LETTERS

you in my Wishes, to serve you in my Words; to observe, study, and obey you in all my Actions, is too little; since I have performed all this to her, without so much as an offensive Accident. And yet she thinks it just, to use me ill. If I were not malicious enough to hope she were in the wrong; I must have a very melancholly Opinion of myself. I wish your Interest might prevail with her, as a Friend of *her's*, not *mine*, to tell how I have deserv'd it of her, since she has ne'r accus'd me of any *Crime*, but of being *Cunning*; and I told her, Some-body had been *Cunninger* than I, to *perswade* her so. I can as well support the Hatred of *the whole World*, as *any Body*, not being generally *fond* of it. Those whom I have *oblig'd*, may use me with *Ingratitude*, and not afflict me *much*: But to be injur'd by those who have *oblig'd* me, and to whose Service I am ever bound; is such a *Curse*, as I can only wish on *them* who wrong me to the Dutchess.

I hope you have not forgot what G——y and you have promis'd me; but within some time you will come and fetch me to *London*: I shall scarce think of coming, till you call me, as not having many prevalent Motives to draw me to the Court, if it be so that my *Master* has no need of my *Service*, nor my *Friends* of my *Company*.

Mr. *Shepherd* is a Man of a fluent Stile and coherent Thought; if, as I suspect, he writ your Postscript.

I wish my Lord *Hallifax* Joy of every Thing, and of his *Daughter* to boot.

ROCHESTER.

XII.

To the same.

Begun, *Whitehall*, May 30th, 79.

'Tis neither *Pride* or *Neglect* (for I am not of *the new Council*, and I love you *sincerely*) but *Idleness* on one side, and not knowing what to say on the *other*, has hindred me from Writing to you, after so *kind a Letter*, and *the Present* you sent me, for which I return you at last my humble Thanks. *Changes in this place* are so frequent, that F—— himself can now no longer give an account, why this was done *to Day*, or what will ensue to *Morrow*; and *Accidents* are so extravagant, that my Lord W—— intending to *Lye*, has with a *Prophetick Spirit*, once told truth. Every Man in *this Court* thinks he stands fair for *Minister*; some give it to *Shaftsbury*, others to *Hallifax*; but Mr. *Waller* says S—— does all; I am sure my Lord A—— does little, which your Excellence will easily believe. And now the War in *Scotland* takes up all the Discourse of *Politick Persons*. His Grace of

LETTERS

Lauderdale values himself upon the *Rebellion*, and tells the King, It is very *Auspicious*, and *advantageous* to the drift of the present Councils : The rest of the *Scots*, and especially *D. H*—— are very inquisitive after *News* from *Scotland*, and really make a handsome Figure in this Conjunction at *London*. What the *D. of Monmouth* will effect, is now the general expectation, who took *Post unexpectedly*, left all that had offer'd their Service in this Expedition, in the lurch, and being attended only by *Sir Thomas Armstrong*, and *Mr. C*—— will, without question, have the full Glory as well of the *Prudential*, as the *Military* part of this Action entire to himself. The most profound Politicians have weighty Brows, and careful Aspects at present, upon a Report crept abroad, That *Mr. Langhorn* to save his Life, offers a Discovery of *Priests and Jesuits Lands*, to the value of fourscore and ten thousand Pounds a Year, which being accepted, it is fear'd, *Partisans and Undertakers* will be found out to advance a considerable Sum of Money upon this Fund, to the utter interruption of *Parliaments*, and the Destruction of many hopeful Designs. This, I must call God to witness, was never hinted to me in the least by *Mr. P*—— to whom I beg you will give me your hearty Recommendations. Thus much to afford you a taste of my serious Abilities, and to let you know I have a great Goggle-Eye to Business : And now I cannot deny you a share in the high satisfaction I have receiv'd at the account which flourishes here of your high Protestancy at *Paris* : *Charenton* was never so Honour'd, as since your Residence and Ministry in *France*, to that degree, that it is not doubted if the *Parliament* be sitting at your return, or otherwise the Mayor and Common-Council, will Petition the King you may be dignified with the Title of that place, by way of *Earldom or Dukedom*, as his Majesty shall think most proper to give, or you accept.

Mr. S—— is a Man of that tenderness of heart, and approv'd humanity, that he will doubtless be highly afflicted when he hears of the unfortunate Pilgrims, tho' he appears very obdurate to the Complaints of his own best Concubine, and your fair Kinswoman *M*—— who now starves. The Packet inclos'd in your last, I read with all the fence of Compassion it merits, and if I can prove so unexpectedly happy to succeed in my Endeavours for that Fair Unfortunate, she shall have a speedy account. I thank God, there is yet a *Harry Savile* in *England*, with whom I drank your Health last Week at *Sir William Coventries*; and who in Features, Proportion and Pledging, gives me so lively an Idea of your self, that I am resolv'd to retire into *Oxfordshire*, and enjoy him till *Shiloe* come, or you from *France*.

ROCHESTER.

Ended the 25th of June, 1679.

LETTERS

XIII.

To the same.

[1679?]

Whether *Love, Wine or Wisdom*, (which rule you by turns) have the present ascendant I cannot pretend to determine at this distance; but *good Nature*, which waits about you with more diligence than *Godfrey himself*, is my security that you are [not] unmindful of your absent Friends: *To be from you, and forgotten by you at once*, is a Misfortune I never was *criminal enough to merit*, since to the *Black and Fair Countess*, I villanously betray'd the daily Addresses of your divided Heart: You forgave that upon the *first Bottle*, and upon the *second*, on my Conscience, wou'd have renounc'd *them and the whole Sex*; Oh! *That second Bottle* (Harry!) is the *Sincereſt, Wiſeſt, and moſt Impartial Downright Friend* we have; tells us truth of *our ſelves*, and forces us to ſpeak Truths of *others*; baniſhes *Flattery* from our *Tongues*, and *distrust* from our *Hearts*, ſets us above the *mean Policy of Court-Prudence*; which makes us *lie* to one another *all Day*, for fear of being *betray'd* by each other *at Night*. And (before God) I believe, the *erranteſt Villain breathing*, is *honest as long as that Bottle lives*, and few of that *Tribe* dare venture upon him, at leaſt, among the *Courtiers* and *Stateſmen*. I have ſeriously conſider'd one thing, That [of] the three Buſineſſes of this Age, *Women, Politicks and Drinking*, the *laſt* is the only Exerciſe at which you and I have not prov'd our ſelves *errant Fumblers*: If you have the *Vanity* to think *otherwiſe*; when we meet, let us appeal to Friends of *both Sexes*, and as they ſhall determine, live and die *their Drunkards, or entire Lovers*. For, as we mince the Matter, it is hard to ſay which is the moſt *tireſome Creature, loving Drunkard, or the drunken Lover*.

If you ventur'd *your fat Buttock a Gallop* to Portſmouth, I doubt not but thro' *extream Galling*, you now lie Bedrid of the *Piles, or Fiſtula in Ano*, and have the leiſure to write to your Country-Acquaintance, which if you omit I ſhall take the Liberty to conclude you *very Proud*. *Such a Letter* ſhou'd be directed to me at *Adderbury, near Banbury*, where I intend to be within theſe three Days.

Bath, the 22d of June, from

Your obedient humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

LETTERS

XIV.

To the same.

I am in a great strait what to write to you; the stile of *Busyness* I am not vers'd in, and you may have forgot *the familiar one* we us'd heretofore. What Alterations *Ministry* makes in Men, is not to be *imagined*; though I can trust with confidence all those *You* are liable to, *so well I know you*, and *so perfectly I love you*. We are in such a *settled Happiness*, and such *merry Security* in this place, that if it were not for *Sicknesses*, I could pass my time very well, between *my own ill-nature*, which inclines me very little to pity the Misfortunes of *malicious mistaken Fools*, and the *Policies of the Times*, which expose *new Rarities of that kind* every day. The News I have to send, and the sort alone which could be so to *you*, are things *Gyaris & carcere digna*, which I dare not trust to *this pretty Fool the Bearer*, whom I heartily recommend to your *Favour and Protection*, and *whose Qualities* will recommend him more; and truly if it might suit with your *Character*, at your times of leisure, to [make] Mr. *Baptist's* Acquaintance, the happy Consequence would be *singing*, and in which your *Excellence* might have a share not unworthy *the greatest Ambassadors*, nor to be despis'd even by a *Cardinal-Legate*; the *greatest and gravest of this Court of both Sexes* have tasted his *Beauties*; and, I'll assure you, *Rome* gains upon us *here*, in *this Point* mainly; and there is no part of the *Plot* carried with so much *Secresie and Vigour* as *this*. Profelytes, of consequence, are daily made, and my Lord S——'s *Imprisonment* is no *Check* to any. An account of Mr. *George Porter's Retirement*, upon News that Mr. *Grimes*, with *one Gentleman more*, had invaded *England*, Mr. S——'s *Apology*, for making Songs on the Duke of M. with his *Oration-Consolatory* on my Lady D——'s Death, and a *Politick Dissertation* between my Lady P——s and Capt. *Dangerfield*, with many other *worthy Treatises of the like nature*, are things worthy your perusal; but I durst not send 'em to you *without leave*, not knowing what *Consequence* it might draw upon your *Circumstances and Character*; but if they will admit a *Correspondence of that kind*, in which *alone* I dare presume to think myself *capable*, I shall be very *industrious* in that way, or any other, to keep you from *forgetting*,

Your most affectionate,

obliged, humble Servant,

White-hall

Nov. 1.,

....79.

ROCHESTER.

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XV.

To the same.

[1679.]

The *Lowfiness* of Affairs in this place, is such (forgive the *unmannerly* Phrase! *Expressions* must descend to the Nature of Things express'd) 'tis not fit to entertain a *private* Gentleman, much less one of a *publick Character*, with the Retail of them; *the general Heads*, under which *this whole Island* may be consider'd, are *Spies, Beggars and Rebels, the Transpositions and Mixtures of these*, make an agreeable Variety; *Busy Fools*, and *Cautious Knaves* are bred out of 'em, and set off wonderfully; tho' of this latter sort, we have *fewer now than ever*, *Hypocrisie* being the only Vice in decay amongst us, *few Men* here *dissemble* their being *Rascals*; and no Woman *disowns being a Whore*: Mr. O—— was Try'd two Days ago for *Buggery*, and Clear'd: The next Day he brought his Action to the *King's Bench*, against his Accuser, being attended by the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, and other Peers, to the number of seven, for the Honour of the PROTESTANT CAUSE. I have sent you herewith a Libel, in which my own share is not the least; the King having perus'd it, is no ways disatisfy'd with his: the Author is apparently Mr. [Dryden], his Patron my [Lord Mulgrave] having a Panegerick in the midst, upon which happen'd a handsome Quarrel between his L——, and Mr. B—— at the Dutcheſs of P——; ſhe call'd him: The Heroe of the Libel, and Complimented him upon having made more Cuckolds, than any Man alive; to which he answer'd, She very well knew one he never made, nor never car'd to be employ'd in making. — Rogue and Bitch ensued, till the King, taking his Grand-father's Character upon him, became the Peace-maker. I will not trouble you any longer, but beg you ſtill to Love

Your Faithful,

Humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

XVI.

To the same.

[High Lodge, Woodſtock, 1679.]

You cannot ſhake off the Stateſman intirely, for I perceive you have no Opinion of a Letter, that is not almoſt a Gazette: Now, to me, who think the World as giddy as my ſelf, I care not which way it turns, and am fond of no News, but the Proſperity of my Friends, and the continu-

LETTERS

ance of their Kindness to me, which is the only Error I wish to continue in 'em: For my own part, I am not at all stung with my Lord M[ulgrave]'s mean Ambition, but I aspire to my Lord L[ovelace]'s generous Philosophy: They who would be great in our little Government, seem as ridiculous to me as School-boys, who with much endeavour, and some danger, climb a Crab-tree, venturing their Necks for Fruit which solid Piggs would disdain if they were not starving. These Reflections, how idle soever they seem to the Busy, if taken into consideration, would save you many a weary step in the day, and help G——y to many an hours sleep, which he wants in the night; but G——y would be rich, and, by my troth, there is some fence in that: Pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wish him many Millions, that his Soul may find rest. You write me word, That I'm out of favour with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admir'd, for the disproportion of him and his Attributes: He is a Rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a Hog that could fiddle, or a singing Owl. If he falls upon me at the Blunt, which is his very good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him, if you please, and leave the Repartee to *Black Will*, with a Cudgel. And now, Dear *Harry*, if it may agree with your Affairs, to shew yourself in the Country this Summer, contrive such a Crew together, as may not be asham'd of passing by *Woodstock*; and if you can debauch Alderman G——y, we will make a shift to delight his Gravity. I am sorry for the declining D. and would have you generous to her at this time, for this is true Pride, and I delight in it.

ROCHESTER.

XVII.

To the same.

[1679.]

That Night I receiv'd by *Yours* the surprizing Account of my Lady Dutchess's *more than ordinary Indignation* against me, I was newly brought in *dead of a Fall* from my Horse, of which I still remain Bruis'd and Bedrid, and can now scarce think it a *Happiness* that *I sav'd my Neck*. What ill Star reigns over me, that I'm still mark'd out for *Ingratitude*, and only us'd *barbarously* [by] *those I am oblig'd to*! Had I been troublesome to her in pinning the *Dependence of my Fortune upon her Solicitations to the King*, or her *Unmerited Recommendations of me to some Great Man*; it would not have mov'd my Wonder much, if she had sought *any* Occasion to be rid of a *useless Trouble*: But, a Creature who had already receiv'd of her *all the Obligations* he ever could pretend to, except the *continuance of her good Opinion*, for the which he *resolv'd*, and did *direct every step* of his *Life*

LETTERS

in *Duty* and *Service* to *her*, and *all* who were *concern'd* in *her*; why should she take the Advantage of a *false* idle *Story*, to *hate* such a *Man*; as if it were an Inconvenience to *her* to be *harmless*, or a Pain to continue *just*? By that God that made me, I have no more offended *her* in *Thought*, *Word*, or *Deed*, no more *imagin'd* or *utter'd* the *least* *Thought* to *her* *Contempt* or *Prejudice*, than I have *plotted* *Treason*, *conceal'd* *Arms*, *Train'd* *Regiments* for a *Rebellion*. If there be upon *Earth* a *Man* of *Common* *Honesty*, who will *justifie* a *Title* of *her* *Accusation*, I am contented never to see *her*. After *this*, she need not forbid me to come to *her*, I have little *Pride* or *Pleasure* in *shewing* *myself* where I am accus'd of a *Meanness* I were not *capable* of, even for *her* *Service*, which would prove a shrewder *Tryal* of *my* *Honesty* than *any* *Ambition* I ever had to make *my* *Court* to. I thought the *D.* of *P.* more an *Angel* than I find *her* a *Woman*; and as this is the *first*, it shall be the *most* *malicious* thing I will ever say of *her*. For *her* *generous* *Resolution* of not hurting me to the *King*, I *thank* *her*; but she must think a *Man* much oblig'd, after the calling of him *Knave*, to say she will do him *no* farther *Prejudice*. For the Countess of *P*——, whatever she has heard me say, or *any* *body* *else*, of *her*, I'll stand the Test of any impartial Judge, 'twas neither *injurious* nor *unmannerly*; and how severe soever she pleases to be, I have always been *her* humble *Servant*, and *will* *continue* *so*. I do not know how to assure myself the *D.* will spare me to the *King* who would not to *you*; I'm sure she can't say I ever injur'd *you* to *her*; nor am I at all afraid she can hurt me with *you*; I dare swear you don't think I have dealt *so* *indiscreetly* in my *Service* to *her*, as to doubt me in the *Friendship* I profess to *you*. And to shew you I rely upon *yours*, let me beg of you to talk once more with *her*, and desire *her* to give me the *fair* *hearing* she would afford any *Footman* of hers, who had been complain'd of to *her* by a *less-worthy* *Creature*, (for such a one, I assure myself, my *Accuser* is) unless it be for *her* *Service*, to wrong the most faithful of *her* *Servants*; and then I shall be *proud* of *mine*. I would not be run down by a *Company* of *Rogues*, and this looks like an Endeavour towards it: Therefore (*Dear* *Harry*) send me word how I am with *other* *Folks*; if you visit my Lord *Treasurer*, name the Calamity of this matter to him, and tell me sincerely how he takes it: And if you hear the *King* mention me, do the Office of a *Friend* to

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

LETTERS

XVIII.

To the same.

In my return from *New-market*, I met your *Packquet*, and truly was not more *surprised* at the *Indirectness* of Mr. P.'s *Proceeding*, than *overjoy'd* at the *Kindness* and *Care of Yours*. *Misery* makes all Men *less* or *more dishonest*; and I am not *astonish'd* to see *Villany* *industrious* for Bread; especially, living in a *place* where it is often so *de gayete de Cœur*. I believe, *the Fellow* thought of this *Device* to get some Money, or else he is *put upon it* by some body, who has given it him *already*; but I give him leave to prove what he can against me: However, I will search into the Matter, and give you a further account within a Post or two. In the mean time you have made my Heart glad in giving me such a *Proof* of your *Friendship*, and I am now sensible, that it is *natural* for you to be *kind* to me, and can *never more* despair of it.

*I am your faithful, oblig'd,
humble Servant,*

Bishopstaford,
Apr. 5. 80.

ROCHESTER.

XIX.

To the same.

You are the *only* Man of *England*, that keep *Wit* with your *Wisdom*; and I am happy in a *Friend* that *excels* in *both*. Were your *Good Nature* the *least* of your *Good Qualities*, I durst not *presume* upon it, as I have done; but I know you are *so sincerely* concern'd in *serving your Friends truly*, that I need not make an *Apology* for the *Trouble* I have given you in this *Affair*. I daily expect more considerable effects of your *Friendship*, and have the *Vanity* to think, I shall be *the better* for your growing *poorer*. In the mean time, when you please to distinguish from *Profers* and *Windham*, and comply with *Rosers* and *Bull*, not forgetting *John Stevens*, you shall find me

*Your most Ready,
and most Obedient Servant,*

ROCHESTER.

LETTERS

TO MRS. [BARRY].

XX.

MADAM,

So much *Wit* and *Beauty*, as You have, shou'd think of nothing less than doing *Miracles*; and there cannot be a *greater*, than to continue to *love* Me: affecting every thing is *mean*, as loving Pleasure, and being *fond* where you find *Merit*; but to pick out the *wildest*, and most *fantastical odd* Man alive, and to place your *Kindness* there, is an Act so *brave* and *daring*, as will shew the *Greatness* of your Spirit, and *distinguish* you in *Love*, as you are in *all things* else, from Womankind. Whether I have made a *good* Argument for *myself*, I leave you to *judge*; and beg you to *believe* me, whenever I tell you what Mrs. R. is, since I give you so *sincere* an Account of her *humblest* Servant: Remember the Hour of a *strict* Account, when both Hearts are to be *open*, and we oblig'd to speak *freely*, as you order'd it *Yesterday*, for so I must ever call the *Day* I saw you *last*, since all *time* between *that* and the next *Visit*, is no part of my *Life*, or at least like a *long Fit* of the *Falling-sickness*, wherein I am *dead* to all *Joy* and *Happiness*. Here's a damn'd impertinent *Fool* bolted in, that hinders me from ending my *Letter*; the Plague of — take him, and any *Man* or *Woman* alive that take my *Thoughts* off of *You*: But in the *Evening* I will see you, and be *happy* in spite of all the *Fools* in the World.

XXI.

To the same.

MADAM,

If there be yet alive within you the least Memory of me, which I can hope only, because of the Life that remains with me, is the dear Remembrance of you; and methinks your Kindness, as the younger shou'd outlive mine: Give me leave to assure you, I will meet it very shortly with such a share on my side, as will justify me to you from all *Ingratitude*; tho' your *Favours* are to me the greatest *Bliss* this *World*, or *Womankind*, which I think *Heaven* can bestow, (but the hopes of it:) If there can be any *Addition* to one of the highest Misfortunes, my *Absence* from you has found the way to give it me, in not affording me the least *Occasion* of doing you any *Service* since I left you: It seems, till I am capable of *greater* Merit,

LETTERS

you resolve to keep me from the *Vanity* of pretending any at *all*. Pray consider when you give another leave to *serve* you, *more* than *I*, how much *Injustice* you run the hazard of committing, when it will not be in your power to *reward* that *More-deserving* Man with half so much Happiness as you have thrown away upon my *Worthless* Self.

Your Restless Servant,

XXII.

To the same.

MADAM,

I know not well who has the *worst* on't, you, who love but a *little*, or I, who doat to an *Extravagance*; sure, to be *half* kind, is as bad as to be *half* witted; and *Madness*, both in *Love* and *Reason*, bears a *better* Character than a *moderate* State of either. Would I cou'd bring you to my *Opinion*, in this Point; I wou'd then *confidently* pretend you had too *just* Exceptions either against me or my *Passion*, the *Flesh* and the *Devil*; I mean, all the *Fools* of my own *Sex*, and that fat, with the other lean One of yours, whose prudent Advice is daily concerning you, how dangerous it is to be *kind* to the *Man*, upon *Earth*, who *loves* you *best*. I, who still *perswade* myself, by all the *Arguments* I can bring, that I am *Happy*, find this none of the *least*, that you are too *unlike* these People every way, to *agree* with 'em in any particular. This is writ between *sleeping* and *waking*, and I will not answer for its being *Sence*; but I, *dreaming* you were at Mrs. N——'s, with five or six *Fools*, and the *lean* Lady, wak'd, in one of your *Horrours*, and, in Amaze, Fright, and Confusion, send *this* to beg a *kind* one from you, that may remove my *Fears*, and make me as *Happy* as I am *Faithful*.

XXIII.

To the same.

Dear MADAM,

You are stark *Mad*, and therefore the *fitter* for me to *love*; and that is the reason, I think, I can *never* leave to be

Your Humble Servant,

LETTERS

XXIV.

To the same.

MADAM,

To convince you how *just* I must ever be to you, I have sent this on purpose, that you may know you are not a *moment* out of my *Thoughts*; and since so much *Merit* as you have, and such convincing *Charms* (to me at least) need not wish a greater Advantage over any; to *forget* you, is the only *Reprieve* possible for a Man so much your Creature and Servant as I am; which I am so far from *wishing*, that I *conjure* you by all the Assurances of *Kindness* you have ever made me Proud and Happy with, that not two Days can pass without some *Letter* from you to me: You must leave 'em, &c. ——— to be sent to me with *speed*. And, till the *blest* Hour wherein I shall see you again, may *Happiness* of all kinds be as far from me, as I do, both in *Love* and *Jealousie*, pray *Mankind* may be from you.

XXV.

To the same.

MADAM,

There is now no *minute* of my Life that does not afford me some new *Argument* how much I *love* you; the little *Joy* I take in every thing wherein you are not concern'd, the pleasing *Perplexity* of endless *Thought*, which I fall into, where-ever you are brought to my *remembrance*; and lastly, the continual *Disquiet* I am in, during your *Absence*, convince me sufficiently, that I do you *Justice* in loving you, so as *Woman* was never *lov'd* before.

XXVI.

To the same.

MADAM,

Your safe *Delivery* has deliver'd me too from *Fears* for your sake, which were, I'll promise you, as *burthensom* to me, as your *Great-belly* cou'd be to you. Every thing has fallen out to my *Wish*, for you are out of *Danger*, and the Child is of the *soft Sex* I love. Shortly my *Hopes* are to see you, and in a little while after to *look* on you with all your *Beauty* about you. Pray let no Body, but yourself *open* the *Box* I sent you; I did not know, but that in Lying-inn you might have use of those *Trifles*; *sick*, and in *Bed*, as I am, I cou'd come at no *more* of 'em; but if you find 'em, or whatever is in my *power* of *use*, to your Service, let me *know* it.

LETTERS

XXVII.

To the same.

MADAM,

This is the *first* Service my *Hand* has done me, since my being a *Cripple*, and I wou'd not imploy it in a *Lie* so soon; therefore, pray believe me *sincere*, when I assure you, that you are very *dear* to me; and, as long as I live, I will be *kind* to you,

P.S. This is all my *Hand* wou'd *write*, but my *Heart* thinks a great deal more.

XXVIII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Nothing can ever be so *dear* to me as you are; and I am so *convinc'd* of this, that I dare undertake to *love* you whilst I *live*: Believe all I *say*, for that is the *kindest* thing imaginable, and when you can *devise* any way that may make me *appear* so to you, *instruct* me in it, for I need a better *Understanding*, than my own, to shew my *Love* without wrong to it.

XXIX.

To the same.

MADAM,

Now, as I *love* you, I think I have reason to be *jealous*; your Neighbour came in last Night with all the *Marks* and *Behaviour* of a Spy, every *word* and *look* imply'd, that she came to *solicite* your *Love*, or *Constancy*: May her *Endeavours* prove as vain as I with my *Fears*. May no Man share the *Blessings* I enjoy, without my *Curfes*; and if they fall on him *alone*, without touching you, I am *happy*, though he deserves 'em not: but shou'd you be *concern'd*, they'll all *flie back* upon myself; for he, whom you are *kind* to, is so *blest*, he may safely stand the *Curfes* of all the World without *repining*; at least if, *like* me, he be *sensible* of nothing but what comes from Mrs. —

LETTERS

XXX.

To the same.

MADAM,

You are the most *afflicting* fair Creature in the World; and however you wou'd persuade me to the *contrary*, I cannot but believe the *Fault* you pretend to *excuse*, is the only one I cou'd ever be *guilty* of to you: when you think of receiving an *Answer* with *common Sense* in it, you must write *Letters* that give less *Confusion* than your last: I will *wait* on you, and be *reveng'd* by continuing to *love* you when you grow *weariest* of it.

XXXI.

To the same.

MADAM,

Yesterday it was *impossible* to Answer your Letter, which I *hope*, for that reason, you will forgive me; tho' indeed you have been pleased to express yourself so *extraordinarily*, that I know not what I have to Answer to you. Give me some *reason*, upon your own account only, to be *sorry* I ever had the *Happiness* to know you, since I find you *repent* the Kindness you shew'd me, and *undervalue* the humble Service I had for you; and, that I might be no *happier* in your Favours, than you could be in my Love, you have *contriv'd* it so well to make them equal to my Hatred; since that cou'd do no more than these pretend—to take away the *Quiet* of my Life. I tell this, not to *exempt* myself from any Service I can do you, (for I can never *forget* how very happy I have been) but to convince you, the Love that gives you the *Torment* of Repentance on your side, and me the *Trouble* of perceiving it in the other, is *equally* unjust and cruel to us *both*, and ought therefore to die.

XXXII.

To the same.

MADAM,

You shall not fail of — on *Saturday*; and for your *Wretches*, as you call 'em, 'tis usually my Custom when I *wrong* such as they, to make 'em amends; tho' your Maid has *aggravated* that matter more to my *Prejudice* than I expected from one who *belong'd* to you, and for your own share, if I thought you a Woman of *Forms*, you shou'd receive all the *Reparations* imaginable; but it is so unquestionable, that I am *thoroughly* your Humble Servant, that all the *World* must *know*, I cannot *Offend* you without being *sorry* for it.

LETTERS

XXXIII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Tho' upon the Score of *Love*, which is immediately my *Concern*, I find aptness enough to be *jealous*; yet upon that of your *Safety*, which is the only thing in the World *weighs* more with me than my *Love*, I apprehend much more. I know, by *woful* Experience, what comes of dealing with *Knaves*; such I am sure you have at this time to do with; therefore *look* well about you, and take it for granted, that unless you can *deceive* them, they will certainly cozen you. If I am not so *wise* as they, and therefore less *fit* to advise you, I am at least more *concern'd* for you, and for that reason the likelier to prove *honest*, and the rather to be *trusted*. Whether you will come to the *Duke's* Play-house to Day, or at least let me come to you when the Play is done, I leave to your Choice; let me know, if you please, by the Bearer.

XXXIV.

To the same.

MADAM,

I have not *finn'd* so much as to *deserve* to *live* two whole Days without *seeing* of you. From your *Justice* and *good Nature* therefore I will presume you will give me leave to wait on you at *Night*, and for your sake use not that *Power* (which you find you have *absolute* over me) so *unmercifully* as you did last time, to divert and keep me off, from *convincing* you by all the Reasons imaginable, how *necessary* 'tis to preserve you *faultless*, and make me *happy*; and also, that you *believe* and *use* me like the most *faithful* of all your Servants, &c.

XXXV.

To the same.

MADAM,

Dearest of all that ever was *dearest* to me, if I *love* any thing in the World *like* you, or *wish* it in my Power to do it, may I ever be as *unlucky* and as *hateful* as when I saw you last. I who have no way to *express* my Kindness to you, but *Letters*, which cannot *speak* it half; whether shall I think *my self* more *unfortunate*, who cannot tell you how much I *love*, or *you*, who can never *know* how well you are *belov'd*; I wou'd fain bring it

LETTERS

about, if it were *possible*, to *wait* upon *you* to day; for besides that I *never* am without the passionate *Desire* of being with you, at *this time* I have *something* to tell you, that is for your *Service*, and will not be *unpleasant* News, but I am in *Chains* here, and must seek out some *Device* to *break* 'em for a quarter of an hour.

XXXVI.

To the same.

MADAM,

It is impossible for me to *neglect* what I *love*, as it wou'd be impertinent to *profess* love where I had *none*; but I take the *Vanity* to *assure* myself, you cannot conclude so *severely* both of my *Truth* and *Reason*, as to *suspect* me for either of those *Faults*. If there has been a *Misfortune* in the *Mis-carriage* of my *Letters*, I beseech you not to *add* to it by an *uncharitable* Censure, but do me the *right* to believe the *last* thing possible in the *World*, is the *least* Omission of either *Kindness* or *Service* to you: I wish the *whole* *World* was as *intirely* yours as I am, you wou'd then have no reason to *complain* of any *Body*; at least, it wou'd be your *own* Fault, if they were not what you *pleas'd*. Those *Wretches* you speak of in your *Letter*, are so little *valuable*, that you will easily forget their *Malice*, and rather look upon the more *considerable* Part of the *World*, who will ever find it their *Interest*, and make it their *Vanity* to serve you. And now to let you know how soon I propose to be out of *pain*, two Days hence I leave this *Place*, in order to [pursue] my Journey towards *London*; and may I then be but as *happy* as your *Kindness* can make me, I shall have but very *little* room either for *Envy* or *Ambition*.

Octob. 6th. This Morning
your Messenger came.

XXXVII.

To the same.

MADAM,

I *Found* you in a *chiding* Humour to Day, and so I *left* you; to *Morrow* I hope for *better* Luck: till when, neither You, nor *any* you can *employ*, shall know whether I am under or above *Ground*; therefore lie still, and satisfy yourself, that *you* are not, nor can be half so *kind* to Mrs. — as *I* am;

Good-night.

LETTERS

XXXVIII.

To the same.

MADAM,

My *Faults* are such, as, among *reasonable* People, will ever find *Excuse*; but to you I will make *none*, you are so very full of *Mystery*: I *believe* you make your *Court* with *good* Success, at least I *wish* it; and as the *kindest* thing I can say, do *assure* you, you shall never be my *Pattern*, either in *Good-nature* or *Friendship*, for I will be after my own *rate*, not yours,

Your Humble Servant, _____

XXXIX.

To the same.

MADAM,

I am far from *delighting* in the *Grief* I have given you, by taking away the *Child*; and you, who made it so absolutely *necessary* for me to do so, must take that *Excuse* from me, for all the *ill Nature* of it: On the other side, pray be *assur'd*, I love *Betty* so well, that you need not *apprehend* any *Neglect* from those I employ; and I hope very shortly to *restore* her to you a *finer Girl* than ever. In the mean time you wou'd do well to think of the *Advice* I gave you, for how little *shew* soever my *Prudence* makes in my own *Affairs*, in yours it will prove very *successful*, if you please to follow it; and since *Discretion* is the thing alone you are like to *want*, pray study to *get* it.

XL.

To the same.

MADAM,

I came to Town *late* last Night, tho' *time* enough to receive *News* from the *King* very *surprizing*, you being *chiefly* concern'd in't: I must beg that I may *speak* with you this Morning, at ten a clock; I will not *fail* to be at your Door: The *Affair* is *unhappy*, and to me on many Scores, but on none, more than that it has *disturb'd* the *Heaven* of *Thought* I was in, to think, after so long an *Absence*, I had liv'd, to be again *blest* with *seeing* my Dearest Dear, Mrs. —

LETTERS

XLI.

To the same.

MADAM,

I am *forc'd* at last to *own*, that 'tis very *uneasie* to me to *live* so long without *hearing* a word of you, *especially* when I reflect how *ill-natur'd* the World is to *pretty* Women, and what occasion you may have for their Service. Besides, I am unsatisfied yet, why that *inconsiderable* Service you gave me *leave* to do you, and which I left *positive* Orders for when I came away, was left *unperform'd*; and if the *Omission* reflect upon my *Servant* or *myself*, that I might *punish* the one, and *clear* the other. I have often *wish'd*, I know not why, but I think for *your* sake more than my *own*, that Mrs. — might *forget* me quite: but I find it would *trouble* me of all things, thou'd she think *ill* of me, or *remember* me to *hate* me; but whenever she wou'd make me *happy*, if she can yet *wish* me so, let her *command* some *real* Service, and my *Obedience* will prove the best *Reward* my *Hopes* can aim at.

XLII.

To the same.

MADAM,

My Visit *Yesterday* was intended to tell you, I had not *din'd* in Company of *Women*, which (tho' for a certain *reason* I cou'd not very well *express* with Words) was however *sufficiently* made appear, since you could not be so very *ill-natur'd* to make *severe* Reflections upon me when I was gone. Were Men without *Frailties*, how wou'd you bring it about to make 'em *love* you so *blindly* as they do. I cannot yet imagine what *fault* you could find in my Love-letter; certainly 'twas full of *Kindness* and *Duty* to You; and whilst these *two* Points are kept *inviolable*, 'tis very hard when you *take* any thing *ill*. I fear staying at *Home* so much gives you the *Spleen* (for I am *loth* to believe 'tis *I*;) I have therefore sent you the two *Plays* that are acted this Afternoon; if that *Diversion* cou'd put you into so good a *Humour*, as to make you able to *endure* me again, I thou'd be very much *oblig'd* to the *Stage*. However, if your *Anger* continue, shew yourself at the *Play*, that I may *look* upon you, and go *mad*. Your *Revenge* is in your own *Eyes*; and if I must *suffer*, I wou'd *chuse* that way.

LETTERS

XLIII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Tho' not for *real Kindness* fake, at least to make your own *Words* good, (which is a Point of *Honour* proper for a *Woman*) endeavour to give me some *undeniable Proofs* that you *love* me. If there be *any* in my *power* which I have yet neither *given* nor *offer'd*, you must *explain* yourself; I am perhaps very *dull*, but withal very *sincere*: I cou'd *wish*, for your *sake*, and my own, that your *Failings* were such; but be *they* what they will, since I must *love* you, allow me the *liberty* of telling you sometimes *unmanerly* Truths, when my *Zeal* for your *Service* causes, and your own *Interest* requires it: These *Inconveniences* you must bear with from those that *love* you, with *greater* regard to *you* than *themselves*; such a One I *pretend* to be, and I hope if you do not yet *believe* it, you will in time *find* it.

You have said *something* that has made me fancy to *Morrow* will prove a *happy* Day to me; however, pray let me *see* you before you *speak* with any *other* Man, there are *Reasons* for it, *Dearest* of all my *Desires*. I expect your *Commands*.

*An Hour after
I left You.*

XLIV.

To the same.

MADAM,

I have a very just *Quarrel* to *Business*, upon a thousand *Faults*, and will now *continue* it, whilst I *live*, since it *takes* from me some *hours* of your *Company*. Till *two* in the *Afternoon* I cannot *come* to you; *pity* my ill *Fortune*, and send me word where I shall then find you.

XLV.

To the same.

MADAM,

I was just beginning to *write* you word, that I am the most *unlucky* Creature in the World, when your Letter came in, and made me *more* certain; for you *tempt* me by desiring me to do the *thing* upon Earth I have the most *Fondness* of, at this time; that is, going with you to *Windsor*; but

LETTERS

the *Devil* has laid a *Block* in my way, and I must not, for my *life*, stir out of Town these *ten* Days. You will scarce *believe* me in this particular, as you shou'd do, but I will *convince* you of the Truth, when I wait on you; in the mean time (to shew the *Reality* of my Intentions) there is a Coach ready *hired* for to Morrow, which, if not true, you may *disprove* me by making *use* of it.

XLVI.

To the same.

MADAM,

Believe me, (*Dearest* of all *Pleasures*) that *those* I can receive from *any* thing but you, are so extreamly *dull* they *hardly* deserve the name. If you *distrust* me, and all my Professions, upon the Score of *Truth* and *Honour*, at least let 'em have *Credit* on another, upon which my *greatest* Enemies will not deny it me; and that is, its being *notorious* that I *mind* nothing but my own *Satisfaction*. You may be sure I cannot chuse but *love* you above the *World*, whatever becomes of the *King*, *Court*, or *Mankind*, and all their *impertinent* Business. I will come to you this Afternoon.

XLVII.

To the same.

MADAM,

That I *do* not *see* you, is not that I wou'd *not*, for that, the *Devil* take me, if I would not *do* every *day* of my life, but for *these* Reasons you shall *know* hereafter. In the mean time, I can *give* you no *Account* of your *Business* as yet; but of my own *part*, which I am *sure* will not be agreeable without others, who, I am confident will *give* full *Satisfaction*, in a very short time, to all your *Desires*: When 'tis done, I will *tell* you *something* that, perhaps, may make you *think* that I am, Mrs. —

Sunday.

Your Humble Servant,

XLVIII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Till I have *mended* my Manners, I am *asham'd* to look you in the Face; but *seeing* you is as necessary to my life, as *breathing*; so that I must *see* you, or be your's no *more*; for that's the Image I have of *Dying*. The

LETTERS

fight of you, then, being my *life*, I cannot but confess, with an humble and sincere *Repentance*, that I have hitherto *liv'd* very ill; receive my *Confession*, and let the *Promise* of my future *Zeal* and *Devotion* obtain my *Pardon*, for last Night's *Blasphemy* against you, my *Heaven*; so shall I *hope*, hereafter, to be made Partaker of such *Joys*, in your *Arms*, as meeting *Tongues* but faintly can *express*. Amen.

XLIX.

To the same.

MADAM,

I assure you I am not *half* so faulty as *unfortunate* in *serving* you; I will not tell you my *Endeavours*, nor excuse my *Breach* of *Promise*; but leave *it* to you to find the *cause* of my *doing* so *ill*, to *one* I wish so *well* to; but I *hope* to give you a better *Account* shortly. The *Complaint* you spoke to me, concerning *Mifs*, I know nothing of, for she is as *great* a *Stranger* to me, as she can be to you. So, thou *pretty* Creature, Farewel;

Your Humble Servant, _____

L.

To the same.

MADAM,

Your Letter so *transports* me, that I know not how to *answer* it, the *Expressions* are so *soft*, and seem to be so *sincere*, that I were the *unreasonablest* Creature on Earth, cou'd I but seem to *distrust* my being the *happier* : and the *best Contrivance*, I can think of, for *conveying* a *Letter* to me, is making a *Porter* bring it my *Foot-man*, where-ever I am, whether at St. *James's*, *Whitehal*, or home. They are at present pulling down some part of my Lodging, which will not *permit* me to see you *there*; but I will wait on you at any other *place*, what *time* you *please*.

LI.

To the same.

MADAM,

Might I be so *happy* to receive such *Proofs* of your Kindness, as I myself would chuse, one of the *greatest*, I could think of, were, That *all* my Actions, however they *appear'd* at first, might be *interpreted* as *meant* for

LETTERS

your Service; since nothing is so agreeable to my Nature, as *seeking my own Satisfaction*; and since you are the *best Object* of that I can find in the World, how can you *entertain* a Jealousie, or Fear? You have the strongest Security, our frail and daily-changing *Frame* can give, That I can *live* to no *End* so much, as *that* of *Pleasing* and *Serving* you.

LII.

To the same.

MADAM,

I cou'd *say* a great *deal* to you, but will *conceal* it till I have *merit*: so *these* shall be only to *beg* your *Pardon*, for desiring your *Excuse* till *Munday*, and then you shall find me an *honest* Man, and one of my Word.
So Mrs. —

Your Servant, —

LIII.

To the same.

Dear MADAM,

My omitting to write to you all this while, were an *unpardonable* Errour, had I been guilty of it thro' *Neglect* towards you, which I *value* you too much ever to be *capable* of. But I have never been *two* days in a place, since Mrs. — went away; which I *ought* to have given you Notice of, and have let you know, that her *Crime* was, making her *Court* to — with *Stories* of you; entertaining her continually with the *Shame* she underwent to be seen in *company* of so *horrid* a Body as yourself, in order to the *obtaining* of her —'s *Employment*; and *lastly*, that my — was ten times *prettier* than that nasty B—, I was so fond of at *London*, which I had *by* you. This was the *grateful Acknowledgment* she made you for all your *Favours*, and this *Recompence* for all the little *Services*, which, upon your *account*, she receiv'd from,

Your Humble Servant, &c.

LIV.

To the same.

MADAM,

Anger, Spleen, Revenge, and Shame, are not yet so *powerful* with me, as to make me *disown* this great *Truth*, That I *love* you above all *things* in

LETTERS

the World: but, I thank God, I can *distinguish*, I can see very *Woman* in you, and from yourself am convinc'd I have never been in the *wrong* in my *Opinion* of Women: 'Tis impossible for me to *curse* you; but give me *leave* to *pity* myself, which is *more* than ever you will *do* for me. You have a *Character*, and you *maintain* it; but I am sorry you make me an *Example* to prove it: It seems (as you excel in *every* thing) you scorn to grow *less* in that noble *Quality* of *Ufing* your *Servants* very *hardly*; you do well not to *forget* it; and rather *practise* upon me, than *lose* the Habit of being very *Severe*; for you that *chuse* rather to be *Wife* than *Just* or *Good-natur'd*, may freely *dispose* of all *things* in your power, without *regard* to one or the other. As I *admire* you, I wou'd be glad I cou'd *immitate* you; it were but *manners* to endeavour it; which, since I am not *able* to perform, I confess you are in the *right* to call that *rude* which I call *kind*; and so *keep* me in the *wrong* for ever (which you cannot *chuse* but take great *delight* in :) You need but continue to make it *fit* for me not to *love* you, and you can never want *something* to upbraid me with.

*Three a Clock in the
Morning.*

TO HIS FAMILY

LV.

TO HIS MOTHER.

From the coast of Norway amongst the
rocks aboard the *Revenge*.

August the 3rd. [1665]

Madam,

I hope it will not bee hard for your La^{sp} to believe that it hath been want of opportunity and noe neglect in mee the not writing to your La^{sp} all the while. I know noe body hath more reason to expreis theire duty to you than I have, and certainly Savill [would] never bee soe imprudent as to omitt the occasions of doing it. There have many things past since I writt last to your La^{sp}. We had many reports of De Ruyter and East-india fleete but none true till towards the 2nd of the last month wee had certaine intelligence then of 30 saile in Bergen in Norway, a haven belonging to the King of Denmarke. But the port was found to be so little that it was impossible for the greate ships to gett in, soe that my Lord Sandwich

LETTERS

ordered 20 saile of fourth and fifth rate frigigate to goe in and take them. They were commanded by Sir Thomas Teddeman one of the Vice Admirals. It was not fitt for mee to see any occasion of service to the King without offering my self, so I desired and obtained leave of my^d Sandwich to goe with them and accordingly the thirtieth of this month wee fett saile at six a clock at night and the next day wee made the haven of Ruchfort (on this side of the toune 15 leagues) not without much hazard of shipwreck, for (besides the danger of Rocks w^{ch} according to the seamens judgement was greater than ever was scene by any of them) wee found the harbour where twenty shippes were to anchor, not bigg enough for even, soe that in a moment wee were all together one upon another and ready to dash in pieces having nothing but some rocks to save our selves, & case we had binn lost; but it was God's greate mercy wee gott cleare and only that for wee had noe humane probability of safety; there we lay all night and by twelve a clock next day gott off and failed to Bergen full of hopes and expectation, having already shared amongst us the rich lading of the East India merchants, some for diamond(s) some for spices others for rich filkes and I for shirts and gould w^{ch} I had most neede of; but reckoning without our hoast wee were faine to reckon twice. However wee had immediately a message from the Governor full of civility and offers of service, w^{ch} was returned by us, Mr Mountegue being the messenger; that night wee [had] 7 or ten more w^{ch} signified nothing, but were empty delays. It grew darke and wee were faine to ly still untill morning. All the night the Dutch carried above 200 pieces of cannon into the Danish castells and forts, and wee were by morne drawn into a very faire halfe moone ready for both towne and ships. Wee received severall messages from breake of day untill fower of clock much like those of the over night, intending nothing but delay that they myght fortifie themselves the more; w^{ch} being perceived wee delayed noe more but just upon the stroke of five wee lett our fighting coulours and immediately fired upon the shippes, who answered us immediately and were seconded by the castles and forts of the towne, upon w^{ch} wee shott at all and in a short time beat from one of their nearest forts some three or fouer thousand men that were placed wth small shot upon us; but the castles were not to bee [taken] for besides the strength of their walls they had soe many of the Dutch Gunns (wth their vne) w^{ch} played in the hulls and deckes of our shippes, that in 3 howers we lost some 200 men and six captaines, our cables were cut, and wee were driven out by the winde, w^{ch} was soe directly against us that wee could not use our fireships w^{ch} otherwise had infallybly done our busines; soe wee came off having beate the towne all to peices without losing one ship. Wee now lie off a little still expecting a wind that wee may send fireships to make an end of the rest. Mr Mountegue and Thomas Windhams brother were both killed with one shott just by mee, but God

LETTERS

Almyghty was pleased to preserve mee from any kind of hurt. Madam
I have bin tedious but begg your La^{sp}s pardon who am

Your most obedient son

ROCHESTER.

I have been as good a husband as I could, but in spight of my wish
have binn faine to borrow mony.

LVI.

TO HIS WIFE.

From our Tubb att Mrs Fourcards this 18th of October [1669].

Wife, Our gutt has allready been griped, and wee are now in bed, soe that
wee are not in a condition of writing either according to thy merritt or our
desert. Wee therefore doe command thy benigne acceptance of these our
letters in what way soever by us inscribed or directed, willing thee there-
withal to assure our sole daughter and heire iffue female, ye Lady Anne
[part] of our best respects; this, with your care and dilligence on the
erection of our furnaces, is att present the utmost of our will and pleasure—

LVII.

To the same.

[May, 1668]

You know not how much I am pleased when I heare from you, if you
did you would bee soe obliging to write oftner to mee, I doe seriously wth
all my heart with my selfe wth you, and am endeavouring every day to get
away from this place which I am soe weary of, that I may be said rather
to languish than live in it; my Lady Warr intends to honour you with a
visit on Monday fennight (she saies) in the meane time pray behave y^r
selfe well, and let me heare of noe miscarriages. If I doe, my partiality
to you will make mee apt to lay them to y^r maide Joane, as I have before,
rather than to you. Here is noe newes but that the Duchefs of Rich: will
loose an eye, the Dutchefs of Mon: has put out her thigh, my L^a Hawbey
is to bee married to my Lady Munnings, hee drinks puppy dog water to
make himselfe handsome, but shee they say having heard hee had a clapp,
has refused to enter into conjugall bonds till shee bee better assur'd of his
soundness.

Remember me to Mrs Baxter.

LETTERS

LVIII.

To the same.

For the Countess of Rochester.

I should bee infinitely pleased (Madam) with the newes of your health hitherto I have not been so fortunate to heare any of you but assure y^r selfe my wishes are of your side as much as is possible and pray only that they may bee effectuall; and you will not want for happiness.

Paris the 22 of Aprill. [1669]

French stile.

LIX.

To the same.

Pray do not take it ill that I write to you seldom since my coming to Town; my being in waiting upon the sad Accident of Madame's Death (for which the King endures the highest affliction imaginable) would not allow me Time or Power to write Letters: You have heard the Thing, but the Barbarousness of the Manner you may guess at by the Relation.

Monsieur, since the Banishment of the Chevalier de Lorraine (of which he suspected Madame to have been the Author) has ever behaved himself very ill to her in all things, threatening her upon all occasions, that if she did not get Lorraine recalled, she might expect from him the worst that could befall her. It was not now in her Power to perform what he expected; so that she returning to Paris, he accidentally carries her away to St. Cloud, where having remained fifteen Days in good Health, she having been bathing one Morning, and finding herself very dry called for some Succory-Water, (a Cordial Julip she usually took upon these occasions) and being then very merry, discussing with some of her Ladies, that were with her, she had no sooner swallowed this Succory-Water, but immediately falling into Madame de Chatillon's Arms, she cried, she was Dead, and sending for her Confessor after Eight Hours infinite Torment in her Stomach and Bowels, she died the most lamented (both in France and England) since Dying has been the fashion. But I will not keep you too long upon this doleful Alteration; it is enough to make most Wives in the World very Melancholy.

But I thank you for my cheefes, my sugar of roses and all my good things, pray lett it not bee necessary for mee to put you too often in mind of what you ought not to bee less forward in doing than I in advising. I hope you

LETTERS

will give mee noe occasion to explaine my felfe, for if I am putt upon that you will find mee very troublesome. I receiv'd noe letter from you with an inclos'd to your mother nor doe I beleive you writ any, besides I finde by another circumstance that the returnes of letters betwixt London and Adderbury are very tedious.

If you write to me, you must direct to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, the House next to the Duke's Play-House in Portugal Row; there lives

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

I writ a letter to the ranger. I should faine know if hee received it and whither I am like to receive an answer or noe, pray send mee some ale, and rember mee to Nan; shee has a present for her godaughter but I doe not know what it is, send mee word and if it bee not as it should be, I'll send another favour.

LX.

To the same.

I am forry, madame, to heare that you are not well, and as much troubled that you should believe I have not writt to you all this while. I, who am not used to flatter, doe assure you that, if two letters from mee came not to your hands this last weeke, and that before, they have miscarried. Nothing is soe much my busines now, as to make haft to waite on you. I think, in that, I comply with your commands, as I doe with the hearty inclination of

Your humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

LXI.

To the same.

I am very glad to heare news from you and I thinke it very good when I heare you are well, pray bee pleas'd to send mee word what you are apt to bee pleas'd with that I may show you how good a husband I can bee. I would not have you soe small as to Judge of the kindness of a letter by the length of it but beleive of every thing that it is as you would have it.

LETTERS

LXII.

To the same.

(These for the C. of R.)

The alteration of my mothers former resolutions (who is now resolv'd against ever moving from hence) puts mee upon some thoughts w^{ch} were almost quite out of my head; but you may bee sure I shall determine nothing that does not tend as much to your reall happiness as lies in my power. I have therefore sent you this letter to prepare you for a remove first hither, and afterwards as fate shall direct which is (I find) the true disposer of things whatever wee attribute to wisdom or providence. Bee therefore in a readines upon the first notice from mee to put that in execution w^{ch} I shall first informe you particularly of—let me have an answer and dispatch this messenger quickly.

God blefs you.

Yours

ROCHESTER.

LXIII.

To the same.

I have no News for you, but that London grows very tiresome, and I long to see you; but things are now reduced to that Extremity on all Sides, that, a Man dares not turn his Back for fear of being Hanged: An ill Accident to be avoided by all prudent Persons, and therefore by

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

LXIV.

To the same.

For the Countess of Rochester att Adderbury neare Banbury, Oxfordshire. Put it in the Banbury bagg.

If you heare not from mee it is not that I either want time or will to write to you, I am sufficiently at leasure and thinke very often of you, but you could expect an account of w^{ht} has befall'n mee, w^{ch} is not yett fitt for you to know; only thus much I will tell you, it was all in vindication of you; I am now at Batterfy and have binn this weeke here, wounder not if you receive few letters from mee, and bee satisfied wth this that I thinke continually of you and am your

ROCHESTER.

LETTERS

LXV.

To the same.

Wonder not that I have not writt to you all this while for it was hard for mee to know what to write, upon severall accounts, but in this I will only desire you not to bee too much amaz'd at the thoughts my mother has of you, since being meer immaginations they will as easily vanish as they were groundlesfly created. For my owne part I will make it my endeavour they may. What you desired of mee in your other letter shall punctually bee perform'd; you must, I think, obey my mother in her commands to waite on her at Alesbury as I told you in my last letter. I am very dull at this time and therefore thinke pittie in this humour to testify my selfe to you any farther; only dear wife

I am your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

LXVI.

To the same.

We have order'd the matter soe well that you must of necessity bee att the place you intend before I can give you an answer to y^r Letter, yett mee thinks you ought rather to have resolv'd in the negative since it was w^ht I desired of you before; but the happy conjunction of my mother and you can produce nothing but extreme good carriage to mee as it has formerly done; you shew y^r selfe very discreet and kind in these and in other matters. I wish you very well, and my mother, but assure you, I will bee very backward in giving you the trouble of

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

LXVII.

To the same.

It is now some weekes since I writt you word that there was money return'd out of Somerts for y^r use, w^{ch} I desir'd you to send for by what summes your self pleas'd. By this time I beleive I have spent it half; however you must be supplied if you thinke fitt to order itt; shortly I

LETTERS

intend to give you the trouble of a visit, 'tis all I have to begg y^r pardon for att present, unless you take itt for a fault that I still pretend to be

Y^r humble Servant,

ROCH.

I doe not know if my mother bee att [Alesbury] or Adderbury; if at home present my duty to her.

LXVIII.

To the same.

I will bee with you shortly, and if my mother pleases, I will take the trouble of you and yours upon mee, and thinke my selfe a very happy man, in the mean time, have but soe much discretion to dissemble a little and I will deliver you immediately: money you shall have as soon as ever I come to you.

LXIX.

To the same.

Madam,

It was the height of compliance forc'd mee to agree y^r La^{sp} should come into Oxfordshire, if it does not please you 'tis not my fault, though much my expectation. I receive the compliment you make in desiring my company as I ought to doe. But I have a poore living to get that I may bee less burdosome to y^r La^{sp}: if y^r La^{sp} had return'd money out of [Somerst] for the buying these things you sent for they myght have binn had by this time. But the little I gett here will very hardly serve my owne turne; however I must tell you that 'twas Blancourt's fault you had nott Holland and other things sent you a fortnight ago. Next weeke I goe into the west and att my returne shall have the happinefs of waiting on y^r La^{sp}.

I could scarce guesse what measures you would take upon the letter I sent you, and therefore have sent this second epistle together wth my coach, humbly requesting you to doe therein as in your wisdome shall seeme meete, I being wth great advisedness most excellently your humble servant

ROCHESTER.

My humble duty to mother and my service to my Cozens.

LETTERS

LXX [Incomplete].

To the same.

— foe greates a disproportion t'wixt our desires and what is ordained to content them; but you will say this is pride and madnes, for there are those foe intirely satisfyed with there shares in this world that there wishes nor there thoughts have not a farther prospect of felicity and glory. I'll tell you, were that mans soule plac't in a body fitt for it, hee were a dogg, that could count any thing a benefit obtain'd wth flattery, feare and service.

Is there a man yee gods whome I doe hate?—
Dependance and Attendance bee his fate.
Lett him bee busy still and in a crowde
And very much a slave and very proude.

Remember me to my dearest Aunt and my good Unkle; I would not have you lose my letter; it is not fitt for every body to finde.

Ye wine was bought last weeke but neglected to bee sent.

ROCHESTER.

(Seal these for the Countess of Rochester at Adderbury neare Banbury, Oxfordshire.)

LXXI.

To the same.

To my Wife,

Runn away like a rascall without taking leave, deare wife—it is an unpolisht way of proceeding w^{ch} a modest man ought to bee asham'd of. I have left you a prey to your owne immaginations amongst my relations. The worst of damnations; but there will come an houer of deliverance; till when may my mother bee mercifull unto you; foe I committ you to what shall ensue, woman to woman, wife to mother, in hopes of a future appearance in glory; the small share I can spare you out of my packet I have sent as a debt to Mrs Rouse. Within a weeke or ten days I will returne you more; pray write as often as you have leifure to.

Y^r

ROCHESTER.

Remember me to Nan, and my L^d Willmott.

You must present my service to my cousins. I intend to bee at the deflowring of my niece Ellen if I heare of it. Excuse my ill paper and my ill manners to my mother; they are both the best the place and age will afford—

LETTERS

LXXII.

To the same.

Madam,

I am extreamly troubled for the sicknefs of y^r fon as well in consideration of the affliction it gives you, as the dearness I have for him myself; you have I heare done mee the favour to expect mee long in the Country where I intended to have bin long agoe, but Court affaires are more hardly sollicitated now than ever, and having follow'd them till I had spent all my owne money and y^{rs} too, I was forc't to stay something longer here till I had contriv'd a supply, w^{ch} being now dispatch'd I have nothing to hinder mee from what I heartily desire w^{ch} is to waite on y^r La^{sp} att Adderbury.

I am your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

LXXIII.

To the same.

It were very unreasonable should I not love you, whilst I believe you a deserving good creature. I am already soe weary of this place, that, upon my word, I could bee content to pass my winter at Cannington, though I apprehend the tediousness of it for you. Pray send me word what lyes in my power to doe for your service and ease, here or wherever else you can employ mee; and assure yourselfe I will neglect your concerne no more than forgett my own. 'Twas very well for your son, as ill as you tooke it, that I sent him to Adderbury, for it proves at least to be the King's evill that troubles him; and hee comes up to London this weeke to bee touch't. My humble service to my aunt Rogers, and Nan.

I write in bed, and am affraid you can't reade it.

LXXIV.

To the same.

I have, my dear Wife, sent you some Lamb, about an Ounce; I have sent to my Mother one Westphalia-Ham, one Jole of Sturgeon; and on Christmas Day I will send her a very fat Doe. I fear I must see London

LETTERS

shortly, and begin to Repent that I did not bring you with me; for since these Rake-hells are not here to disturb us, you might have passed your Devotions this Holy Season, as well in this Place, as at Adderbury. But, dear Wife, one of my Coach-Horses is dying, or I had sent my Coach instead of my Complement.

Yours, etc:

ROCHESTER.

LXXV.

To the same.

I kifs my deare wife a thousand times, as much as imagination and wish will give mee leave. Think upon mee as long as it is pleasant and convenient to you to doe soe and afterwards forgett me; for though I would faine make you the author and foundation of my happines yet wou'd I not bee the cause of your constraint and disturbance for I love not my selfe as much as I doe you; neither doe I value my owne satisfaction equally as I do yours.

Farewell,

ROCHESTER.

LXXVI.

To the same.

Newmarket.

I'le hould you fix to fouer I love you wth all my heart, if I would bett wth other people I'me fure I could gett two to one, but because my passion is not soe extensive to reach to every body, I am not in paine to satisfie many, it will content mee if you believe mee and love mee.

LXXVII.

To the same.

'Tis not an easy thing to be intirely happy, but to be kind is very easy, and that is the greatest Measure of Happiness. I say not this to put you in Mind of being kind to me; you have practised that so long, that I have a joyful Confidence you will never forget it; but to shew that I my self

LETTERS

have a Sense of what the Methods of my Life seem so utterly to contradict. I must not be too wise about my own Follies, or else this Letter had been a book dedicated to you, and published to the World: It will be more pertinent to tell you, that very shortly the King goes to New-Market, and then I shall wait on you at Adderbury: In the mean time, think of any thing you would have me do, and I shall thank you for the Occasion of pleasing you. . . .

ROCHESTER.

Present my service to Mrs. H. Mr. Morgan I have sent in this errant Because hee playes the roge here in towne soe extreemly, that hee is not to bee endur'd, pray if he behave himself soe att Adderbury send mee word and lett him stay till I send for him; pray lett Ned come up to towne, I have a little buisness with him and he shall bee Back in a weeke.

LXXVIII.

To the same.

The stile of y^r La^{sp}s Last though kinder than I deserve is not without some alloy from y^r late conversations wth those whom I should extreemly honour, if they would doe mee the right and you the vertue never to come neare you when I am really as well wth you as I wish, you pretend I shall at least obtaine that favour; in the meane time I will exercise my usuall tallent of patience and submission; I would bee very glad to imploy my self in those affaires you have to bee done here, had I the least hopes of doing them to y^r satisfaction,—but despairing of that happiness pray send y^r Cofin and my freind to towne and lett her please you better. I know nott who has perswaded you that you want five pounds to pay the Servants wages, but next weeke Blancourt is going into the west, at whose returne you may expect an Account of y^r entire revenue, w^{ch} I will bee bound to say has hithertoo, and shall (as long as I can gett bread without itt) bee wholly imploy'd to the use of y^r self and those who depend on you; if I prouve an ill Steward att least you never had a better, w^{ch} is some kind of satisfaction to

Your humble Servant.

LETTERS

LXXIX.

To the same.

*For the Countess of Rochester att Adderbury neare Banbury,
Oxfordshire.*

Since my coming to towne, my head has bin perpetually turn'd round, but I doe nott find itt makes me giddy; this is all the witt you shall receive in my first letter; here after you may expect more, God willing; pray bid John Tredway purchase my Oates, as foone as possible, and what ever Coale you order I shall returne money for upon notice; ready Cash I have but little, 'tis hard to come by but when Mr Cary comes doune hee shall furnish [you] Coales wth as much as I can procure; when you have more commands I am ready to receive 'em being most extreemly

Your humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

Pray bidd my daughter Betty present my duty to my daughter Mallett.

LXXX.

To the same.

Wood and firing, w^{ch} were the subject matter of y^r Last, I tooke order for before, and make no question but you are serv'd in y^r affaire before this, Mr Cary feldome fayling in any thing hee undertakes. When you have other service for mee you will informe mee of itt and nott doubt of the utmost obfervance from

Y^r humble,

Roc.

LXXXI.

To the same.

[1677-1678]

Deare Wife,

I have dispatch't y^r messenger away to night to save you the trouble of rising early, hoping you have noe concerne to communicate to mee of y^r owne. The D. of B. came hither to-night and stays two dayes; I must lend him my coach half way back therefore pray fend it me; my condition of health alters, I hope for the better, though various accidents succeed. My paines are prity well over, and my Rheumatifms begins to turne to an

LETTERS

honest gout, my pissing of blood Doctor Whetherly says is nothing. My eyes are almost out but that hee says will not doe mee much Harme, in short hee makes mee eate flesh and drinke dyett-drink. God blefs you. My duty to my mother and thanke her for my cordials.

LXXXII.

To the same.

[1678]

Dear Wife,

I recover soe slowly and relaps soe continually that I am almost weary of my self. If I had the least strength I would come to Adderbury, but in the condition I am, Kensington and back is a voyage I can hardly support; I hope you excuse my sending you noe money, for till I am well enough to fetch it my self they will not give me a farthing, and if I had not pawn'd my plate I believe I must have starv'd in my sickness. Well God blefs you and the children whate'er becomes of

Y^r humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

If Mrs Catford be gone pray enclose this letter wth the first you send.

LXXXIII.

To the same.

Madam,

I received three pictures, and am in a great fright lest they should be like you. By the bigness of the head, I should apprehend you far gone in the rickets: by the severity of the countenance, somewhat inclined to prayer and prophecy: yet there is an alacrity in your plump cheeks that seems to signify sack and sugar; and your sharp-sighted nose has borrowed quickness from the sweet smelling eye. I never saw a chin smile before, a mouth frown, or a forehead mump. Truly the artist has done his part (God keep him humble) and a fine man he is if his excellencies don't puff him up like his pictures. The next impertinence I have to tell you is that I am coming into the country; I have got horses, but want a coach: when that defect is supplied, you shall quickly have the trouble of

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

P.S. Present my duty to my Lady and my humble service to my sister, my brother, and all the babies not forgetting Madam Jane.

LETTERS

LXXXIV.

To the same.

You are very kind to wish mee in the country perhaps that is best for mee, and I wish I had rather bin in this towne a month agoe than at this time and certainly wth I am in any tollerable health I shall wayte upon you.

LXXXV.

To the same.

The difficulties of pleasing y^r La^{sp} doe encrease foe fast upon mee, and are growne foe numerous that to a man lesf resolv'd than my self never to give itt over, itt would appeare a madnes ever to Attempt itt more, but through your frailtys myne ought not to multiply; you may therefore secure y^r self that it will not bee easy for you to put mee off my constant resolutions to satisfie you in all I can; I confesse there is nothing will foe much contribute to my assistance in this as y^r dealing freely wth mee, for since you have thought itt a wise thing to trust mee lesf and have reserves, itt has bin out of my pow'r to make the best of my proceedings effectual to what I intended them; at a distance I am likeliest to learn y^r mind for you have not a very oblidging way of delivering itt by word of Mouth; if therefore you will let mee know the perticulars in which I may be usefull to you, I will shew my readines as to my owne part, and if I faile at the succefs I wish, itt shall not bee the fault of

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

I intend to bee att Adderbury some time next weeke.

LXXXVI.

To the same.

My most neglected wife, till you are a much respected Widdow, I find you will scarce be a contented Woman, and to say noe more than the plaine truth I doe endeavour foe fairly to doe you that last good service that none but the most impatient would refuse to rest satisfied. What evill Angell Enemy to my repose does inspire my Lady Warr to visitt you once

LETTERS

a yeare and leave you bewitch'd for elev'n months after? I thanke my God that I have the Torment of the Stone upon mee (w^{ch} are noe small ones) rather than that unspeakable one of being an eye witnes to y^r uneasiness: Doe but propose to mee any reasonable thing upon Earth I can do to sett you att quiett but it is like a madd woman to lye roaring out of paine and never confesse in what part it is; these three yeares have I heard you continually complain, nor has itt ever bin in my pow'r to obtain the knowledge of any considerable cause; confident I shall nott have the like affliction three yeares hence, but that repose . . . (I owe) to a furer friend than you; when the time comes you will grow Wiser, though I feare nott much happier.

LXXXVII.

To the same.

I cannot deny to you but that Heroick resolutions in women are things of the w^{ch} I have never bin transported wth greate admiration; nor can bee if my Life lay on't, for I thinke it is a very impertinent virtue; besides consider how men and women are compounded that as heate and cold, so greatnes and meanes are necessary ingredients that enter both into the making up of every one that is borne, (now when heate is predominant we are termed hott, when cold is wee are call'd cold; though in the mixture both take theire places etc. our warmeth would bee a burning, and our cold an excessive freezing), so greatenes and virtue that Sparke of primitive grace is in every one alive, and likewise meanes or vice that feede of originall Sin is (in a measure alsoe): for if either of them were totally absent, men and woemen must bee perfect Angells, or absolute divills. Now from the preheminance of either of these quallities in us wee are termed good or bad: but yett as contrarieties though they both reside in one body must they ever bee opposite in place, thence I inferr that as heate in the feete makes cold in the head, soe may it bee wth probabilyty expected too, that greatnes and meanes should bee as oppositely seated and [that] a Heroick head is liker to bee balanc'd wth an humble taile. Besides reason, Experience has furnish'd mee with many examples of this kinde, my Lady Mortennell Villers, and twenty others, whose honour was ever soe excessive in theire heads that they suffered a want of it in everey other part; thus it comes about madam that I have noe verey greate esteeme for a high spirited Lady and therefore should bee glad that none of my friends thought it convenient to adorne theire other perfections with that most transcendent Accomplishment; it is tollerable only in a waiting gentlewoman who to prove her selfe lawfully decended from St Humphry, her greate Uncle,

LETTERS

is allowed the affectation of a high Spirit, and a naturall inclination towards a gentile convers: This now is a letter and to make it a kinde one I must assure you of all the dotage in the World, and then to make it a civill one, downe att the bottome wth a greate space between I must write

Madam

I have too much respect for you to come neare you whilst I am in disgrace but when I am a favourite againe I will waite on you.

Your most humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

LXXXVIII.

To his Son.

I Hope, Charles, when you receive this, and know that I have sent this Gentleman to be your Tutor, you will be very glad to see I take such care of you, and be very grateful; which is best shown in being Obedient and Diligent. You are now grown big enough to be a Man, if you can be wise enough; and the Way to be truly wise, is, to serve God, learn your Book, and observe the Instructions of your Parents first, and next your Tutor, according as you employ that Time, you are to be Happy or Unhappy for ever: But I have so good an Opinion of you, that I am glad to think, you will never deceive me. Dear Child, learn your Book, and be Obedient, and you shall see what a Father I will be to you; you shall want no Pleasure while you are good: And that you may be so, are my constant Prayers,

ROCHESTER.

LXXXIX.

To the same.

Charles, I take it very kindly that you write to me (tho' seldom) and with heartily you would behave yourself so, as that I might show how much I love you without being ashamed. Obedience to your Grandmother, and those who instruct you in good Things, is the way to make you happy here, and for ever. Avoid Idleness, scorn Lying, and God will bless you: For which I pray,

ROCHESTER.

LETTERS

TO VARIOUS CORRESPONDENTS

XC.

To Sir John Warre.

I was forct by the news of my wives being not well to post out of towne before I could have the opportunity of waiting on you, w^{ch} I confes was a fault I should not otherwise have bin guilty of; and I therefore purpose at the beginning of the next weeke to returne that I may receive y^r pardon, and put you in minde of performing your promise, and shew you the way hither where upon my word is one very much transported wth the thoughts of being soe happy as to see you and for my owne part I begg you to beleive that noe man does more heartily desire any good in this world than I doe the honour of your freindshipp and kindnes nor can any one have a greater value and service for you than has

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

Saturday.

XCI.

To Lord Lichfield.

My Dear Lord,

I would not have flipt this Opportunity of waiting upon you; but the Change of the Weather makes it a dangerous Journey for a Man in no better Health than I am: neither would you condemn the Care I take of myself, did you know how kind an Uncle, and how faithful a Servant I preserve for you. The Character you have of me from others, may give you some reason to consider this no farther than good Nature obliges you: But if I am ever so happy to live, where my Inclinations to you may shew themselves; be assured, you shall not want very good Proof, how much the Memory of your Father, the Favours of my Lady Lindsey (how long soever past) and your own Merit, can oblige a very grateful Man to be faithfully, Sincerely, and Eternally, Dear Nephew,

Your most humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

LETTERS

XCII.

To Madam —.

Madam,

If itt were worth any thing to bee belov'd by mee you were the richest woman in y^e world: but since my Love is of foe little vallue, chide y^r owne eyes for making such poore conquests: Though I am justly proude of being y^{rs} yett give mee leave to tell you, there cannott bee more glory in y^r service than there is pleasure and true pride in freedome; this I write to assure y^r La^{sp}, 'tis nott through vanity that I affect the title of y^r servant, but that I feele a truth wth in my heart w^{ch} my mouth rather does confesse than Boast of,—that there is left for mee, noe pleasure but in y^r smiles, noe life but in y^r favour, noe Heaven but in y^r Love; when I deserve foe ill, that you would Torment, kill and Damn mee, Madam you need but hate me.

XCIII.

To the Earl of Essex.

Apr: 22nd [1677]

My Lord,

The bearer of this being to present y^r Excellence with a reference from y^e King, wherein my name is to appeare, it becomes my duty to lett you know that I am made use of only as a Trustee for Mrs Nelly, & that by a particular direction y^t favour is humbly begg'd, and much rely'd upon by her in this Affayre; and my part is noe more but to advise her (as I would all I wish well to), by any means to bee oblig'd to y^r Excellence if they can, since there is noe where to bee found a better friend or worthyer Patron; how sincerely this is my opinion, you would not doubt, My Lord, could I make appeare to you, wth how much zeale & faithfulness, I am, &c with ever to continue

Y^r humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

XCIV.

To Dr. Thos. Pierce, of Magdalen College, Oxon.

My indisposition renders my intellectuals almost as feeble as my person; but, considering y^e candour & extream charity yo^r natural mildness hath always shewed me, I am assured at once both of a favourable construction of my present lines, w^{ch} can but faintly expresse y^e sorrowful

LETTERS

character of an humble and afflicted mind, and also those great comforts yo^r inexhaustible goodness, learning, and piety, plenteously affords to y^e drooping spirits of poor sinners; so y^t I may truly say, HOLY MAN! to you I owe w^t consolation I enjoy, in urging God's mercyes agst despair, and holding me up under y^e weight of those high and mountainous sins my wicked and ungovernable life hath heaped upon me. If God shall be pleased to spare me a little longer here, I have unalterably resolved to become a new man, as to wash out y^e stains of my lewd courses wth my tears, & weep over the profane and unhallowed abominations of my former doings, y^t y^e world may see how I loth sin, & abhor y^e very remembrance of those tainted and unclean joys I once delighted in; these being, as the Apostle tells us, the things whereof I am now ashamed: Or if it be his great pleasure now to put a period to my days, that he will accept of my last gasp, y^t y^e smock of my death-bed offering may not be unfavoury to his nostrils, and drive me like Cain from before his presence. Pray for me, dear Doctor; and all you y^t forget not God pray for me fervently. Take Heaven by force, & lett me enter wth you, as it were in disguise; for I dare not appear before the dread Majesty of that Holy One I have so often offended. Warn all my f^{nds} and companions to a true & sincere repentance to-day, while it is called to-day, before y^e evil day come, and they be no more. Let them know y^t sin is like the Angeles Book in the Revelations; it is sweet in the mouth and bitter in the belly. Lett them know that God will not be mocked; that he is an Holy God, and will be served in holiness and purity, that he requires the whole man and the early man. Bid them make haste, for y^e night cometh, when no man can work. Oh! y^t they were wise; that they would consider this; and not with me, wth wretched me, delay it untill their latter end. Pray, dear S^r, continually pray for your poor friend,

ROCHESTER.

Ranger's Lodge in Woodstock Park,
July, 1680.

XCV.

The Earl of Rochester's letter to Doctor Burnet as he lay on his death bed at his Lodge in Woodstock Park wrot by his own hand June ye 25th 1680 at 12 at night.

My most Honoured Doctor Burnet,

My spirits and body decay so equally together that I shall write you a letter as weak as I am in Person. I begin to value Church Men above all men in the world and you above all Church Men in it. If God be

LETTERS

pleas'd to spare me yet longer in this world, I hope in your conversation to be exalted to your degree of piety, that the World may see how much I abhor what I so long loved and how much I glory in repentance, in God's service. Bestow your prayers upon me, that God would spare me (if it be his good Will) to shew a true Repentance and Amendment of life for the time to come: Or else if the Lord pleaseth to put an end to my worldly being now, that he would mercifully accept of my Death-Bed Repentance, and perform that Promise that he hath been pleas'd to make, that at what time soever a Sinner doth Repent, He would receive him. Put up these Prayers, most dear Doctor, to Almighty God for your most Obedient and Languishing Servant.

ROCHESTER.

APPENDICES

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APPENDIX I.

Poems that stand outside, and may not be included in the Rochester canon, for reasons that are given in the Textual Notes at the end of the volume.

APPENDIX II.

A Masque for the Tragedy of Valentinian, written by Sir Francis Fane.

APPENDIX III.

Five Letters from Anne, Dowager Countess of Rochester, giving some account of her son in his last illness.

APPENDIX I

POEMS

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE EARL OF ROCHESTER

HOW far are they deceiv'd, who hope in Vain
A lasting Lease of Joys from Love t'obtain?
All the dear Sweets we promise or expect,
After Enjoyment, turn to cold Neglect.
Cou'd Love a constant Happiness have known,
The mighty wonder had in me been shown;
Our Passions are so favoured by Fate,
As if she meant them an Eternal Date;
So kind you lookt, such tender Words you spoke
'Twas past belief, such Vows shou'd e'er be broke.
Fixt on my Eyes, how often did you say,
You cou'd with pleasure gaze an Age away?
When Thoughts too great for Words had made you mute,
In kisses you wou'd tell my Hand your Suit.
So great your Passions were, so far above
The common Gallantries, that pass for Love. }
At worst I thought, if you unkind shou'd prove
Your ebbing Passion wou'd be kinder far,
Than the first Transports of all others are.
Nor was my Love or Fondness less than yours.
In you I center'd all my Hopes——
For you, my Duty to my Friends forgot,
For you, I lost, alas what lost I not?
Fame, all the valuable things of Life,
To meet your Love by a less name than Wife;
How happy was I then, how dearly blest,
When you lay panting on my tender Breast,
Acting such things, as ne'er can be express'd.
Thousand fresh looks you gave me e'ry hour,
Whilst greedily I did those Looks devour;
Till quite o'ercome with Charms I trembling lay
At e'ry look you gave, melted away:
I was so highly happy in your Love,
Methoughts I pitied them that dwelt Above.

APPENDIX I

Think then thou GREATEST, LOVELIEST, FALSEST MAN,
How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd and then
My Faithless DEAR, be CRUEL if you can.
How I have Lov'd, I cannot, need not tell;
For ev'ry ACT has shown I lov'd too well.
Since first I saw you, I ne'er had a Thought,
Was not entirely yours, to you I brought
My Virgin INNOCENCE, and freely made,
My LOVE an Offering to your noble Bed.
Since when ye've been the Star by which I steer'd
And nothing else but you I Lov'd or Fear'd.
Your Smiles I only Live by, and I must,
Whene'er you Frown, be shatter'd into Dust.
O! Can the Coldness which you show me now,
Suit with the generous Heat you once did show?
I cannot live on pity or respect,
A Thought so mean, wou'd my whole Love infect,
Less than your Love, I scorn Sir to expect.
Let me not live in dull Indiff'rency,
But give me rage enough to make me Die:
For if from you I needs must meet my Fate,
Before you Pity, I wou'd choose your Hate.

THE ENCOURAGEMENT

'TIS the *Arabian* Bird alone
Lives Chast, because there is but One:
But had kind Nature made them Two,
They would like Doves and Sparrows do.

AN ESSAY ON SCANDAL

OF all the Plagues with which this World abounds,
Our Discord's causes, Wideners of our Wounds,
Sure *Woman* is the lewdest can be guest,
Thro' *Woman* Mankind early ill did taste,
She was the World's first Curse, will be the last.
To shew what *Woman* is, Heav'n made *Charles* Wife,
Some Angel scale the Blindness of his Eyes!
Restor'd by Miracle he may believe,

APPENDIX I

And seeing's Follies, learn, tho' late to live.
 Why art thou poor, oh *King-imbezling*——
 That wide-mouth'd greedy Monster——that has done't;
 Thee and three Kingdoms have thy Drabs destroy'd,
 Yet they are still uncur'd, and thou uncloy'd.
 Go visit *P[orts]mouth*, fasting, if thou darest,
 Which well thou may'st, at the poor Rate thou farest.
 She'll with her noisome Breath blast ev'n thy Face,
 Till thou thyself grow uglier than her *Grace*.
 Remove that costly Dunghill from thy Doors,
 If thou must have, then use cheap, wholesome Whores.
 Take *T[em]ple*, who can live on Cheese and Ale,
 Who never but to Bishops yet turn'd Tail.
 She's season'd, fit to bear a double Brunt,
L[ondo]n in her —— *Rowley* in her ——
B[isho]p and *K[ing]*, choose handy-dandy either,
 They still club Votes, why not club S——ds together?
 Else choose *G[odolphi]n*, who there's little hurt in,
 She'll —— for Cloaths, for all she's call'd a Fortune.
 Besides, there's *Swan* and *Chevins* —— 'em, fill 'em;
 And Mrs *V[ille]rs*, Sister to Sir *William*.
 Ram all thy Maids of Honour, whilst thou art able,
 And make thy barren *Q[ueen]* keep up their Table.
 But from her Den expel old Ulcer quite,
 She shines i'th' Dark, like rotten Wood by Night,
 Dreads Pepper, Penance, Parliaments, and Light.
 Once with thy People's Prayers resolve to join,
 She's all the Nation's Nuisance, why not thine?
 Own to the World her Brats, not thine at all,
 For Father *H[amil]on* shines thro' 'em all;
 His Impudence, his Falshood, and ill Nature,
 Each inward Vice, and ev'ry outward Feature,
 True *H[amil]on* in every Act and Look;
 But to record thy Blindness made a Duke.

Then next, turn fav'rite *Nelly* out of Door,
 That hairbrain'd, hackney'd wrinkl'd, stopt up Whore,
 Daily stuck, stab'd by half the —— in Town,
 Yet still her stubborn C——s come not down,
 But lie and nourish old Diseases there,
 Which thou and many thy poor Subjects share.
 'Twas once with thee, indeed, as 'twas with Ore
 Uncoin'd: she was no publick common Store,
 Only *B[uckhur]st's* private artful Whore.

APPENDIX I

But when that thou in wanton Itch,
 With Royal —— had stamp'd her ——
 She grew a common, current B——h,
 Then for that C[u]b her Son and Heir,
 Let him remain in *Orway's* Care;
 To make him, if that's possible to be,
 A viler Poet, and more dull than he.
 So at the next *Newmarket* Meeting,
 When thy Senate should be sitting;
 Where Knaves and Fools, and Courtiers do resort,
 And Players come from far to make the Sport,
 As in thy Barn thou shalt in State behold
 The Maid of the *West*, or Girl worth Gold,
 Sitting with most dejected Grace,
 And the fleering in thy Face:
 Then, like a *Monarch*, as thou art,
 Lay thy Hand upon thy Heart;
 Kick her for her lewd cajoling,
 And bid her turn to her old Trade of Stroling.

But *Hectors* shall forget to drink,
Mall H[into]n have no *P[ox]* nor Stink,
 Lord *S[underlan]*d be honest, *M[ulgra]*ve civil,
*B[isho]*ps believe a God or Devil;
Dryden not mouze a Whore, when he can get her,
 Or have his Pension paid; that's better:
M[onmou]th turn again to's Duty,
 And Tartar *C[o]*x be thought a Beauty.

No more Libels shall be written,
 The Court shall be without a *Mitton*,
 E'er thou shalt have a Friend to tell
 Thee, I have here advis'd thee well;
 But how Slight foe'er they make it,
 The Counsel's good, believe and take it.

A BALLAD

TO honourable Court there lately came
 A Knight of the County of *Nottingham*,
 Deserting poor Cook-Maid, and House of his Name,
Which no Body can deny.

APPENDIX I

When the Maids of Honour heard of that,
They with furbish'd old Faces, of Marriage did chat,
And hop'd shortly to leave old *Portugal Kate*.

Which no Body can deny.

Next C[ran]more for her lame Daughter appears,
And G[od]frey's Crane was as active for hers;
Ah! cries my Aunt Nunn, are you there with the Bears?

Which no Body can deny.

Then strait away she trots to her Brother,
Who for Sh[rews]bury and I[sh]am had made such a Pother,
And cries, I've got a Knight worth two of the other.

Which no Body can deny.

Seven Thousand a Year he has, I'm told,
But Fame, in those Cafes, is often too bold,
And for him the Court Virgins all scramble and scold.

Which no Body can deny.

At the Dutcheffes Ball, V[illi]ers mightily stickl'd,
And thought with a Dance she his Fancy had tickl'd,
A noble Lord notes, like Cucumber pickl'd.

Which no Body can deny.

G[odolph]in to tempt him, fell off from her Horse,
To perfect the Conquest of Face by her ——
A pleasanter Sight than a Newmarket Farce.

Which no Body can deny.

Pious T[e]mple, who long has been musty and Stale,
By her daily Devotion, and hope to prevail,
To gain him and Credit for more Bottle-Ale.

Which no Body can deny.

Pox o' your G[odolph]ins, your V[illi]ers and T[e]mples,
Quoth Chiffinch, my Daughter has that that will please,
And the Knight's somewhat troubled, they say, with the Simples.

Which no Body can deny.

And Serjeant Pr[i]ce tells me, that Contract is broke
'Twixt him, and the Daughter of New[castle] Duke,
On the Score of her greasy Rival the Cook.

Which no Body can deny.

APPENDIX I

Of this lubberly Knight you need not despair,
When the *K*—— is next Drunk, he shall make him a Peer,
We'll win him with Goodness, or awe him with Fear.
Which no Body can deny.

A BALLAD

I.

OF all Quality Whores, modest *Betty* for me,
He's an impudent Rogue durst lay Virtue to thee,
Both of Tongue, and of Tail, there's no Female more free.

II.

Her *Savoy* Devotion she has lately giv'n o'er,
How cou'd she play Saint, and refrain from the Whore,
Whose more lewd than e'er *How[ar]*d was, or *V[illi]*ers before.

III.

Her Zeal and her Lust, both equally known,
Just Gods will reward with a heav'nly Crown,
Out-shining the Mitre of sanctified Joan.

IV.

She starts at no *Runnion* of lubberly Stallion,
But quickly chastises all —— in Rebellion,
And is able to beat a whole *Catfo* Batallion.

V.

Believe little *Jockey*, full nimbly she stirs,
Without the Incitement of Whip or of Spurs,
May *Newmarket* ne'er want such true Mettle as hers.

VI.

She's a delicate *Filly*, that all Men agree,
More able than *Dragon*, than *Darcey* or *Gee*,
What Pity it is she runs resty with thee?

APPENDIX I

TO HIS MISTRESS

WHY dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipsing hand of thine deny
The sunshine of the Sun's enlivening eye?

Without thy light what light remains in me?
Thou art my life; my way, my light's in thee;
I live, I move, and by thy beams I see.

Thou art my life—if thou but turn away
My life's a thousand deaths. Thou art my way—
Without thee, Love, I travel not but stay.

My light thou art—Without thy glorious light
My eyes are darken'd with eternal night.
My Love, thou art my way, my life, my light.

Thou art my way; I wander if thou fly.
Thou art my light; if hid, how blind am I!
Thou art my life; if thou withdraw'st, I die.

My eyes are dark and blind, I cannot see:
To whom or whither should my darkness flee,
But to that light? and who's that light but thee?

If I have lost my path, dear lover, say,
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way?
Love, shall a lamb of Israel's sheepfold stray?

My path is lost, my wandering steps do stray;
I cannot go, nor can I safely stay;
Whom should I seek but thee, my path, my way?

And yet thou turn'st thy face away and fly'st me!
And yet I sue for grace and thou deny'st me!
Speak, art thou angry, Love, or only try'st me?

Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind Man's eye,
The dead Man's life. On thee my hopes rely:
If I but them remove, I surely die.

APPENDIX I

Diffolve thy funbeams, clofe thy wings and ftay!
See, fee how I am blind, and dead, and ftay!
. . . O thou that art my life, my light, my way!

Then work thy will! If paffion bid me flee,
My Reafon fhall obey, my wings fhall be
Stretch'd out no farther than from me to thee!

A BALLAD

To the Tune of An old Man with a Bed full of Bones.

I.

IN an eminent Street, Sirs, near to *Whetstone's* Park,
Where they commonly Fiddle, as foon as 'tis dark,
There was a gallant Meeting of many a fine Spark,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, etc.

II.

A matronly Dame, with a feathered Fan,
Whofe *Knight* did formerly charge *Tetuan*,
Was thought the moft able to lead up the Van.
With a Fa, la, etc.

III.

A decent old Perfonage of riper Years,
As by her want of Teeth plainly appears,
For her Wifdom was trufted to bring up the Rear,
With a Fa, la, etc.

IV.

This Feaft was provided for a Lady fair,
Who from the Dunghill was rais'd to a Player,
And at laft had the Luck to bring Flatfoot an Heir,
With a Fa, la, etc.

V.

The Lady o'th' Houfe was a ftrait, upright Lafs,
Invincible Lewdnefs adorned her Face,
Her Husband ftood by her, and look'd like an Afs,
With a Fa, la, etc.

APPENDIX I

VI.

From two neighb'ring Doors off, as soon as 'twas Night,
Came tripping along, Sirs, a Damsel so bright,
Had she kept better Company she was for a Knight.
With a Fa, la, etc.

VII.

Her Partner, altho' of a most noble Race,
Had his —— been no better than his Wit or his Face,
He had never been gracious with that pretty Lafs.
With a Fa, la, etc.

VIII.

There was a bouncing Widow with a Patch on her Nose,
Who loves the —— the better, the elder it grows,
And has learn'd of the *Tartar* to —— with her Toes.
With a Fa, la, etc.

IX.

She brought along with her a bonny young Maid,
Who at Sight of these Gallants at first seem'd afraid,
As if she had not been us'd to the Trade.
With a Fa, la, etc.

X.

A lusty young Fellow they'd each of them got,
That trounc'd 'em and bounc'd 'em, till they were wond'rous hot,
Then took 'em aside to do I know not what.
With a Fa, la, etc.

XI.

A *Jew* too there was, to make up the Farce,
With a great Bag of Money, and a fwinging huge T——
Which was ready to thrust into ev'ry ones ——
With a Fa, la, etc.

XII.

At first they all wond'red what a Devil he meant,
But he gave both the Women and Men such Content,
That to's House the next Day to Dinner they went.
With a Fa, la, etc.

XIII.

Where after he'd well feasted this jolly Crew,
Their innocent Pastimes, they then did renew,
And were —— up and down both by *Christian* and *Jew*.
With a Fa, la, etc.

APPENDIX I

A SONG

To the Tune of Dr. P—— take Exceptions.

S^t[*amfor*]^d is her Sex's Glory,
And the *Heroin* of our Age,
Shall be fam'd in future Story,
Since she's shewn upon the Stage:
She, poor Soul, for Recreation,
F—— with ev'ry *Prig* in the Nation.

R[*ichmond*] had a Thousand T——rfs,
Mazarine as many more,
Sometimes her —— sometimes her —— is
—— and —— o'er and o'er.
Let Mistrfs *Buckley* not be troubled,
Whilst her G[*odolphin*] will be bubbled.

A[*rundell*] is not a Beauty,
Yet she Favours can afford;
With a Dozen she'll do Duty,
And then entertain her Lord.
Poor Lady *Betty* will be undone,
Since her dear *Monmouth* must leave *London*;
She at the Plays and Park will spark it,
Now her dull Husband's at *Newmarket*.

Lady G[*re*]^y, whose early Merit,
T—— without Number rais'd,
Was forewarn'd by *Hatfield* Spirit,
That she might amend her Ways:
But let the Devil leave contriving,
She'll rather damn, than not be ——.

Lory H[*yd*]^e's a great Pretender
To the Dutche's *Mazarine*;
Tho' his —— be weak and slender,
Yet his Money lets him in;
Whilst his good *Wife*, t'avoid Asperſion
With her own *Porter* takes Diversion.

APPENDIX I

C[hurchill] is a flaming beauty,
And her Favours will dispence;
Never doubt she'll be as true t'ye,
As she has been to her great Pr——nce;
But have a care of her P——g;
For her Intrigues end in fl——g.

THE ANSWER

(To him that wrote on Satire.)

RAIL on poor feeble Scribler, speak of me,
In as bad Terms, as the World speaks of thee.
Sit swelling in thy Hole, like a vexed Toad,
And full of Pox and Malice, spit abroad.
Thou can't hurt no Mans Fame with thy ill word,
Thy Pen, is full as harmless as thy Sword.

SONG

(Alternative version of: *Such perfect Blifs. . .*)

HOW happy *Cloris* (were they free)
Might our enjoyments prove?
But you with former Jealousie,
Are still tormenting Love.

Let us (since Wit instructs us how)
Raise Pleasure to the top,
If Rival Bottle, you'll allow
I'll suffer Rival FOP.

There's not a brisk insipid Spark,
That flutters in the Town,
But with your wanton Eyes you mark,
The Coxcomb for your own.

APPENDIX I

You do not think it worth your care,
How empty nor how dull,
The Heads of your admirers are,
So that their Veins are full.

All this you freely may confefs,
Yet we'll not difagree;
For did you love your pleafure less
You were not fit for me.

While I my Paſſion to purſue,
Am whole Night's taking in
The luſty juice of Grapes, take you
The luſty juice of Men.

A M A S K

*Made at the Request of the late Earl of Rochester,
for the Tragedy of Valentinian.*

The SCENE. *Lucina, Maximus* his Wife sleeping.

Enter *Zephyrus* and *Favonius*, ushering in the MOON.

Zephy. HAIL sacred *Cynthia*! mutable, but chaste
As the cold Air by which thou art embrac'd,
Changing thy Shape as often as thy Stations
With new Disguises and false Assignations,
Or hid in an Eclipses Vizard-Mask,
Thou cheat'st the Gods in Love's laborious Task,
Mother of calmest Thoughts and sacred Dreams,
The Earths best neighbour, lending thy kind beams
To plants, to beasts, to men, to grounds, and streams,
Without whose Influence not a Hair grows well,
Nor spire of Grass, nor Blood, nor Waves can swell;
Parent of temp'rate Passions still allay'd
By thy decrease, as by thy fulness made.

Fav. Falsly believ'd *Sol's* Sister, thou'rt his Wife
Impregnated with fertile Worlds of Life,
Breeding or teeming still, and bring'st to's Bed
A new Face every day, a monthly Maiden-head.

Sol that delights in chaste *Polygamy*,
Casts fruitful beams on *Tellus*, and on thee.
Contented Wives the Earth, and Moon repay
Light to each other from their Husband's Ray.
Chaste Relics of the Sun! thou weep'st his Fate
In dewy Tears, and mak'st him lie in State:
Thy heavenly Hall with Blacks and Lamps adorning
Hid at his Resurrection in the Morning,
Thy Splendour to thy Husband's Beams resigning,
And humbly in his Absence only shining.
Proceed, Great Queen, to thy divine Intent,
Preserve this Loyal Wife, and Crimes prevent.
Sweeping with gentle Gales the *Cyprian* Coast,
I blow some Whispers from the heavenly Host.

APPENDIX II

Hermes and *Venus* were in Consultation
Upon their flight to the All-conquering Nation.
'Tis time some powerful God should mischiefs stay,
When Love and Eloquence are on their way.

The Moon. Now thrice seven times, since my Increase, have I
Walk'd round the sleeping World in watchful Sky,
And summon'd all my twinkling Spies to know
Th' effects of Passions they impress'd below,
(Where we sow joys, and griefs, and hopes, and fears,
As men sow Herbs and Flowers in their Parterres,
For Physick some, some planted for Delight,
And happy those that know to use them right,)
But have not found a Mortal so oppress'd,
Honour pursu'd, and panting in the Breast
Of this bright spotless Dame, now takes some rest.
Well done, good *Somnus*, powerfully repair
With thy chaste *Opiates* that weighty Care
That friendly Foe frail Women cannot spare.
Ah lovely Face! which justly might excuse
Thy Prince, if he did beg for a Refuse,
And tempt thee to the Glory to deny,
For Vertue brighter shines than *Sol*, or I;
But he would uncontroul'd do all like us,
Poor Titular God, and envies *Maximus*.
Too happy *Maximus*! could Fortune stay,
And from those dangerous heights not roll away,
Great Joys are to be fear'd for their Allay.
But Vertue, Fortune's Queen, preserves entire
Eternal Rules; bold mortals that enquire,
Curiously stirring up, put out the Holy Fire.
Safe in those Laws, *Lucina*, might thou rest
With mutual Love, Vertues best safeguard blest:
But Man, that compound Mortal's ne're secure,
Whilst Souls are sleepy, and the Flesh impure.
Here, take these Lillies, arm'd for thy defence [*Throws down Lillies.*]
As white and cold as Snow or Innocence
Steep'd in the Ice-house of the River *Styx*,
Where *Jove* drinks Healths to strangers when they mix
With heavenly Beings, and must cease to know
Th' uneasy Joys of the poor World below.
Sleep on, fair Saint, with heavenly Visions blest,
Let no black Dreams defile thy snowy Breast,
Nor Fiends corrupt thee, tho' like Angels drest.

APPENDIX II

Enter Mercury and Venus.

Mer. Has Flesh and Blood need of a Power divine
To raise their Sympathy, and make 'em joyn?
Is't not enough to pimp for sacred *Jove*,
But every Prince below must have a Love,
Inflexible to all but Bawds above?

Ven. You run too fast my Agent, *Rome* declines,
The Eagles mew their wings, which heaven designs
Shall further fly. The Pilot drunk with Love
The great Ship runs aground. Shall mighty *Jove*
Enrich a Prince with all the powerful Charms
Of Beauty, Wit, and Vertue, Arts, and Arms?
And shall a wretched half-concocted She
Depose a Demy-God, cramp Victory,
Rebellious to her Prince, to *Jove*, and Me?
Destroy an Empire for this monstrous Crime
'Gainst Honour, only fit for Plays in Rhyme,
Idle Discourse, not Action, that gay Dame
For all her shifts of Gawdery, not of Name
Or Quality in Heaven above: an odious Broker
Betwixt rich Vertues, Daughters of the Gods,
And bankrupt Sins the brats of needy Mortals.
Dost thou, t'assist me, shod with wings repine?
Thy Master's Credit lies at stake, not mine.

Me. Why, Madam *Venus*, you can take your sport,
Cuckold your Husband, sing, and dance at Court,
And like a lazy Lady coach about,
Whilst I must trudge my Legs and Feathers out.
My Errands are so quick, my Time so short,
That I can get no Wife, nor Mistress for't.
There's ne're a Lawyer, but his venial Tongue
Is tip'd by me: dark points of right and wrong,
Not obvious to all Hearers, I can clear
To the doubt-making Judge, tell how, and where
The puzzled Audience with Contention spent
A Bribe may safely make a President.
Never a Tradesman cheats, Sectarist prays,
Stationer sells, or Poet steals his Plays,
Rhetorical Fool must prate, or be in Print,
Insuring Statesman Plot, but *Mercury* is in't.

Ven. I tell thee, *Mercury*, thy Trade's but small
To mine, that does ingrofs and swallow all.

APPENDIX II

Mine's like the Ocean, whence I took my Birth,
 All streams of Bus'ness crowd from churlish Earth,
 Breaking from Customs bounds and living Graves,
 Seek Liberty in our ungovern'd waves.
 Vices Cabal each other does supply,
 Pride Rapine moves, Rapine feeds Luxury;
 But all their motions tend to amorous Joy:
 What's more than that, for Mankind is too high,
 What makes the street bespatter'd Lawyer trudge?
 What oyl's the turn-stile Conscience of a Judge?
 They squeeze the juicy Rich, and bruise the Poor,
 Refunding Fees to their more griping Whore.
 When Sisters throng into the Meeting-place,
 I dress up *Cupid* like a Babe of Grace.
 The Teacher is to Repetition brought,
 Swaddled with Neck-cloath, tender, over-wrought,
 Rub'd, and repair'd with Cordials, he becomes
 A secret Moriel for the hallowed Gums.
 If Poets write, and Love be not their Text,
 Nor Women hear them, Fame will leave them next.
 'Tis I that do inspire the Sword or Pill,
 Make Souldiers spare, and make Physicians kill;
 Repairing Murders still with Propagations;
 I root out sapless Plants, but people Nations.
 Beauty's the current Coin that none refuses,
 The Bribe of *Mars*, *Minerva*, and the Muses:
 Love's grown so general, more Gods should be made
 To carry on the busie amorous Trade;
 'Tis from a liberal Art turn'd a Disease,
 Infecting those that have not Strength nor Ease;
 Each dying Letcher keeps a hungry Female
 To gaze upon, and handle, like fine knacks,
 Religious Pictures, pretty Saints in Wax:
 But Flesh and Blood abhors Idolatry,
 By Foot-men eas'd of their Divinity;
 Nay every Porter keeps a Mifs, must wear
 On her gay Limbs, the Labour of a Year.
 I am the Mother of Delights, refreshing
 The weary World with Love, of Pleasures supreme,
 'Cause Nature highest ends to it assign'd,
 All others serve but Man, and this Mankind.

Mer. Weak is the power of Wits affected noise
 To the dumb Rhetorick of charming Eyes.

APPENDIX II

Goddeſs you've conquered, and it is your Part
Both to ſubdue and mollifie her Heart:
I've tip'd his Tongue with all the charms of Wit,
Would melt a Rock, debauch an Anchorit,
Calm a tempeſtuous Sea, tempt a fix'd Star
From Heaven, or make a Tyger lye in's Lap;
Make *Cynthia* turn a Whore, or thee a Nun:
Yet all theſe words, like ruffling winds, make her
Sit fafer in white Robes of Innocence,
Wrapping them cloſe about her:
Try if thy fultry amorous Heats can make
Her throw them off.

Ven. Oh! I have fir'd her Blood, and fill'd her Mind
With the *Ideas* of all brave mankind;
To which her Husband ſeems a Creſt-fall'n monſter,
Put Stars into the Emperor's Eyes, ſoft heavenly motions
Into his Limbs, gentle ſurprizing Vigor,
Which with its ſmooth and regular Approaches
Would make defenceleſs a rude *Amazon*,
Or ſteal into the Trenches of a Veſtal.
'Tis true I never call'd my Son too ſure—
Kings, without *Cupid's* Aid, might Love procure.

Mer. Then call him ſtrait, and let him arm his Bow,
Pierce and repierce the *Adamantine* Foe
With his new Darts whet on *Jove's* Thunder-bolt,
Feather'd with Sparrows wings, ſhafted with Mirtle
Steep'd in the Blood of Goats, and Lovers tears:
Barb'd with the Ir'n of Nets which *Vulcan* threw
On *Mars* and thee, when Gods were call'd to view,
Sharp as the Tongue of a forſaken Scold.

Ven. *Cupid*, come down, our Deities controul'd,
And bring the Quiver *Jove* with Kiſſes gave thee
For New-years-gift, then ſee who dares out-brave thee.

[*Cupid deſcends and ſhoots; the Arrow breaks.*]

Mer. If gentle heavenly Gods cannot reclaim
The haggard heart of an ill-manner'd Dame,
Let's aſk Advice of Hell's great Lords, to tame
The only Woman of this awkward frame.

Ven. Riſe *Pluto*, riſe, with all th' infernal Powers,
Proud Mortals learn new Laws, and ſcoff at ours:
The Honour of the Gods is now engaged;
Ne're Woman was ſo cool, nor Goddeſs ſo enrag'd.

[*Pluto riſes with his Infernal Train.*]

APPENDIX II

Plu. What trifling's this! so many Gods combin'd
Against a thoughtless, custom-ridden Female,
Much weaker than the He presumptuous Wight,
Who only 'cause he prates, and walks upright,
Values himself 'bove other Animals,
Weaker than Beasts in pleasures and in sense,
Weaker in Prudence and his own Defence:
A god-like Victory, a most coelestial Prize,
To make a Female take her with'd-for Joys.
The under-thrubs of Men give Women odds;
Are these Proceedings fit for Kings or Gods?

Ven. If Beauty, Wit, and Greatness she despise,
What more alluring Baits can'st thou devise?

Plu. Must those be courted that are made to yield
Who parlies with a Foe that wants a Shield,
Or asks men leave to do them Courtesies?
Clients sometimes must force the gap't-for Fees.
What faintly offer'd, scarce deserves the Thanks
Of the Receiver: Gratitude t'excite,
Presents Bounties home, and make men feel their weight.
Women were made on purpose to be ravished,
Nature had arm'd them else, nor left unguarded
The Avenues of Love:
Honour commands an open Citadel,
The Traytor makes a show, but can't, nor won't repell.
Who would stand knocking at an unlock'd Gate?
Or, who in's Porch can hope to save his Plate?
For shame dispatch, and disabuse the Prince,
Give him his Play-thing, he'll be quiet straight.
The Empire will grow strong, and Armies fight,
And more Souls tumble to eternal night;
Ambition damns more Mortals, than Delight.

Mer. Spoke like great *Pluto*, *Venus*, don't repine
To lose the Glory, getting your Design.
The matter lies not what, but how to have;
What more can Mankind give, or Woman crave?
None e're was ravish'd, but with close consent;
Shame makes them sometimes quarrel, ne'r repent.
Was e're ambitious man forc'd to a Crown,
Hunger compelled to feed? Are wearied men
Said to be robb'd of Burdens? Do I force
The falling fruit that drops into my hand?

FIVE LETTERS

FROM ANNE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF ROCHESTER

LETTER I.

[June, 1680.]

Sweet Sister,

It has pleas'd God to lay his afflictive hand upon my poor son, in visiting of him with a fore sickness; and whether for life or death, we cannot guess: but he is reduc'd to great weakness, in the outward man. But, in the midst of punishment, HE has remember'd mercy, and strengthen'd him in the inward man, to the comfort of me, his poor mother. For, never all the former sicknesses he has had, did, in the least measure, work so much upon him, to the knowledge and acknowledgment of God, and to repentance of his former life, and the sense how he has gone astray, as this doth.

I am not able to write you a long letter: I can only say this, that, tho' he lies under as much misery, almost, as human man can bear, yet he bears his sufferings with so much patience, and resignation to God's will, that, I confess, I take more comfort in him, under this visitation, than ever I did in all my life before; and tho' the Lord has been pleas'd, not to work this work upon him till the last hour, yet, I have great reason to believe, he will find mercy, thro' the merits and satisfaction of Christ, on whom he throws himself, for the favour of God.

O sister, I am sure, had you heard the heavenly prayers he has made, since this sickness; the extraordinary things he has said, to the wonder of all that has heard him, you would wonder, and think that God alone must teach him; for no man could put into him such things as he says. He has, I must tell you too, converted his wife to be a protestant again. Pray, pray for his perseverance, dear sister; and pardon me, that I can say no more, but to rest, madam,

Your affectionate Servant,

ANN ROCHESTER.

To the Lady St. John, at her house,
at Battersea.

APPENDIX III

LETTER II.

[June, 1680.]

My dear Sister,

Mr. Blaakert did not deliver me your letter, till this Monday morning; and just now, I am going to [Adderbury], where I have not been these five weeks; but intend to return to my son in a day. The account I can give you of him, is much as my last: he continues weak; but is sometimes better than he is others. The greatest comfort he enjoys, is his sleep; and that he does much. He has a kind of a he tick fever upon him, as the doctors call it; which is not at all times; for, sometimes, his temper is good outwardly, but, the doctor says, he is hot inwardly; yet I cannot think it, because he is seldom dry. He drinks asses' milk, and it digests well with him; and some other spoon meats; but he takes no broaths made with meat, for fear of heat. He spits mightily, within these two days; which some say is good for him: but I find all evacuations weaken him. I confess, I cannot discern amendment in him yet; but, as long as life is, we have hopes. I thank God, his sense continues very well, and when his strength will give him leave, expresses himself with great devotion, both upon account of his former ill life, with great humility. He lays himself low, before the throne of Grace; begging favour & pardon from God, upon the account of the merits of Christ alone: acknowledging himself the greatest of sinners. Truly, sister, I think I may say, without partiality, that he has been never heard say, when he speaks of religion, an insensible word, nor of anything else; but one night, of which I writ you word, he was disordered in his head; but then, he said no hurt; only some little *ribble-rabble*, which had no hurt in it. But it was observed by his wife and I particularly, that, whenever he spoke of God, that night, he spoke well & with great sense; which we wonder'd at. Since that night, he has never had a minute of disorder in his head; that was almost a fortnight ago. This last night, if you had heard him pray, I am sure, you wou'd not have took his words, for the words of a madman; but such as came from a better spirit, than the mind of mere man. But, let the wicked of the world say what they please of him, the reproaches of them are an honour to him: & I take comfort, that the devil rages against my son; it shows, his power over him is subdued in him, & that he has no share in him. Many messages and compliments his old acquaintance send him: but he is so far from receiving of them, that still his answer is, . . . "Let me see none of them; & I would to God, I had never conversed with some of them." One of his physicians, thinking to please him, told him the king drank his health the other day; he look'd earnestly upon him, and said never a word, but turn'd his face from him. I thank God, his thoughts are wholly taken off from the world, and, I hope, whether he lives or dies, will ever be so. But

APPENDIX III

they are fine people at Windfor, God forgive them! Sure there never was so great a malice performed, as to entitle my poor son to a lampoon, at this time, when, for aught they know, he lies upon his death-bed. My comfort is, that he will partake of that joy, unspeakable and full of glory, in the highest Heavens, that you wish him, I hope. Last night, the very expression you have made, in your good wishes for his soul, he made to God, in the conclusion of his prayer, last night, . . . "That he might enjoy that unspeakable bliss, of a place in heaven, (tho' he were but a door-keeper,) to sing to the Lord with the heavenly host."

I do believe, if any has reported, that he shou'd speak ridiculous, it has been the popish physician; who, one day, listen'd at the door, whilst my son was conversing with a divine: but my son spoke so low, that he could hear but half words; & so he might take it for nonsense, because he had a mind so to do. But, I thank God, my son lays hold on the merits of his Saviour, Jesus Christ, for all his comfort from God: in whose arms, I trust, he will be receiv'd, whene'er he goes out of this world; which is the greatest comfort she has, who is

Madam,

Your affectionate Sister,

ANN ROCHESTER.

My daughter Ro. and my son, remember their service to you & my brother, to whom I present my affections.

LETTER III.

June 19. [1680.]

I must, dear sister, give you an account of the first hopes of comfort I have, of my son Rochester; who, tho' he is still very weak, yet, these two days has produced strange alterations in him. He sleeps very well, is but little feverish, his great tortures of pain almost abated, [and he] gathers some strength, tho' but little yet. But God is infinitely merciful, upon all accounts, both to his soul and body. 'Tis my great hopes he will persevere, in the way God has put him in, for his soul's happiness.

I cannot omit one passage lately: Mr. Fanshaw, his great friend, has been here to see him; & as he was standing by my son's bed-side, *he* look'd earnestly upon him, and said, . . . "Fanshaw, think of a God, let me advise you; & repent you of your former life, and amend your ways. Believe what I say to you; there is a God, & a powerful God, & he is a terrible God to unrepenting sinners; the time draws near, that he will

APPENDIX III

come to judgment, with great terrour to the wicked; therefore, delay not your repentance: his displeasure will thunder against you, if you do. You & I have been long time acquainted, [and] done ill together. I love the man; & speak to him out of conscience, for the good of his soul." Fanshaw stood, and said never a word to him, but stole away out of the room. When my son saw him go, "Is a gone?" says he, "poor wretch! I fear his heart is harden'd." After that, Fanshaw said to some in the house, that my son shou'd be kept out of melancholy fancies. This was told my son again: upon which says he, "I know why he said that; it was because I gave him my advice; but I cou'd say no less to him that I did, let him take it as he pleases."

Dear sister, my hope is great: & God is good, on whom I depend for good, both for his soul and body. I believe, I have tired you with my discourse. I have nothing more at present, but to assure you

I am, Madam,

Your faithful friend and Servant,

A. Ro.

You must not let Mr. Fanshaw know what I have told you. Before I seal'd this, I receiv'd your's, and two waters for my son Ro.; he & his lady give you thanks, and present their service to you. I thank God, my son continues, at all times, very devout, ever since God struck him with a sense of his sins. He is very tender and fearful, but it does not carry him to despair. He is sensible the satisfaction of Christ is his support; and relies wholly upon Christ's merits, for his salvation. This day has not been so good a day with him, as yesterday; he has had some faint[ing] fits.

LETTER IV.

June 26. [1680.]

I am sure, dear sister, it is your desire to hear sometime, how my poor weak son does: he gives us little hopes of his life, his weakness increasing so much. But, as his outward man decays, I thank God, his inward increases and strengthens; for he is very pious, & devout, & willing to resign himself into the arms of his Saviour, when God pleases to take him.

I hear, Mr. Fanshaw reports my son is mad; but, I thank God, he is far from that. I confess for a night, & part of a day, for want of rest, he was a little disorder'd; but it was long since Mr. Fanshaw saw him. When he reprov'd him for his sinful life, he was as well in his head, as ever he was in his life; & so he is now, I thank God. I am sure, if you heard him pray, you wou'd think God had inspired him with true wisdom indeed;

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& that neither folly or madness comes near him. I wish that wretch Fanshaw had so great a sense of sin, as my poor child has: that so, he might be brought to repentance, before it is too late: but he is an ungrateful man to such a friend.

Dear sister, pray for us: & believe me to be,

Madam,

Your faithful friend and Servant,

A. ROCHESTER.

My son, & my daughter present their service to you; & we all thank you for your waters.

LETTER V.

July the 2d [1680.]

I did, dear madam, receive your's, dated the 28th of June; full of kindness, & full of Christianity, in your good wishes & kindness to my poor sick son; who, I thank God, is yet alive: but, whether it will please God to restore him again out of his bed of sickness, none but HIMSELF knows. He is full of mercy and good upon all accounts: and my prayers are, that, whether my son lives or dies, the Lord may be glorified in all. His conversion is mercy endless for us: tho' we enjoy him not, in this world, the comfortable hope, that he will be a saint in Heaven, is beyond my expression.

I cannot tell you that there is much sign of a recovery of my son, tho' his fever has left him: little heats he has still; which, we imagine, proceeds from his ulcer. But that which I like worst in him, is, he gathers no strength at all; but his flesh wastes much, & we fear a consumption, tho' his lungs are very good. He sleeps much; his head, for the most part, is very well. He was this day taken up, & set up in a chair, for an hour; and was not very faint, when he went to bed. He does not care to talk much; but, when he does, speaks, for the most part, well. His expressions are so suddenly spoken, that many of them are lost, & cannot be taken; yet, I believe, some part of what he has said, will be remember'd.

I told my son, that I heard Mr. Fanshaw said, that he hop'd he wou'd recover, and leave those principles he now profess'd. He answered, "Wretch! I wish I had convers'd, all my life-time with link-boys, rather than with him, & that crew; such, I mean, as Fanshaw is. Indeed, I wou'd not live, to return to what I was, for all the world." I desire the continuance of your prayers, & all the good people who has been kind, in remembering my son in their prayers. I told him, that you pray'd for him heartily. He said, . . . "Pray thank my good aunt; and remember my

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service to her, & my uncle." My daughter remembers her service to you. Dear sister, whatever becomes of me, thro' my afflictions, I am sincerely

Madam,

Your faithful friend, and affectionate Servant,

A. ROCHESTER.

For the Lady St. John at Battersea.

Leave this to be sent with safety, at Mr. Dryden's in King Street,
at the sign of the pestle and mortar, Westminster, London.

P o e m s

- The poems from page 3 to page 55 inclusive, with one exception (*The Epilogue to the Satire on Man: Poems on Affairs of State*, 1697), are reprinted from Rymer's edition of 1691, printed for Tonson.
- p. 5. The Pastoral Dialogue between Alexis and Strephon was written in 1674 and printed on a broadsheet by Benjamin Billingsley in 1682.
- pp. 8, 9. *The Advice* and *The Discovery* were printed in Rochester's lifetime. They appear anonymously, with the same title: *To Celia*, in two editions of a "Collection of Poems" issued in 1672 and 1673 for Tho. Collins and Hobart Kemp respectively.
- p. 15. "Such perfect Bliss. . . ." An alternative version of this poem is given in the Appendix, page 313.
- p. 18. "Love a Woman! you're an Ass." A fourth verse exists in a commonplace book:
- Then give me Health, Wealth, Mirth and Wine
And if busie Love intrenches,
There's a sweet soft Page of mine
Do's the trick worth Forty Wenches.
- p. 24. "A Song to Cloris." Some editions print a seventh verse:
- Frighted she wakes, and waking F——,
Nature thus kindly eas'd;
In Dreams rais'd by her murmur'ing Piggs
And her own thumb between her Leggs,
She's innocent and pleased.
- p. 26. The letter from Artemisa . . . was printed on an undated broadside.
- p. 35. "A Satyr against Mankind" was printed on a folio broadside in 1675. It was answered by Dr. Pockock, whose reply is twice printed in *Poems on Affairs of State*.
- p. 41. "The Maim'd Debauchee." A commonplace book contains an extra verse after verse 8:
- Nor shall our Love-fits, Cloris, be forgot,
When each the well-lookt Link-boy strove to enjoy;
And the best Kiss was the deciding Lot,
Whether the Boy us'd you, or I the Boy.
- p. 43. "On Nothing." Pope, when a boy, wrote a poem "On Silence," in imitation of the Earl of Rochester. This is falsely attributed to Rochester in the 1711 edition of his poems.

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- p. 45. The translation of Lucretius is from the Second Book, beginning at line 646, and not from the First Book, as the title in this edition, and in subsequent reprints of it, indicates.
- p. 45, l. 8. The Oxford text reads . . . *nil indiga nostri*.
- p. 46, l. 5. The Teubner text reads . . . *movisset in Urbem*.
The authenticity of the "Juvenilia" on pages 49, 50, 51 is doubted by Antony Wood, who attributes them in his *Athenæ Oxoniensis* to one of Rochester's tutors at Oxford, Mr. Robert Whitehall, a physician, of Merton College. They were printed in Oxford Collections, the first in *Brittania Rediviva*, 1660, the other two in *Epicedia Academia Oxoniensis in Obitu Serenæ Mariæ Principis*, 1660. In the edition of 1691 Rochester's name and college are printed under each.
- p. 50, l. 8. The form *nequat* does not exist. It should be written *nequeat* and can be pronounced as two syllables.
- p. 51. "Some few from Wit." . . . Epilogue to Charles D'Avenant's tragedy, *Circe*, licensed June, 1677, by Roger L'Estrange, and printed for Richard Tonson in the same year.
- p. 52. "Epilogue." This is the Epilogue to Sir Francis Fane's *Love in the Dark*. The D.N.B. attributes it to Dryden; Mr. Allardyce Nicoll to Fane himself.
- p. 54. The Prologue was written for the first performance at Court (1671) of Elkanah Settle's *Empress of Morocco*. It is printed in the first edition of the play (1673) as the second of two Prologues, the first being by Lord Buckhurst. It occurs also in *A Collection of Poems*, printed for Tho. Collins, etc., 1673.
- p. 55. "An Allusion to Horace." From the edition of 1685, printed for A. Thornecombe, "with modifications." The modifications are an attempt to restore the corrupt text of the first edition. Most versions print the names in full. In the 1685 edition they are absent. Here they are placed in round brackets to distinguish them from names within square brackets, which are used to denote editorial conjectures.
- p. 58. "To All Curious Criticks . . ." 1685.
- p. 59. "Consideratus Considerandus." 1685.
- p. 60. "On the Death of Mr. Greenhill." 1685.
- p. 62. "On Rome's Pardons." 1685. Entitled "Lines to a Romanist" in Brit. Mus. MS., Sloane 1731 A., a contemporary commonplace book. This poem is one of many anti-papal lampoons in the *Roxburghe Ballads* (III, 825).
- p. 62. "On the Supposed Author . . ." 1685. Cf. Explanatory Notes and the Answer to Rochester's lampoon in Appendix I.
- p. 63. "On Poet Ninny." 1685.
- p. 64. "Monster All-pride." 1685. This poem, together with "To a lady who accused him of Inconstancy" (page 107), was printed on a folio sheet in 1679: "*A very Heroical Epistle from my Lord All-Pride to Dol-Common. The Argument. Dol-Common being forsaken by my Lord All-Pride, and having written him a most lamentable*

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letter [cf. Appendix, page 303. 'How far are they deceived who hope in vain'], his Lordship sends her the following answer: 'If you're deceived . . . ' *An Epigram upon my Lord All-Pride: 'Bursting with Pride . . . ' Printed in the year 1679.*" (Cf. Explanatory and Textual Notes.)

- p. 65. "Plain Dealing's Downfall." 1685.
 p. 65. "Against the Charms . . ." 1685.
 p. 66. "The Mock Song." 1685.
 p. 66. "The Debauchee." 1685.
 p. 67. "The Advice." 1685.
 p. 67. "The Disappointment." 1685. The title in some editions is "The Insensible."
 p. 71. "The Imperfect Enjoyment." 1685. The title in some editions is "The Disappointment."
 p. 73. "Actus Primus Scena Prima." 1685.
 p. 74. "On a Juniper Tree . . ." 1685.
 p. 76. Satyr: "*What Timon . . .*" 1685. This was written jointly by the Earl of Rochester and George Villiers, 2nd Duke of Buckingham. (Cf. Vol. II [Jacob's] *Poetical Register*, 1723, and Buckingham's *Works*.)
 p. 81. "A Pastoral Courtship." 1685.
 p. 84. "Upon Love Fondly Refus'd." 1685.
 p. 85. "*Must I with Patience . . .*" From the *Miscellaneous Works* of . . . Rochester and Roscommon . . . London. Printed and sold by B. Bragge, 1707.
 p. 86. "The Restauration." 1707. The text has been revised from the separate issue of this poem in 1709, printed with Rochester's "Farewell," and "Marvil's Ghost" by Ayloff, by H. Hills, in the Black-fryers, near the Water-side.
 The poems from page 91 to page 116 inclusive are all reprinted from the edition of 1707. The text, in a few places, has been revised from the second edition of this collection which appeared in 1709.
 p. 95. "On the author of a play called *Sodom*." Earlier editions contain these extra verses:
 p. 95, l. 3. (If Hell were bad enough) did thee inspire
 To write what Friends, asham'd would blushing hear?
 Hast thou of late embrac'd some *Succubus*,
 And us'd the lewd Familiar for a Muse?
 Or did'st thy Soul by trick o' th' Candle sell,
 To gain the glorious Name of Pimp to Hell?
 .
 .
 .
 p. 96, l. 2. That must like Age, be whipt to Lechery.
 Vile Sot, who clapt with Poetry, art Sick,
 And void'st Corruption like a shanker'd Prick:
 Like Ulcers, thy Impostum'd addle Brains
 Drop out in Matter, which thy Paper stains;

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*Whence numerous rhimes by filthy births proceed,
As Maggots in some Turd ingend'ring breed.
Thy Muse has got the Flow'rs, and they ascend,
As in some Green-sick Girl, at upper end.
Sure Nature made, or meant at least t'have don't,
Thy Tongue Clit——, and thy Mouth a C——.
How well a Dildo wou'd that place become,
To gag it up, and make't for ever dumb.
At least it shou'd be Syringed,
Or wear some stinking Merkin for a Beard,
That all from its base converse might be scar'd,
As they a Door shut up and mark'd beware.
That tells Infection and the Plague is there.
Thou Moore-Fields Author, etc. . . .*

p. 96, l. 3.

p. 99.

"The Royal Angler" or "Windsor" are alternative titles. The title "Flatfool the Gudgeon Taker" occurs in a commonplace book among Lord Houghton's MSS.

p. 101.

"Lais Senior." The title becomes "Lais Junior" in the *Cabinet of Love*, Edition 1731. It appears in some editions as "Pindarique."

p. 106.

"The King's Epitaph." There are inevitably several variants of an epigram which was known more or less by heart by everyone in London. Several commonplace books suppose Rochester to have made it extempore at the King's request. (Cf. Explanatory Notes.)

p. 107.

"If you're deceived . . ." Ebsworth in his edition of the *Roxburghe Ballads* assigns this poem to the "Purbblind poet," Sir Carr Scrope. The answer, a most lamentable letter, is printed in the Appendix, and was written by Sir George Etheredge.

p. 109.

"Anacreontick." (Cf. Explanatory Notes, page 376.)

p. 110.

"The Nature of Woman." This is part of a much longer satire entitled "Vergil's 4th Mantuan Eclogue." It has never been attributed to Rochester in its entirety. A vindication of Woman's character in answer to this satire was printed in 1679.

p. 114.

"Woman's Usurpation." There is an interesting problem regarding the text of this poem which I am unable to solve. In 1679 appeared a small folio pamphlet: "Female Excellence or Woman displayed in several SATYRICK POEMS by A Person of Quality. London. Printed for Norman Nelson at Gray's Inn Gate in Holbourn"; containing:

(1) "A General Satire on Woman."

(2) "A Satire on Woman's Usurpation."

(3) "A Satyr on Woman's Lust."

(4) "In Praise of a Deformed, but Virtuous Lady: or a Satire on Beauty."

The second poem is an expansion of the one printed in this edition, but on internal evidence alone I do not think that Rochester had any hand in this curious collection.

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- The poems from page 117 to page 121 inclusive are reprinted from "The Works of the Earls of Rochester, Roscommon, etc. . . . with an added section: The Cabinet of Love. In Two Volumes, adorn'd with Cuts. London. Printed in the Year 1731."
- p. 121. "Prologue Against the Disturbers of the Pit." Ebsworth refers to this poem as Colonel Aston's Prologue.
- p. 122. "Tunbridge Wells." From *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1697.
- p. 126. "The Royal Buss." From *Poems on Affairs of State*, Part II, 1697. This is attributed to Rochester by the editor of the Collection. It is not printed in any edition of the Poems.
- p. 128. "Signior Dildoe." From *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1703.
- p. 131. "A Trial of the Poets for the Bays." From *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1697. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, is said to have written this with Lord Rochester.
- p. 133. "A Satyr against Marriage." From "Examen Miscellaneum, consisting of Verse and Prose . . . London. Printed for B.L. and sold by John Chantry at the Pestle and Mortar without Temple Bar."
- p. 134. "Since Death on all . . ." From *Examen Miscellaneum*.
- p. 135. "Horace, Ode IV, Book I." From *The Odes of Horace*, translated into English verse, 1705. A later edition (1717) of these translations from Horace, printed for Tonson, attributes this poem and the one that follows to Lord Radcliff, a purely imaginary person. It is printed also in Dryden's *Miscellany*.
- p. 137. "Horace, Ode IX, Book III." From *The Odes of Horace*, translated into English verse, 1705. It is printed also in Dryden's *Miscellany*.
- p. 138. "I promis'd Sylvia to be true." From *Examen Miscellaneum*.
- p. 138. "While in divine Panthea's charming eyes." From Dryden's *Miscellany*, 1693.
- p. 138. "Pity, fair Sapho! one that dies." From Dryden's *Miscellany*, 1693.
- p. 139. "To chuse a friend but never marry." From "Pinkethman's Jests . . . London. Printed for T. Warner at the Black Boy in Pater-Noster Row."
- p. 140. "Sylvia ne'er despise my Love." From Gildon's *Miscellany*: "London: Printed, and are to be Sold by Thomas Minton under the Royal-Exchange, Over against Pope's Head Alley in Cornhill. 1698."
- p. 141. "What strange Surprise to meet such Words as these." From "The Temple of Death . . . Second Edition corrected. London. Printed by Tho. Warren for Francis Saunders at the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1695."
- p. 142. "On Marriage." From "The Remains of the Rt. Hon. J. E. of R. Never before published. From a Manuscript found in a gentleman's Library that was Contemporary with him. London. Printed for Tho. Dryar, 1718." This edition, like that of the year 1761, must be regarded with great suspicion. The manuscript "discover'd in a gentleman's library" was probably that which belongs now to the British Museum: Harleian: 6913 and 6914. "On Marriage" is popular in commonplace books of the period. With a different

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- title, "Contra Conjugium," it is included in MS. Add. A. 301 at the Bodleian Library.
- p. 142. "The Platonick Lady." From a commonplace book at Oxford: Bodleian MSS. Add. 301, fol. 24. I am not aware that this poem has been printed before.
- p. 143. "Satyr against K. Charles." From a commonplace book at the British Museum. Add. MSS. 34109, fol. 2. This poem is usually attributed to Andrew Marvell.
- The poems from page 143 to page 147 are from the 1761 edition (cf. note as to Text of Poems, page xli). All of them are included in the important contemporary manuscript collections: B.M. Harleian 6913 and 6914, and are to be found, attributed to Rochester, in many commonplace books.
- p. 147. "Rochester's Farewell." The value of this poem as an Epilogue to Rochester's writings has persuaded me to place it at the end. It is reprinted from the 1697 edition of *Poems on Affairs of State*.
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Valentinian

p. 165. The following Prologues appear in the 1685 quarto.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MRS. COOK THE FIRST DAY

Written by Mrs. Behn.

*With that assurance we to day addrefs,
As standard Beauties, certain of Succefs.
With carelefs Pride at once they charm and vex,
And scorn the little Cenfures of their Sex.
Sure of the unregarded Spoyl, defpife
The needlefs Affectation of the Eyes,
The foftening Languifhment that faintly warms,
But trust alone to their refiftlefs Charms.
So we, fecur'd by undisputed Wit,
Difdain the damning Malice of the Pit,
Nor need false Arts to fet great Nature off,
Or ftudied Tricks to force the Clap and Laugh.
Ye Wou'd-be-Criicks, you are all undone,
For here's no Theam for you to work upon.
Faith feem to talk to Jenny, I advife,
Of who likes who, and how Loves Markets rife.
Try thefe hard Times how to abate the Price ;
Tell her how cheap were Damfels on the Ice ;
'Mongft City-Wives, and Daughters that came there,
How far a Guinny went at Blanket-Fair.
Thus you may find fome good Excufe for failing
Of your beloved Exercife of Railing.
That when Friend cries—How did the Play fucceed ?
Demme, I hardly minded what they did.
We fhall not your Ill-nature please to day,
With fome fond Scribler's new uncertain Play,
Loofe as vain Youth, and tedious as dull Age,
Or Love and Honour that o're-runs the Stage.
Fam'd and fubftantial Authors give this Treat,
And 'twill be folemn, Noble all and Great.*

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*Wit, sacred Wit, is all the bus'ness here,
Great Fletcher, and the Greater Rochester.
Now name the hardy Man one fault dares find,
In the vast Work of two such Heroes joyn'd.
None but Great Strephon's soft and pow'rful Wit
Durst undertake to mend what Fletcher writ.
Different their heav'nly Notes ; yet both agree
To make an everlasting Harmony.
Listen ye Virgins to his charming Song,
Eternal Musick dwelt upon his Tongue.
The Gods of Love and Wit inspir'd his Pen,
And Love and Beauty was his glorious Theam.*

*Now Ladies you may celebrate his Name,
Without a scandal on your spotless Fame.
With Praise his dear lov'd Memory pursue,
And pay his Death, what to his Life was due.*

PROLOGUE INTENDED FOR VALENTINIAN,

To be spoken by Mrs. Barry.

*Now would you have me rail, swell, and look big,
Like rampant Tory over couchant Whig,
As spit-fire Bullies swagger, swear, and roar,
And brandish Bilbo, when the Fray is o're ?
Must we huff on when we're oppos'd by none ?
But Poets are most fierce on those wh' are down.
Shall I jeer Popish Plots that once did fright us,
And with most bitter Bobs taunt little Titus ?
Or with sharp Style, on sneaking Trimmers fall,
Who civilly themselves Prudential call ?
Yet Witlings to true Wits as soon may rise,
As a prudential Man can ere be wise.
No, even the worst of all yet I will spare,
The nauseous Floater, changeable as Air,
A nasty thing, which on the surface rides,
Backward and forward with all turns of Tides.
An Audience I will not so courtesly use ;
'Tis the lewd way of every common Muse.*

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*Let Grubstreet-Pens such mean Diversion find,
But we have Subjects of a nobler kind.
We of legitimate Poets sing the praise,
No kin to th' spurious Issue of these days.
But such as with desert their Laurels gain'd,
And by true Wit immortal Names obtain'd.
Two like Wit-Confuls rul'd the former Age,
With Love, and Honour grac'd that flourishing Stage,
And t'every Passion did the Mind engage.
They sweetness first into our Language brought,
They all the Secrets of man's Nature fought,
And lasting Wonders they have in conjunction wrought.*

*Now joyns a third, a Genius as sublime
As ever flourish'd in Rome's happiest time.
As sharply could he wound, as sweetly engage,
As soft his Love, and as divine his Rage.
He charm'd the tenderest Virgins to delight,
And with his Style did fiercest Blockheads fright.
Some Beauties here I see—
Though now demure, have felt his pow'rful Charms,
And languish'd in the circle of his Arms.
But for ye Fops, his Satyr reach'd ye all,
Under his Lash your whole vast Herd did fall.
Oh fatal loss! that mighty Spirit's gone!
Alas! his too great heat went out too soon!
So fatal is it vastly to excel;
Thus young, thus mourn'd, his lov'd Lucretius fell.*

*And now ye little Sparks who infest the Pit,
Learn all the Reverence due to sacred Wit.
Disturb not with your empty noise each Bench,
Nor break your bawdy jests to th' Orange-wench;
Nor in that Scene of Fops, the Gallery,
Vent your No-whit, and spurious Raillery:
That noisie Place, where meet all sort of Tools,
Your huge fat Lovers, and consumptive Fools,
Half Wits, and Gamesters, and gay Fops, whose Tasks
Are daily to invade the dangerous Masks;
And all ye little Brood of Poetasters,
Amend and learn to write from these your Masters.*

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PROLOGUE TO VALENTINIAN.

Spoken by Mrs. Cook the second Day.

'Tis not your easiness to give Applause,
This long hid Jewel into publick draws.
Our matchless Author, who to Wit gave Rules,
Scorns Praise, that has been prostitute to Fools.
To factious Favour, the sole Prop and Fence
Of Hackney-Scriblers, he quits all Pretence,
And for their Flatteries brings you Truth and Sence.
Things we our selves confesse to be unfit
For such side-Boxes, and for such a Pit.
To the fair Sex some Complement were due,
Did they not slight themselves in liking you ;
How can they here for Judges be thought fit,
Who daily your soft Nonsense take for Wit ;
Do on your ill-bred Noise for Humour doat,
And choose the Man by the embroider'd Coat ?
Our Author lov'd the youthful and the fair,
But even in those their Follies could not spare ;
Bid them discreetly use their present store,
Be Friends to Pleasure, when they please no more ;
Defer'd the Ladies of maturer Ages,
If some remaining Spark their Hearts enrages,
At home to quench their Embers with their Pages.
Pert, patch'd, and painted, there to spend their days ;
Not crowd the fronts of Boxes at new Plays ;
Advis'd young sighing Fools to be more pressing,
And Fops of Forty to give over dressing.
By this he got the Envy of the Age,
No Fury's like a libell'd Blockhead's Rage.
Hence some despis'd him for his want of Wit,
And others said he too obscenely writ.
Dull Niceness, envious of Mankind's Delight,
Abortive Pang of Vanity and Spite !
It shows a Master's Hand—'twas Virgil's Praise,
Things low and abject to adorn and raise.
The Sun on Dunghill shining is as bright,
As when his Beams the fairest Flowers invite,
But all weak Eyes are hurt by too much Light.

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*Let then these Owls against the Eagle preach,
And blame those Flights which they want Wing to reach.
Like Falstaffe let 'em conquer Heroes dead,
And praise Greek Poets they cou'd never read.
Criticks should personal Quarrels lay aside,
The Poet from the Enemy divide.
'Twas Charity that made our Author write,
For your Instruction 'tis we Act to night ;
For ure no Age was ever known before,
Writing an Æcius and Lucina more.*

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ACT I

- p. 165, l. 8. *Hour.* MS. reads: "Bower."
- p. 166, l. 13. *foul.* MS. reads: "fowle."
- p. 166, l. 17. *Traitors.* MS. reads: "Wenches."
- p. 166, l. 20. *rugged.* MS. reads: "ragged."
- p. 166, l. 28. *can.* Omitted in MS.
- p. 166, l. 30. MS. reads: "Until unhallow'd Hands defile their Offerings."
- p. 166, l. 37. . . . *and not enquir'd into.* At the end of this speech the manuscript adds the following lines:
- "Whilst Gods and Angells
Make but a Rule as we do though strickter
Like desperate and unseason'd fools let fly
Our killing Angers, and forsake our honours."
- p. 167, l. 3. *followers.* MS. reads: "fellows."
- p. 167, l. 8. *Give me leave.* MS. reads: "Good, give me leave."
- p. 167, l. 16. MS. reads:
- "Stamp't in the Dangers of a thousand Battels
For goodness sake their Honours Time outdaring
I think for our Example?"
- p. 168, l. 26. MS. reads: "Mistake me not dearest Æcius."
- p. 169, l. 7. *Service.* MS. reads: "Services."
- p. 169, l. 16. *An Emperour.* MS. reads: "the Emperor."
- p. 170, l. 31. . . . *Partner by the Gods?* MS. adds:
- "Each Man, each Beast, even to the smallest fly
No Mortall Creature dare call his but I."
- p. 170, l. 40. MS. reads: "Beneath the Scepter, grasp'd in this strong hand."
The copyist has converted *my Scepter* into *the Scepter*.
- p. 171, l. 15. *least.* MS. reads: "lest."
- p. 171, l. 16. *Error.* MS. reads: "Errors."
- p. 171, l. 33. *succour.* MS. reads: "succours."
- p. 171, l. 39. *hope to find.* MS. reads: "looke to find."
- p. 172, l. 16. *Exit Lucina.* There are four lines added to Valentinian's speech in the MS.:
- "None in my world shall dare to owne a Power
That cant or will not help their Emperour
Incense no longer to those Gods shall burne
Unless they strive to serve me in their turne.
Ho Chylax, Proculus?"
- p. 172, l. 26. *Idleness or loose Desire.* MS. reads: "Idleness and loose Desire."
- p. 172, l. 33. *In vain I fly.* MS. reads: "in vain I'd fly."
- p. 172, l. 24. *Praises.* MS. reads: "Praise."
- p. 174, l. 6. *They'd censure.* MS. reads: "They would censure"

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- p. 174, l. 16. *Rampires*. MS. reads: "rampiers."
 p. 174, l. 18. *I believe 'em*. MS. reads: "I believe 'm."
 p. 174, l. 23. *Were at their throats*. MS. reads: "were in their throats."
 p. 174, l. 25. *Fidling*. MS. reads: "fencing."
 p. 175, l. 18. *Bring 'em near*. MS. reads: "bring 'em on."
 p. 175, l. 21. *show'rs of Arrows*. MS. omits "of."
 p. 175, l. 25. *these Scars*. MS. reads: "those Scars."
 p. 175, l. 27. *loading Labours*. MS. reads: "loving Labours."
 p. 175, l. 40. *Why do you hear these things*. "these" has been added to the manuscript in a different hand.
 p. 176, l. 23. *My Armor*. MS. reads: "mine armour."
 p. 176, l. 24. *Throu' Seas*. MS. reads "The Seas."
 p. 176, l. 43. *vigilant*. MS. reads: "violent."

ACT II

SCENE I

In the manuscript, Scenes 1 and 2 of the 1685 quarto are transposed. The scene of Lucina's temptation by the lewd Women of the court was probably intended to precede the scene in which Balbus, Proculus, etc., discuss their failure in a similar attempt. The force of Lycinius' remark and Chylax's answer:

Lycin. If the Women should chance to fail too——

Chy. As 'tis ten to one.

is increased by our knowing that the women have already failed. But the importance on the stage of the reappearance of Balbus and his fellows soon after their interview with the Emperour is responsible for this change.

- p. 177, l. 24. *Nor ever shall*. MS. reads: "nor ere shall."
 p. 178, l. 14. *Council*. MS. reads: "counsell."
 p. 178, l. 16. *President*. MS. reads: "Presedent."
 p. 178, l. 28. *spleen*. MS. reads: "speen."
 p. 178, l. 33. *I never knew that way fail: yet I tell you*. MS. reads: "... way fail yet: I tell you."
 p. 179, l. 3. *a Mortal*. MS. reads: "for mortal."
 p. 179, l. 6. MS. reads:

"That stands condemn'd, his Judgement, let me perish
 But, if there can be Virtue, if that name——"

- p. 179, l. 10. *Death*. MS. reads: "Ashes."
 p. 179, l. 22. MS. reads: "If she were fat or any way inclining."
 p. 180, l. 10. *purpose*. MS. reads: "purchase."
 p. 180, l. 20. MS. reads: "To fawn on him, and bark at all besides
 True to the Budget beyond all Temptation."
 p. 181, l. 4. *Jayls and Whips*. MS. reads: "Whips and Jayls."

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p. 181, l. 15. *A Virtue that adds Fury to my Flames.* MS. reads: "Which adds this flaming fury to my Fire."

The whole of Chylax's speech from *'Tis a soft Rogue* . . . (l. 36) to the end of the scene is ruled out in the manuscript. This is the work of a later hand erasing in the interests of propriety.

SCENE 2

- p. 182, l. 17. *smoaking.* MS. reads: "smoaky."
 p. 182, l. 19. *blooming Beauty.* MS. reads: "blessed Beauty."
 p. 184, l. 28. . . . *these are twice doubled.* MS. reads: "this is quite doubled."
 p. 184, l. 29. MS. reads: "Her Tartness unto us too."
 p. 184, l. 31. MS. reads: "I rarely like, it shews a rising Wisdom,
 That chides all common Fools as dare enquire."
 p. 185, l. 30. *Virtue.* MS. reads: "Vertues."
 p. 185, l. 37. MS. reads: "The Hopes, Gifts, and everlasting Flatteries."
 p. 186, l. 22. MS. reads: "Should have a longing now to see this Monster."

ACT III

The first two scenes of the third act are also interchanged. The printed text is obviously the most satisfactory. At the end of Act II Lucina is on the stage. The manuscript text would bring her before the audience too suddenly and in too different circumstances. At the same time this transposition would make the work of the machinist far less complicated with one less shift. (Cf. *Times Lit. Sup.*, January 13th, 1921.) The interest quickens when Maximus is discovered gaging his ring to the Emperor; the tragedy darkens in the second scene, where Lucina is discover'd in the solitary grove.

- p. 187, l. 4. MS. reads: ". . . and staying will be tedious, besides."
 p. 187, l. 6. MS. reads: "Shall we redeem 'em if we set our Houses?
 For by Heaven, Sir, no Tavern will receive us."
 p. 187, l. 22. *O Good Sir.* MS. reads: "O God Sir."
 p. 188, l. 9. *de'e.* MS. reads: "d'ye."
 p. 189. *Enter Marcellina.* MS. reads: "Enter Lycias."
 p. 190, l. 1. *Go Marcellina.* MS. reads: "Lycias."
 p. 190. *Marcellina sings.* MS. reads: "Lycias sings." Lycias, the eunuch, is the singer according to the manuscript. At the actual performance there was possibly some difficulty in obtaining a castrato, which accounts for the substitution of a female singer (Marcellina) for a male.

The song by Mr. W(olseley) is omitted in the manuscript. The absence of songs in the manuscript may be explained in two ways; either that Rochester died before he had time to choose them, or

TEXTUAL NOTES

that it was left to the actors themselves to choose a song that suited them. MS. adds: "The song ended Speakes. Lycias:

"She sleeps,
Now to the flatt'ring Prospect of my Hopes;
The messenger that came to fetch my Lord
Has brought me here a note from Proculus—
Let's read a little——"

[*Reads letter.*]

"Lycias thou art the most fortunate of men, riches and honours come upon thee full sayle—what can determine thy Glory and greatness (?) The Emperour Loves thee, Longs for thy company, will delight in thee and trust thee, what an opportunity hast thou to destroy thy enemyes, delude thy friends, enrich thy self, enslave the World, raise thy kindred, Humble thy Master and Governe him; he expects Thee about the ev'ning in his Closet: faile not, and remember poore Chylax who allwayes lov'd and honour'd thee, though till this hour itt was his misfortune never to let thee know itt. Farewell !!

This is a Summons to Prosperity
And if I stop or falter at the meanes
Or think they can bee vile and infamous—
Bee what they will that may my fortunes rouse,
On Vesta's Altar for some Lambe or Calfe
May I bee burnt—a senseless Sacrifice (!)
Time hurries on, lest, therefore, dull delay
Should blast my springing hopes, I'll haste away."
(Exeunt Claudia and Lycias.)

SCENE 3

MS. omits "Dance of Satyrs." But in Tate's *Miscellany* for the year 1685 there is a piece by Sir Francis Fane entitled "A mask made at the Request of the late Earl of Rochester for the Tragedy of Valentinian." This is evidently the Masque referred to in the manuscript. It is reprinted in an Appendix on page 315 of this edition.

- p. 191, l. 12. *Desires.* MS. reads: "Desire."
- p. 191, l. 24. *a-fire.* MS. reads: "on fire."
- p. 191, l. 37. *Cause to fear.* MS. reads: "cause of fear."
- p. 191, l. 38. *While.* MS. reads: "Whilst."
- p. 192, l. 6. *It fits.* MS. reads: "It fills."
- p. 192, l. 15. *with Pride.* MS. reads: "in Pride."
- p. 192, l. 23. *it please.* MS. reads: "it pleases."
- p. 192, l. 24. *satisfie.* MS. reads: "Justifie."
- p. 192. *Lucina wakes.* MS. reads: "enter Lucina."
- p. 192, l. 25. *But see my Lady wakes and comes this way.* MS. reads: "But see my Lady guides her steps this way."
- p. 193, l. 22. *in th' absence.* MS. reads: "i' th' absence."
- p. 193. *A Ring.* A prompter's note. Omitted in MS.

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- p. 201, l. 20. *finds me.* MS. reads: "find me."
- p. 201. The song is omitted in MS. (*The Songs*) is written before: *Enter Chyl*, etc.
- p. 202, l. 13. *Lucin.* MS. adds: "Claudia," as speaker.
- p. 202, l. 24. *Song.* MS. reads: "Songs."
- p. 203, l. 12. *welcome.* MS. reads: "well come."
- p. 203, l. 15. *I had never.* MS. reads: "I'd never."
- p. 203, l. 16. *Call Emperor behind.* A prompter's memorandum omitted in MS.
- p. 203, l. 24. *Well, this gown.* MS. reads: "What, this gown."
- p. 203, l. 39. *You come not.* MS. reads: "You came not."
- p. 204, l. 3. *Warning.* MS. reads: "Warming."
- p. 204. *Ring.* A prompter's note. Omitted in MS.
- p. 204, l. 10. *Amaze.* MS. reads: "a maze."
- p. 205, l. 6. *When you believe me worthy, make me happy.* MS. reads: "you make me happy."
- p. 205, l. 9. *Ah cursed Boy!* MS. reads: "a cursed Boy!"
- p. 205, l. 29. MS. reads: "And if (by chance) odd noise should be heard."
- p. 206, l. 3. *Fever.* MS. reads: "favour."
- p. 206, l. 14. *prefer thee.* MS. omits "thee."
- p. 206. The *Ten dance* of the printed text is obviously a misprint for "The dance" or "They dance."
- p. 207, l. 1. *Lycin. How?* MS. reads: "Lycin. Ho?"
- p. 207, l. 8. *of our Trade.* MS. reads: "O' th' Trade."
- p. 207, l. 16. *Mystery.* MS. reads: "misery."
- p. 207, l. 19. *opportunities:* MS. reads: "opportunity."
- p. 207, l. 21. *After Beds of Snow* MS. adds:
- "I'll melt a Diamond
And make a dead Flint fire himself ere they
Give greater heat than new departing Embers
Affords old men that watch 'em."
- p. 207, l. 24. *of too.* MS. reads: "off."
- p. 208, l. 2. *bitter.* MS. reads: "killer."
- p. 208, l. 19. *prevails.* MS. reads: "prevailleth."
- p. 208, l. 30. *Can there be a Love.* MS. reads: "can there be Love."
- p. 208, l. 33. *Villainy.* MS. reads: "Viles."
- p. 208, l. 35. *safeties sake.* MS. reads: "safety sake."
- p. 209, l. 3. *Types of Justice.* MS. then adds:
- "These fires that ever burn—to beg your Blessing
The People's adoration—Feare of Nations
What victory can bring you home. What
Else ye usefull elements can make your servants
Ev'n Light it selfe and sun of Light, Truth,
Justice, Mercy, and starlike Piety sent to you
And from the Gods themselves," etc.
- p. 209, l. 6. MS. reads: "their Noble Maids ravisht."

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- p. 214, l. 34. *to rise.* MS. reads: "to rise by."
- p. 215, l. 7. In the MS. Maximus' speech from: *Bear me cold Earth . . . to the revenge I owe* . . . is divided into seven five-lined stanzas rhyming a b a b b.
- The seventh stanza is incomplete in the quarto. MS. reads:
- "Base note in which my Just resentment Cloggs
With ye Fantastique awe of Prince and Slave
I'll ripp him up and through his heart to th' Doggs
Not all his Power shall the wild Monster save:
Him and my shame I'll tread into one Grave."
- p. 215, l. 18. *does.* MS. reads: "much."
- p. 215, l. 20. *as good.* MS. reads: "soe good."
- p. 215, l. 25. *Despair and Shame.* MS. reads: "Despair nor Shame."
- p. 215, l. 32. *on Heav'n.* MS. reads: "'gainst Heav'n."
- p. 215, l. 42. *which may.* MS. reads: "Y^t may."
- p. 216, l. 7. MS. reads:
- "Into her House, after a world of weeping
And blushing, like the Sun-set as we see her."
- p. 216, l. 22. MS. adds:
- ". . . rushed abroad
Nature in ye last minute seem'd undone,
And Beauti's magazine Blown up and gone
Such Brightness did through dying features dash
Like burning ship extinguisht in a flash."
- p. 216, l. 32. *Grief.* MS. reads: "Griefes."
- p. 217. MS. omits "A Letter." A Prompter's note.
- p. 217, l. 4. *may.* MS. reads: "might."
- p. 218, l. 38. *Will prove.* MS. reads: "We'll prove."
- p. 219, l. 24. MS. reads: "Then thus have I given my Pleasures to destruction."
- p. 219, l. 32. MS. reads: "The World is my creature."
- p. 220, l. 6. *dead.* MS. omits.
- p. 220, l. 17. *hope or dream.* MS. reads: "hope nor dream."
- p. 220, l. 19. MS. reads: "Get your own Infamy hereafter Rascals;
I have done too Nobly for yee: yee enjoy," etc.
- p. 220, l. 42. *and am I.* MS. omits "and."
- p. 220, l. 43. *And was there but one.* MS. omits "was there."
- p. 221, l. 4. MS. reads: "this dearest Beauty."
- p. 221, l. 13. MS. reads: "Cæsar's hand."
- p. 221, l. 24. *Slave!* MS. reads: "poor Slave!"
- p. 221, l. 27. MS. reads: "The name of this *Æcius* and of *Maximus*
Runnes thro' me. . . ."
- p. 221. *Letter. He reads.* MS. omits: "He reads."
- p. 222, l. 18. MS. reads: "The Earth would swallow him."
- p. 222, l. 23. *kill the Devil.* MS. reads: "kiss the Devil."

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- p. 224. MS. omits prompter's note (*Aretus here*). At this point Aretus was meant to be eavesdropping.
- p. 224, l. 30. *to be a Traitor*. MS. reads: "to be Traitor."
- p. 224, l. 35. *must fall too?* MS. reads: "must faile too?"
- p. 225, l. 8. MS. reads: "... see your Sword out, and know why,
Must follow your Adventure."
- p. 225, l. 19. *Fools*. MS. reads: "the Foole."
- p. 226, l. 2. *poor Body*. *poor* has been inserted by a different hand in MS.
- p. 226, l. 16. MS. reads: "Live till your honesties, (as mine has done). . . ."
- p. 226, l. 18. *You'l*. MS. reads: "Yee."
- p. 226, l. 28. MS. reads: "so much of this wet weakness."
- p. 226, l. 42. *Old Æcius*. MS. omits "Old."
- p. 227, l. 19. *For the brave Æcius*. MS. reads: "For brave Æcius."
- p. 227, l. 32. MS. reads: "Come ye not now from *Cæsar* to that end?"
- p. 228, l. 15. MS. reads: "base and cowardly Companions."
- p. 228. MS. reads: "Exeunt Chil. and Balb."
- p. 229, l. 1. MS. reads: "as thou were a Soldier."
- p. 229, l. 35. *And for I see*. MS. omits "And."
- p. 230, l. 23. *Rank*. MS. reads: "ranks."
- p. 230, l. 33. *no regard*. MS. reads: "not regard."
- p. 230, l. 35. *eats*. MS. reads: "eate."
- p. 230, l. 36. *hours*. MS. reads: "honours."
- p. 230, l. 40. MS. reads: "To slaken Flattery, and plain'd over,
Forgetting with what Wind their feathers fail'd."
- p. 231, l. 5. *and I lost it*. MS. reads: "yet I lost it."
- p. 231, l. 6. MS. reads: "This is the end I dye for Sir."
- p. 231, l. 9. *that is good*. MS. reads: "what is good."
- p. 231, l. 19. *displeasing to you*. MS. reads: "displeasing you."
- p. 231, l. 28. MS. reads: "such a Dying."
- p. 231, l. 33. *Pleasures*. MS. reads: "Pleasure."
- p. 232. MS. reads: "Valentinian and the Eunuch." MSS. then omits the Emperors opening speech to Lycias and the song, "Kindness hath resistless Charms."
- p. 233, l. 30. *thy Soul*. MS. reads: "the Soul."
- p. 234, l. 2. *and Fear*. MS. reads: "of Fear."
- p. 234, l. 6. MS. reads: "To drive this raving Fool headlong to Hell
And pacify the ghost of my deare Boy!"
- p. 234. Stage directions in MS.: "(Throws him a Sword. Fight.)"
- p. 234, l. 9. MS. reads: "Give me true Repentance."
- p. 235, l. 39. *Kisses of Fame*. MS. reads: "Kisses Fame."
- p. 236, l. 11. *in so long descents*. MS. reads: "for so long descents."
- p. 236, l. 13. *If still the Great*. MS. reads: "If Y^t the Great."
- p. 236, l. 28. MS. reads: "*Lucrece* was not his Wife as thou wart."
- p. 237, l. 11. *act of Justice*. MS. reads: "effect of Justice."
- p. 237, l. 14. *Continuance*. MS. reads: "Contrivance."

TEXTUAL NOTES

p. 238. The following Epilogue, to be spoken by Lucina, appears in the 1685 quarto.

EPILOGUE.

Written by a Person of Quality.

*Tis well the Scene is laid remote from hence,
'Twould bring in question else our Author's sence.
Two monstrous things, produc'd for this our Age,
And no where to be seen but on the Stage :
A Woman ravisht, and a Great man wise,
Nay honest too, without the least disguise.
Another Character deserves great blame,
A Cuckold daring to revenge his shame.
Surly, ill-natur'd Roman, wanting wit,
Angry when all true Englishmen submit!——
Witness the Horns of the well-headed Pit.
Tell me ye fair ones, pray now tell me, why
For such a fault as this to bid me dye?
Should Husbands thus command, and Wives obey,
'Twould spoil our Audience for the next new Play,
Too many wanting who are here to day.
For I suppose if ere that hapned to yee,
'Twas force prevailed, yee said he would undo yee,
Struggling, cried out, but all alas in vain,
Like me yee underwent the killing pain.
Did you not pity me, lament each groan,
When left with the wild Emperor alone?
I know in thought yee kindly bore a part,
Each had her Valentinian in her heart.*

Notes on Appendices

p. 303.

How far are they deceived who hope in vain. This is the answer to the poem entitled: To a Lady that accused him of Inconstancy (p. 107). It was probably written by Etheredge, who wrote a poem called "Ephelia":

*Poor George grows old, his Muse worn out of fashion,
Hoarsely she sung Ephelia's Lamentation.*

In some editions the poem, here printed, is entitled Ophelia's Lamentation; or, Ephelia to Bajazet, and there are some lines added:

Think then, thou greatest, loveliest, falsest Man,
How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd, and then
My Faithless Dear, be cruel if you can.
How I have lov'd! I cannot, need not tell;
For every act has shown I lov'd too well.
Since first I saw you, I ne'er had a thought
Was not entirely yours; to you I brought
My Virgin Innocence, and freely made
My Love an offering to your noble bed.
Since when ye 'ave been the Star by which I steer'd,
And nothing else but you I lov'd or fear'd.
Your smiles I only live by; and I must,
Whene'er you frown, be shatter'd into dust.

O! can the Coldness which you show me now,
Suit with the generous Heat you once did show?
I cannot live on pity or respect;
A thought so mean wou'd my whole Love infect;
Less than your Love I scorn, Sir, to expect.
Let me not live in dull Indiff'rency,
But give me rage enough to make me Die;
For if from you I needs must meet my Fate,
Before your Pity, I wou'd choose your Hate.

p. 304.

The Encouragement. (See Explanatory Notes.)

p. 304 seq.

The poems from "An Essay on Scandal" to Ballad (p. 308), inclusive, are reprinted from the 1761 edition, as also the Ballad (p. 310) and the Song (p. 312). They are the only poems in that rare edition which resemble in any way Lord Rochester's authentic compositions. (See the Introduction to the Text.)

p. 309.

To His Mistress. This poem, for many years believed to be by Rochester, printed in the 1707 and other editions of his poetry, and attributed to him until recently in the Oxford Book of English Verse

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- and the Cambridge History of English Literature, was written by Francis Quarles. Slight variations in the text have warranted its inclusion in an Appendix
- p. 313. *The Answer.* These are the last words in the quarrel between Lord Rochester and Sir Carr Scrope. (See Explanatory Notes.)
- p. 313. *How happy Gloris (were they free).* The original version of this poem is printed on page 15
- p. 315. *Mask . . . for . . . Valentinian.* The writer of the Masque, Sir Francis Fane, is best known by his comedy *Love in the Dark* (acted at the Theatre Royal, 4to, 1675), the Epilogue to which is attributed to Rochester.
- p. 321. The five letters from the Dowager Countess of Rochester to her sister-in-law Johanna St. John are reprinted from *Lives and Characters and an address to Posterity by Gilbert Burnet . . . to which are now added Five hitherto unpublished Letters by Anne, Countess Dowager of Rochester . . . London, 1833.* "They were copied," writes the editor of the edition, "by Mrs. Chapone, mother-in-law of the celebrated authoress, from the original autograph letters, in the possession of Mrs. Meredith, grand-daughter to Lady St. John; and came by descent into the possession of Mrs. Chapone's grand-daughter, the present Miss Boyd. . . ."
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EXPLANATORY
NOTES

Notes on Poems

- p. 10, l. 9. *This huffing Honour.* In the sense of blustering and noisy.
- p. 21, l. 2. *As Nestor used of Old.* One of the most outstanding examples of Toreutic art. (Cf. *Iliad*, XI, 632.) It was pierced with golden rivets, with four handles each adorned with two gold doves. The structure of this remarkable cup was discussed from very early times. (Cf. *Athenæus*, 489, and Helbig: *Das Homerische Epos aus den Denkmälern erläutert*, p. 272.) My authority is Sandys and Nettleton's translation of Seyffert's *Dictionary of Classical Antiquity*.
- p. 21, l. 11. *I'm none of those who took Maestrich nor Yarmouth Leaguer knew.* (See note on Maestrich, p. 368.) The *Yarmouth* was a famous man-of-war, with an armament of 52 guns.
- p. 21, l. 15. *For I am no Sir Sindrophel.* Sir Sidrophel, a mock character of Samuel Butler's invention. The character was supposed to be Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoso, and member of the Royal Society, who made a great discovery of an elephant in the moon, which, upon examination, proved to be no other than a mouse which had mistaken its way, and got into his telescope. Cf. Butler's "The Elephant in the Moon," and "An Heroical Epistle of Hudibras to Sidrophel," published in 1674, and added to the Third Canto of the Second Part of *Hudibras*. "The cunning man, hight Sidrophel," who appears in *Hudibras* II, 3, 106, was designed to represent the astrologer William Lilly.
- p. 28, l. 7. *the Rooks.* Card sharppers, swindlers with special reference to gaming. Cf. Wycherley, Letter to Pope, 1705: "I am (like an old Rook, who is ruined by Gaming) forced to live on the good Fortune of the pushing young Men."
- p. 28, l. 25. *Bovy's a Beauty.* Cf. Pepys, May 21st, 1668: "One Bovy, a solicitor, and lawyer and merchant all together, who hath travelled very much, did talk some things well." Oldham mentions him in his *Imitation of Boileau*:
"Gold to the loathsomest object gives a grace,
 And sets it off, and makes ev'n Bovey please."
 Elsewhere he is called "an old battered court-fop of these times."
- p. 31, l. 12. *Foster could make an Irish Lord a Nokes,
 And Betty Morris had her City Cokes.*

The origin of both these words is obscure. Their meanings are synonymous: a simpleton, a fool, a ninny, one easily deceived. Mrs. Foster and Betty Morris were too well-known bawds, contemporaries of the more famous Mrs. Cresswell, Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Bennet, frequenters of Moorfields, Whetstone's Park,

P O E M S

- Dog-and-Bitch Yard. [Cf. Caulfield. Portraits, Memoirs and Characters of Remarkable Persons, 1813.]
- p. 31, l. 33. *Manto gown.* A cloak of Italian or Spanish design.
- p. 33. The Epistolary Essay is addressed by Lord Rochester to Lord Mulgrave.
- p. 33, l. 20. *Brittish Prince[s].* The Honourable Edward Howard's "incomparable poem" was the butt of satirists. Lord Dorset and Samuel Butler each wrote two poems against it, Waller and Denham one apiece.
- p. 35. A Satire on Man.
 "Of the Satire against Man," says Dr. Johnson, "Rochester can only claim what remains when all Boileau's part is taken away."
 The original begins:
- De tous les Animaux qui s'élèvent dans l'Air
 Qui marchant sur la Terre, ou nagent dans la Mer,
 De Paris au Pérou, du Japon jusqu'à Rome,
 Le plus sot Animal, à mon avis, c'est l'Homme.*
- Oldham made an inept translation of it. Rochester's version has merits worthy of more praise than Johnson's curt criticism expresses.
- p. 37, l. 21 *The flaming limits of the Universe.* "Flammantia moenia mundi," *Lucretius*, I, 73.
- p. 37, l. 25. *Ingelo.* Nathaniel Ingelo (1621?-1683), a Fellow of Eton, a divine, and, according to Wood, a Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, was keenly interested in music, the use of which in his small chapel in Christmas Street at Bristol caused offence but elicited a remark that has been preserved: "Take away music, take away my life." He seems to have been a mild and pious person; he was a Doctor of Divinity of Oxford and the author of a religious romance, "Bentivolio and Urania," two sermons, and a Latin hymn "Hymnus Eucharistus," that was set to music and performed at the Guildhall. Andrew Marvel addressed to him, on his leaving England as chaplain and choirmaster to Bulstrode Whitelocke, the Latin poem, beginning:
- "Quid facis, arctoi charissime transfuga cœli,
 Ingele, pro sero cognite, rapte cito!"
- p. 37, l. 26. *Patrick's Pilgrim.* Bishop Patrick wrote a poor imitation of John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* entitled *The Parable of the Pilgrim*.
- p. 37, l. 26. *Sibb's Soliloquies.* Richard Sibbs (1577-1635), a puritan divine, the son of a wheelwright, was a divinity lecturer at Cambridge, and at the end of his life perpetual curate at Holy Trinity Church in that town. The book referred to, one of an enormous list, is probably *Divine Meditations and Holy Contemplations*, 1638. Izaak Walton wrote:

"Of this blest man let this just praise be given,
 Heaven was in him, before he was in heaven."

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- p. 37, l. 38. *Ointments*. "There are actions . . . ascribed to Witches, which are ridiculous and impossible in the nature of things; such . . . their flying out of windows, after they have anointed themselves, to remote places. . . . The Witch's anointing herself before she takes her flight may perhaps serve to keep the body tenantable, and in fit disposition to receive the Spirit at its return. These things we may conceive, though I affirm nothing about them." (*Saducismus Triumphatus: or Full and Plain Evidence concerning Witches*. By Joseph Glanvil. Part I. 1681.) There were three formulas for concocting flying ointment:
- (1) Du persil, de l'eau de l'Aconite, des feuilles de Peuple, et de la suye.
 - (2) De la Berle, de l'Aconite vulgaire, de la Quintefeuille, du sang de chauvsouris, de la Morelle endormante, et de l'huyle.
 - (3) De graisse d'enfant, de suc d'Ache, d'Aconite, de Quintefeuille, de Morelle, et de suye.
- Reginald Scott (1584) supposed the ointment to be made from the flesh of unbaptized infants. [Cf. *The Witch-Cult in Western Europe*. By M. A. Murray, 1921.]
- . 38, l. 30. *Meres*. Sir Thomas Meres, M.P. for Lincoln, and in 1679 commissioner of the Admiralty.
- . 43. *On Nothing*. "Nothing" as a theme was long a commonplace. Johnson compares with Rochester's verses Passerat's Latin poem *Nihil* (1567). Two years before Passerat, Sir Edward Dyer had written a tract in prose, "The Prayer of Nothing," which had suggested a popular broadside, printed in Collier's *Book of Roxburghe Ballads* (Charles Whibley).
48. *Seneca's Troas*. Seneca the younger wrote a tragedy based on that of Euripides called the "Troades." The form Troas is properly applied to the tragedy of Q. Cicero referred to in Cicero "Ad Quintum fratrem, III, 566, 7."
- 50, l. 25. *Then a young Daughter lost*. Elizabeth ("Temperance" so named for her gentle manner), the second daughter of Charles I, died a prisoner in Carisbroke Castle in 1650 at the age of fifteen. In a short life she became extremely proficient in languages and theology.
- 50, l. 28. *Gloucester's Obsequies*. Henry, Duke of Gloucester (1639-1660), third son of Charles I. He died of smallpox in London and was buried in the vault of Mary Queen of Scots at Westminster.
- 50, l. 1. *Royal Princess fall*. Mary, Princess of Orange (1631-1660), mother of William III, renowned for her beauty and intelligence. She died of smallpox in the year of Charles II's Restoration.
- 52, l. 20. *Smiths in Sattin sing*. These and the following lines ridicule the extravagant production and success of "Psyche" by Thomas Shadwell. Duffett in a skit, "Psyche Debauched," had done the same thing.
- 52, l. 29. *Losing Loadum*. A variation of the game of cards called Loadum, in which the loser won. Cf. Congreve, *Love for Love*, I, xi:

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- “To converse with Scandal is to play at Losing Loadum; you must lose a good Name to him before you can win it for yourself.”
- p. 53, l. 2. *Fribling*. Stammering. Compare Middleton, *The Mayor of Queenborough*, 1627: “They speak but what they list of it, and fribble out the rest.”
- p. 53, l. 10. *the Great Wonder of the English Stage*. Captain Mohun (1620?–1684), a celebrated actor. He was of Killigrew’s company on the reopening of the theatres at the Restoration. He played second to Hart, but was scarcely held an inferior actor. “*Mimic his foot . . .*” The allusion, according to Genest, supposes him to have suffered from gout.
- p. 53, l. 15. *The Traytor, Volpone*. Downes praises Mohun’s performance as Volpone. *The Traitor*, by James Shirley, was revived at the Restoration, October 20th, 1674.
- p. 53, l. 17. *Rage like Cethegus, or like Cassius die*. Mohun’s performances in the parts of Cethegus and Cassius were remarkable. “Mohun’s great skill and art,” writes Steele in the *Tatler* (Nov. 26, 1709), “never failed to send me home full of such ideas as affected my behaviour and made me insensibly more courteous and humane to my friends and acquaintances.”
- p. 53, l. 32. *My Lord, Great Neptune, etc.* This is an echo of Dryden and D’Avenant’s adaptation of the *Tempest*; Act V, Scene 2, Amphitrite sings: “*My lord, great Neptune, for my sake,*” etc., and Neptune, twenty-three lines later cries: “*Great nephew Æolus, make no noise, Muzzle your roaring boys.*”
- p. 54. Lady Elizabeth Howard. “Moll” Howard. (See note, p. 378.)
- p. 55, l. 24. *Crown’s tedious Sense*. John Crowne wrote seventeen plays and *The Masque of Calisto*. The reproach of tediousness was not unmerited. Crowne’s essays in Heroic tragedy are not remarkable in any way, and often dull.
- p. 55, l. 31. *blundering Settle*.

“In vain we bid dejected Settle hit,
The Tragic Flights of Shakespear’s tow’ring Wit;
He needs must miss the mark, who’s kept so low,
He has not strength enough to draw the Bow.”

(A Satire on the Poets, in *Poems on Affairs of State*.)

- p. 55, l. 32. *puzzling Otway*. Refers to Otway’s inability to write successful comedies.
- p. 56, l. 12. *refin’d Etheredge*. Sir George Etherege, “gentle George,” a graceful figure at Court and the author of three slight but charming comedies. He outlived the frivolous adventures of Charles II’s reign, and as minister at Ratisbon for James II regretted the absence of his friends and the pleasures of a life that came suddenly to an end at Charles’ death. A letter-book, preserved in manuscript at the British Museum, records the melancholy of his thoughts and delicacy of

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- his wit in a foreign land. He was born about the year 1636 and died about the time of the Revolution. For an account of his comedy, *Sir Fopling Flutter*. (See Introduction, p. xxxviii.)
- p. 56, l. 15. *Flatman, who Cowley imitates*. Thomas Flatman (1637-1688), a poet and miniaturist, is hardly remembered to-day; his name, with many others who attached themselves to the school of Cowley, has passed into oblivion.
- p. 56, l. 17. *Lee*. Nathaniel Lee, the dramatist (1653?-1692). He drank heavily as he grew older, and finally his mind became affected. "Poor Nat Lee" was removed to Bedlam in 1684. Five years later he was released, but survived only three years, being found one night drunk and dying in the snow.
- p. 56, l. 17. *Scipio, fret and rave
And Hannibal, a whining Amorous Slave.*
- Although the plots of Lee's tragedies were mainly drawn from ancient history, he treated his authorities with complete freedom. *Sophonisba or Hannibal's Overthrow* tells the story of Hannibal's legendary passion for a lady of Capua. Lee dedicated to the Earl of Rochester his first work, the tragedy of "Nero."
- p. 56, l. 20. *In Busby's hands*. Richard Busby (1606-1695), headmaster of Westminster School. He is remembered as one of the sternest disciplinarians. The *Dictionary of National Biography* quotes an epigram on Dr. Freind's appointment to Westminster:
- "Ye sons of Westminster, who still retain
Your antient dread of Busby's awful reign,
Forget at length your fears—your panic end—
The monarch of the place is now a Freind."
- p. 56, l. 23. *hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherley*. Shadwell wrote seventeen plays. His name is coupled with Elkanah Settle's in *Absalom and Achitophel*:
- "Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse;
Who by my Muse to all succeeding times,
Shall live in spight of their own doggel rhymes."
- "Lord Rochester's character of Wycherley is quite wrong. He was far from being slow in general, and in particular wrote the *Plain Dealer* in three weeks." (Pope: *Spence's Anecdotes*.)
- p. 56, l. 24. *Shadwell's unfinished Works*. Thomas Shadwell (1642?-1692). The Earl of Rochester, in these lines, sums up the chief characteristics of "hasty Shadwell's" genius. Shadwell was a popular writer, and succeeded Dryden as poet laureate. Rochester said: "If Shadwell had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humour than any other poet."
- p. 56, l. 25. *Great proofs of force of Nature, none of Art*. Cf. Cicero, *Ad Quinten fratrem*, XI. 9-(11). 4: "Lucretii poemata, ut scribis, ita sunt multis luminibus ingenii, (non) muttæ tamen artis." Some editors place a *non* either in the first or second half of the sentence.

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- p. 56, l. 34. *Waller by Nature for the Bays design'd* (1606-1687). A poet for whom Rochester had a genuine admiration, witness Dorimant's quoting his couplets in Etherege's comedy of *Sir Fopling Flutter*.
- p. 56, l. 36. *Panegyrics*. Waller lavished his praise indiscriminately on Cromwell and Charles II, e.g. "A Panegyric to My Lord Protector, of the Present Greatness. . . ." (c. 1654.) "Upon the Death of the Lord Protector." "To the King, upon his Majesty's Happy Return." "Instructions to a Painter, 1665." Etc.
- p. 56, l. 40. *The best good Man, with the worst natur'd Muse*. Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset. "He was the finest gentleman in the voluptuous Court of Charles the Second, and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his first Master, or his contemporaries Buckingham and Rochester, without the Royal want of feeling, the Duke's want of principles, or the Earl's want of thought. It was not that he was free from the failings of humanity, but he had the tenderness of it too, which made everybody excuse whom everybody loved, for even the asperity of his verses seems to have been forgiven to: 'The best good Man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.'" (Orford, *Noble Authors*, Vol. II.) The asperity of his muse is well illustrated by the lampoons—sometimes attributed to Rochester—that he addressed to Mr. Edward Howard on his play, *The British Princes*, and on his *New Utopia*.
- p. 57, l. 1. *Sedley has that prevailing, gentle Art*. Sir Charles Sedley (1639 (c.)-1701) was educated at Wadham College, the Earl of Rochester's College, Oxford. His capacity for self-indulgence was not exceeded by the wildest of his contemporaries. The story of his standing stark naked on the balcony of a London tavern and scandalizing the attendant crowd is told by Antony Wood in his *Athenæ Oxoniensis*. Burnet says, "Sedley had a more sudden and copious wit, which furnished a perpetual run of discourse; but he was not so correct as Lord Dorset, nor so sparkling as Lord Rochester." Like Etherege, he became more serious in his old age and was active against the reigning party during the Revolution, urged, perhaps, by the dishonour brought upon his daughter, created Countess of Dorchester by James II.
- p. 57, l. 10. *a dry Bawdy bob*. "Dry bob: a blow that does not break the skin." (N.E.D.) Used figuratively to denote a taunt of a bitter nature.
- p. 57, l. 11. *Poet Squab*. A popular nickname for Dryden, who was small and plump-looking. Squab is of Scandinavian origin, meaning flabby, and is used also as a synonym for sofa or cushion.
- p. 57, l. 31. *Mustapha, the English Princes*. *Mustapha*, a tragedy by the Earl of Orrery (fol. 1667), ridiculed by Rochester in "Timon." "The English Princes," an heroic poem by Edward Howard, an inept piece of work which merited the censures of Lord Dorset, Samuel Butler, Waller and Denham.
- p. 58, l. 3. *Betty Morris*. A woman of the town, of whom little is known. "Bawdy whore" in some editions is changed to "Buckhurst's"

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- where" Possibly she is the lady celebrated by Buckhurst in his poems. [Cf. *Gent. Mag.*, 1780, p. 218.] (See note, p. 355.)
- p. 58, l. 7. *the Pur-blind Knight*. Sir Carr Scrope, whose short-sightedness was remarked upon in many contemporary lampoons.
- p. 58, l. 13. *Sheppard*. Sir Fleetwood Sheppard (1634-1698), courtier and minor poet, patronized by the Earl of Dorset. (See note, p. 392.)
- p. 58, l. 14. *Godolphin*. (1645-1712.) Sidney Godolphin, Earl of Godolphin, page of honour, groom of the bedchamber, and master of the robes. He was one of the "Chits" (Sunderland, Godolphin, "Lory" Hyde). His pastimes were gaming and horse-racing.
- p. 58, l. 14. *Butler*. Thomas Butler, Earl of Ossory (1634-1680), a favourite at Court, Gentleman of the Bedchamber, and an able diplomat.
- p. 58, l. 28. *Anstruder*. Research has not revealed the identity of Anstruder, or Anne Strudder, as the spelling runs in some editions.
- p. 60. *Mr. Greenhill, the famous Painter*. (1644?-1676.) A pupil of Lely and imitator of Van Dyck. In early life he was industrious, but in later years he came under the influence of the dissolute inhabitants of Covent Garden. On May 19th, 1676, he was found drunk in a ditch and died during the night. He was admired by Mrs. Behn, with whom he corresponded, and at his death she lamented him in verse.
- p. 62. *On Rome's Pardons*. This poem, ridiculing the assumption of the Romanists to afford plenary indulgence and complete absolution of sins in exchange for money, was printed as a broadside in 1685 (*Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 825). Rochester, at the time of the Papist plots, identified himself with the anti-Romanist party. This is the only poem of the mass of invective produced on that occasion that can be attributed to him.
- p. 62. *On the Supposed Author of a late Poem in Defence of Satire*. This was Sir Carr Scrope (see note, p. 385), who had severely criticized Lord Rochester's character in a satire beginning:
- "When Shakespear, Johnson, Fletcher rul'd the stage . . ."
- An extract is quoted in the Introduction, p. xxxii. Rochester replied with this piece of invective; Scrope had the last word, and his answer is printed in the Appendix, p. 304.
- p. 63. *Poet Ninny*. A character from Shadwell's *Sullen Lovers, or The Impertinents*; "a conceited Poet, always troubling Men with impertinent Discourses of Poetry, and the Repetitions of his own Verses; in all his Discourse he uses such affected Words, it is as bad as the Canting of a Gypsie." Nokes the actor played this part.
- p. 63, l. 23. *gentle George*. George Etheredge. (See note, p. 358.)
- p. 63, l. 33. *Nokes*. A well-known actor (died 1692), who played the part of Poet Ninny in Shadwell's *Sullen Lovers*.
- p. 64. *Monster All-Pride, or Lord All-Pride*, was Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave (see Introduction), whose pride is mentioned in many contemporary satires ("The Deponents," "The True Englishman," etc.).

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Amongst his other nicknames were "Haughty" and "King John." [Cf. "Rochester's Ghost addressing the Secretary of The Muses" in *Poems on Affairs of State*.] This poem was probably composed after Rochester's mock duel with Mulgrave, and was answered by the famous "Essay on Satire," as a result of which Dryden was beaten.

- p. 64, l. 27. *Punchinello*, i.e. Polichinello.
- p. 64, l. 32. *Smithfield's wondrous Fair* was opened by the Lord Mayor at Bartlemy-tide.
- p. 64, l. 39. *The Knight o' th' Burning Pestle*. Mulgrave was nicknamed thus on account of his "red snout thrust in the face of pretty women."
- p. 70, l. 36. *Or Daphne from the Delphick God*. The story as told by Ovid, *Metam.*, I, 452-567, is as follows: Apollo scornfully compared Cupid's weapons to the bow with which he had killed the Python; in revenge Cupid afflicted him with love. For one day he saw in a wood Daphne, daughter of the river Peneus in Thessaly, was seized with passion for her, and pursued her; when on the point of being overtaken she prayed for help and was turned into a laurel tree (δάφνη), which became Apollo's favourite tree.
- p. 74. *Busks*. Cf. Holme's *Armoury*, III, 1688: "A Busk . . . is a strong peece of Wood, or Whalebone, thrust down the middle of the Stomacher."
- p. 76, l. 29. *On Tick*. This is a very early use of the expression. The *New English Dictionary* gives the earliest reference in MSS. Add. Brit. Mus. 37999, 1642. It occurs frequently in Restoration Drama. Cf. Wycherley, *Love in a Wood*: "A poor wretch that goes on tick for the paper he writes his Lampoons on."
- p. 77, l. 21. *Halfwit and Huffle*. To huffe means to speak or conduct oneself in an arrogant and bombastic fashion. It is here used as a nickname.
- p. 77, l. 22. *Kickum and Dingboy*. To Ding, sometimes used in conjunction with huffe: "to huff and ding," in the sense of "to bounce and swagger."
- p. 78, l. 2. *A man that lov'd two women at one time*. "Après avoir promené à travers le royaume ses deux maîtresses et la reine dans le même carrosse [Louis XIV] permit à son infortunée amante de prendre la voile (1674)." "L'infortunée amante" was Louise de la Vallière who retired in favour of Mme de Montespan.
- p. 78, l. 14. *Our own plain Fare, and the best Terse the Bull Affords, I'll give you*. Terse was much used in the late seventeenth century as a synonym for claret. The origin is obscure: it may either be from the adjective terse, or from "Thiers," a wine-producing district in France. Compare Sedley, *Bellamin* (II, 1): "I am so full, I should spill terse at every jolt." And again, "He grudg'd his money for honest terse."
- p. 78, l. 16. *French Kickshaws*. Compare Lee, *Princess of Cleve*, I, 2. Poltrot sings. *O, to Bed to me, to Bed to me, etc.*
Nemours. Excellent, incomparable.

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- Pol. Why is it not, my Lord? This is no Kickshaw, there's Substance in the Air, and Weight in the Words.
- p. 78, l. 20. *Hard as the Arse of M——*. Probably the Duchess of Mazarine.
- p. 78, l. 23. *As Tool, that to fair Counters did belong*. See "Signior Dildoe," p. 128, and note to that poem.
- p. 78, l. 37. *Harris*. Joseph Harris (*fl.* 1661–1681). A well-known actor and friend of Pepys. (Cf. Genest, i, 388–9.)
- p. 78, l. 37. *Cullen's Bushel C——*. Cullen is possibly a nickname for Charles II. Compare the poem in the *Roxburghe Ballads*: "Cullen and his flock of Court Misses," which has been attributed to Rochester and printed as "Colon" in some editions. A contemporary commonplace book gives it to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.
- p. 79, l. 7. . . . *and Suckling's easy Pen*. Cf. Congreve, *The Way of the World*, Act IV, Scene 1, Mrs. Millamant reciting Suckling's verses:
- There never yet was Woman made
Nor shall, but to be curs'd.*
- And Mrs. Fainall's remark: "You are very fond of Sir John Suckling to-day, Millamant, and the Poets."
- p. 79, l. 13. *Half wit, cries up my Lord of Orrery
Oh how well Mustapha, and Zangier dye.*
- Mustapha and Zangier—two characters in Lord Orrery's *Mustapha*. "I never saw such good acting of any creature as Smith's part of Zanga." [Pepys, 11th of February, 1667–8.] (Downes gives the spelling Zanger.)
- p. 79, l. 17. "And which is worse, if any worse can be,
He never said one word of it to me."
- The Black Prince*, Act II, Scene 1, 269–270.
- p. 79, l. 20. *Got's nouns*. A variation of the oath "God's Wounds."
- p. 79, l. 21. *Etheredge*. (See note, p. 358.)
- p. 79, l. 24. Two talking Plays without one plot.
(1) *The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub*, 4to, 1664.
(2) *She Wou'd if she Could*, 4to, 1668.
- p. 79, l. 25. *Settle, and Morocco*. "The Empress of Morocco, a Tragedy, with Sculptures, as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre, 1673, by Elkanah Settle." The engravings illustrate the appearance of the Duke's playhouse in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is the first play printed with illustrations, and so great was its success that it was priced at 2s.
- p. 79, l. 27. *Whose broad-built bulks, the boyst'rous Billows bear,
Zaphee and Sally, Magadore, Oran,
The fam'd Arxile, Alcazer, Tituan.*

Settle, *The Empress of Morocco*, 1673, Act II, Scene 1.

The lines are incorrectly quoted, and should read:

"Their lofty Bulks the foaming Billows bear,
Saphee and Sallie, Mugadore, Oran, etc."

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- p. 79, l. 31. *Crown.* John Crowne was born in Nova Scotia, but came over to England early in Charles II's reign, when he was driven by his necessities to become gentleman-usher to "an old independent lady of quality." He was a prolific playwright, was protected by Rochester, who set him above Dryden, inviting him to write a masque for Court; this patronage was withdrawn when Crowne became popular (see Introduction). He was an amiable man—"Many a cup of metheglin have I drunk with little starch Johnny Crowne . . . we called him so from the stiff, unalterable primness of his long cravat," is the recollection of a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, many years after. "I think his Genius seems fittest for comedy; tho' possibly his Tragedies are no ways contemptible; all of which, in my weak judgement, his *Destruction of Jerusalem* seems the best." (Langbaine.) *Sir Courtly Nice* (1685) was his most popular play, and was acted for almost a century after his death.
- p. 79, l. 33. *Witness Pandion and his Charles the Eighth.* "I was scarce twenty years when I fancied it," Crowne wrote to Lord Chichester in the dedication of his first work, *Pandion and Amphigenia; or the Coy Lady of Thessalia*, a romance which was printed at London in 1665 in octavo. *The History of Charles VIII of France or the Invasion of Naples by the French* was acted at the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Garden, 1671, and printed in quarto the following year.
- p. 79, l. 37. *Fitting their Oars and Tackling to be gone;
Whilst sporting Waves smil'd on the rising Sun.*
Charles VIII, Act I, Scene 2.
- p. 80, l. 1. *The Indian Emperor—or the Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards.* Being the Sequel of the *Indian Queens*. By John Dryden. The Preface is the well-known *Defence of an Essay of Dramatick Poesie*, "being an Answer to the Preface of the *Great Favourite, or the Duke of Lerma*." It was acted in 1665 at the Theatre Royal, and there were nine editions of it between 1667 and 1703.
- p. 80, l. 2. *As if our Old World modesty withdrew,
And here in private had brought forth a new.*
The Indian Emperor, Act I, Scene 1.
- p. 80, l. 7. *A Laureat's head.* John Dryden was appointed poet laureate and historiographer in 1670.
- p. 80, l. 9. *Will Souches this year any Champoon drink?
Will Turenne fight him?*
(1) Ludwig Raduit de Souches, Austrian Field-Marshal. (2) Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne vicomte de Turenne, Maréchal de France, 1611-1675.
- p. 80, l. 34. *To drink Beer Glass, and hear the Hectors roar.* Beer Glass is a glass to hold half a pint. "A Silver cup . . . the Form of a Beer Glass." [Cf. *London Gazette*, 1707, 4391-3.] In the last half

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- of the seventeenth century Hectors were any band of rowdy men who haunted the London streets, and were responsible for robberies, debaucheries, or street fights. Compare Luttrell (1693): "On Sunday Night last, 3 hectors came out of a tavern in Holbourn, with their swords drawn, and began to break windows."
- p. 82, l. 42. *Cotsall Wool*. The original text prints Cotfull. Cotswold Wool. This form of the word Cotswold was not uncommon in the seventeenth century. Shakespeare mentions the famous *Cotsall games*.
- p. 83, l. 5 seq. *I view those Feet that I have seen*. Cf. *Æneid*, VII, 808-9: "Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret/gramina, nec teneras cursu laesinet austus." The original description is in Homer, *Iliad*, 20, 226.
- p. 85, l. 35. Henningham. He courted the Muses so guardedly that it was said of him:
 "His Mistress ne'er knows, so odd 'tis express'd
 Whether he means to make love or a jest."
(Poems on Affairs of State.)
- p. 85, l. 36. *Arp. Arran, Villain Frank, nay Poult'ney too*. *Arp.*—I have been unable to trace this name elsewhere—Arran. James, Earl of Arran, son of the Duke of Hamilton.
Villain Franck. Cf. "Advice in a letter to Mr. Franck Villiers," MS. Trowbesh Collection.
 "Villain Franck, well advised by a small looking-glass,
 Of his damned, disagreeable, vermin-like face."
- Poulteney. Son of Sir William Poulteney.
- p. 86, l. 1. *Hewet*. (See note, p. 385.)
- p. 86, l. 2. *Villiers*. Franck Villiers. (See *supra*.)
- p. 86, l. 3. *Howe*. John Greetham Howe (1657-1722)—the notorious "Jack How" whose name is frequently mentioned in contemporary lampoons. He was banished from Court in 1679 for slandering the Duchess of Richmond.
- p. 86, l. 3. *Brandon*. (See note, p. 386.)
- p. 86, l. 8. *What Nature wants, etc.* Cf. Juvenal, Satire, I, 79:
 "Si natura negat facit indignatio versum."
- p. 86, l. 13. *For a Bridewell fit*. In the seventeenth century Bridewell was renowned for its famous house of correction, for female offenders.
- p. 86, l. 6. *Lumley and Savage 'gainst the Pope declaim?* Richard Lumley, first Earl of Scarborough (d. 1721). A Roman Catholic and a favourite of Charles II, and a volunteer for the expedition to Tangier in 1680. Henry Savage, D.D. (1604?-1672). Master of Balliol College, Oxford, and Chaplain-in-ordinary to the King.
- p. 86, l. 15. *Ranelagh and fearful Mulgrave are preferr'd*. Richard Jones, first Earl of Ranelagh (1636?-1712), Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer.
- p. 86, l. 20. *Nell*. Nell Gwyn. (See note, p. 370.)

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- p. 86, l. 20. *sawcy Oglethorp*. The reference is probably to Sutton Oglethorpe, brother of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe. He was a royal page and, it is said, studmaster to Charles II.
- p. 86, l. 24. *James*. Duke of York and brother of Charles II.
- p. 86, l. 25. *Sunderland*. Robert Spencer, 2nd Earl (1640-1702). The most unscrupulous politician of his age. He belongs more to the reigns of James II and William of Orange than to the Restoration. (See note, p. 385.)
- p. 86, l. 26. *Halifax*. Sir George Savile. (See note, p. 392.)
- p. 86, l. 27. *patient Bardish Shrewsbury*. Francis, Earl of Shrewsbury, who died after a duel with Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. He bore patiently the perpetual misconduct of his wife, who, according to Hamilton, was "less fortunate for her conquests than for the misfortunes she occasioned, [and] placed her greatest merits in being more capricious than any other." Lord Shrewsbury was "too polite a man to make reproaches to his wife." [Hamilton.]
- p. 86, l. 28. *Charles Mordaunt*. (See note, p. 385.) Married, before he was twenty years old, Carey Fraser, the daughter of Sir Alexander Fraser of Durrin, Kincardine.
- p. 86, l. 29. *Dryden's cudgell'd Skin*. The story of "Black Will with a Cudgel" is described fully in the Introduction (p. xlii). The story is dealt with at some length by Monsieur Beljame in his book, *Le Public et les Hommes de Lettres au Dix-septième Siècle*.
- p. 86, l. 30. *Tom Thynne*. "Tom of Ten Thousand," the owner of Longleat House in Wiltshire. In *Absalom and Achitophel* he appears as Issachar—"wise Issachar," Monmouth's "worthy Western friend." He seems to have suffered from a surplus of wealth and from a lack of sense. Elsewhere he is called "Fool Thin" and a variant reading of the line in this poem substitutes "rich" for "safe." Thynne was murdered after his marriage with Elizabeth Percy in 1681, by the emissaries of Königsmark, one of his rivals in love. A contemporary epigram (1682) is worth recalling:
- "Here lies Tom Thynne of Longleat Hall,
Who never would have miscarried
Had he married the women he lay withal,
Or lain with the woman he married."
- p. 86. *The History of Insipids*. Rochester was banished from Court for this satire in 1675 and retired with Sarah Barry and her aunt to Woodstock. (See Introduction, p. xxxiii.)
- p. 87, l. 11. *Yet hath he Sons and Daughters more
Than e're had Harry by threescore.*

The recorded bastards of Charles II, although the list must be very incomplete, were: By the Duchess of Cleveland, Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Southampton and Cleveland; Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton; George Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland; Anne,
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- Countess of Sussex; Charlotte, Countess of Lichfield; Barbara, a nun. By the Duchess of Portsmouth, Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond. By Lucy Walters, James, Duke of Monmouth and Buccleugh, and a daughter. By Nell Gwyn, Charles Beauclerk, Duke of St. Albans; James Beauclerk. By Catherine Peg, Charles Fitz Charles, Earl of Plymouth. By Lady Shannon, Charlotte, Countess of Yarmouth. By Mary Davis, Mary Tudor, Countess of Derwentwater.
- p. 87, l. 22 *Caball*. The Cabal ministry succeeded the administration of Clarendon in 1672, Charles having driven that faithful politician into poverty and exile. The new ministry, Lauderdale, Ashley (Lord Shaftesbury), Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham (the first letter of each name forms the word *Cabal*), advised Charles in those schemes and alliances with France, prepared independently of Parliament, which were to bring the country to the verge of ruin. It is the subject of numerous lampoons. (Cf. *Roxburghe Ballads*.)
- p. 87, l. 23. *His very Dog*. Charles, it will be remembered, had introduced a new breed of spaniel. Wherever he went a crowd of little dogs were to be seen playing round his heels. These were always straying from his side and were advertised for assiduously. Evelyn says that "Charles II . . . took great delight in having a number of little spaniels follow him and lie in his bedchamber, where he often suffered the bitches to puppy and give suck." [4th February, 1684-5.]
- p. 88, l. 1. *Blood*. ". . . that impudent bad fellow who . . . attempted to steale the imperiale crowne itself out of the tower, pretending onely curiositie of seeing the regalia there, when stabbing the keeper tho' not mortally, he boldly went away with it thro' all the guards, taken onely by the accident of his horse falling down. How he came to be pardoned, and even received into favour, not onely after this, but several other exploits almost as daring both in Ireland and here, I could never come to understand. The man had not onely a daring but a villainous unmercifull looke, a false countenance, but very well spoken and dangerously insinuating." [Evelyn, June 10th, 1669.]
- p. 88, l. 4. *Ormond*. James Butler, Duke of Ormonde (1610-1688). "He was a man every way fitted for a court: of a graceful appearance, a lively wit, and a cheerful temper; a man of great expence; decent even in his vices, for he always kept up the form of religion . . . his constant attendance on his master, his easiness to him, and his great suffering for him, raised him to be lord-steward of the household and lord-lieutenant of Ireland." [Burnet: *History of his Own Times*.] Blood attempted to assassinate Ormonde in 1670 but failed in his enterprise.
- p. 88, l. 27. *When Opdam blew up*. The Dutch admiral Opdam was killed when his ship blew up in the great naval engagement on June 3rd, 1665. [Cf. Pepys, June 8th, 1665.]

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- p. 88, l. 31. *The Bergen Business.* The attack on Bergen on the 1st of August, 1665. (See Introduction. Letter LV. to his mother, p. 280. Also note, p. 396.)
- p. 88, l. 36. *Skellum.* i.e. a villain or a scoundrel; the cant name for a thief, used in this verse to describe the Dutch East India Fleet.
- p. 89, l. 4. *Rich Smyrna Fleets.* These were the wealthy trading vessels, which formed a part of the Dutch East India Fleet, attacked in the harbour of Bergen in August, 1665. (See letter LV.) This daring attack was undertaken by Lord Clifford against the advice of Lord Sandwich, and was the cause of much bloodshed and destruction on the British side.
- p. 89, l. 5. *Haughty Holms.* Sir Robert Holmes (1622-1692), English admiral. When Sir John Harman was made rear-admiral of the White Squadrons, Holmes, in anger, handed his commission to the Duke of York, who tore it up. Prince Rupert had tried to dissuade Holmes, but in vain: "he would do it, like a rash, proud coxcomb." Holmes was one of the Duke of Buckingham's seconds in the duel with Shrewsbury. (See note, p. 386.)
- p. 89, l. 5. *Spragge.* Sir Edward Spragge, "a merry man that sang a pleasant song pleasantly," vice-admiral of the "Blue Squadron" at the "St. James Fight" on July 25th, 1666. He was drowned in 1673 when his ship was struck by a cannon-ball. Dryden, in his "Annus Mirabilis," speaks of Spragge "as bountiful as brave, whom his high courage to command had brought."
- p. 89, l. 11. *The Dutch at Chatham.* This was in June, 1667, when the Dutch, commanded by De Ruyter and De Witt, sailed up the Medway, and, coming upon the English totally unprepared, fired many of their ships and captured the *Royal Charles*.
- p. 89, l. 18. *By taking Maestrich with our Tools.* i.e. the Duke of Monmouth; he had won renown with Condé under Louis XIV before Maestrich and the Rhine fortresses in the second Dutch War, 1672-73.
- p. 89, l. 21. *false D'Estrees.* Jean d'Estrees, French vice-admiral and marshal. (1624-1707.) He was in command of the "White Squadron" under the Duke of York at the engagement in Southwold Bay (June 7th, 1672). In the middle of the fight, instead of sailing to the help of his commander-in-chief, he stood apart with Flessingue's squadron. It is said that he was following out the commands given him by Louis XIV, "qui voulait que ses vaisseaux se tiennent à l'écart le plus possible pendant que ceux de ses alliés et de ses ennemis s'entre-détruisaient."
- p. 89, l. 23. *Was't Gromwell, Brother James or Teague.* Teague was used as a term of reproach, meaning "an unkempt Irish bog-trotter of Romanistic persuasion and Tory politics." The name was applied to Charles Talbot and to Laurence Hyde.
- p. 89, l. 25. *Robin Viner.* Sir Robert Viner (1631-1688), Lord Mayor of London. He set up a statue of Charles II in Stocks Market on May 29th, 1672. He was an intimate friend of the King and, in his capacity

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- of banker and goldsmith, was engaged in important transactions with him. He was ruined as a result of the notorious closing of the Exchequer in 1672. The death of his son and the bankruptcy sufficed to break his heart, and he died at Windsor Castle on September 2nd, 1688.
- 90, l. 4. *The French Fade.* Louise Quérrouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth. (See note, p. 374.)
- 90, l. 15. *By shutting up the Exchequer Doors.* (See note on Robin Viner *supra*.)
- 90, l. 19. *York.* James, Duke of York, brother of Charles II and, at his brother's death, James II of England.
- 90, l. 22. *Breda.* From Breda in April of the year 1660 Charles issued the famous amnesty, the first act of authority of the restored monarch, for all except those specially excluded afterwards by Parliament, which referred to Parliament the settlement of estates, and promised a liberty to tender consciences in matters of religion not contrary to the peace of the kingdom. A treaty was signed with the Dutch at Breda after their navy had sailed up the Medway on July 21st, 1667; this treaty removed the danger, but not the ignominy.
- 90, l. 31. *That false rapacious Wolf of France.* Louis XIV: his rapacity was satisfied by the weak resistance offered him by the English King, who virtually sold himself and his country into French hands after the secret treaty of Dover.
- 91, l. 1. *Preserved by wonder in the Oak.* Rochester's father, Henry Wilmot, is closely connected with this memorable escape, and was one of the few faithful Gentlemen-in-Waiting on Charles in his flight.
- 92, l. 8. *Madam Nelly.* (See note, p. 370.)
- 92, l. 11. *Madam Ross.* Tenant of the house where Nell Gwyn lodged when she was an orange-girl in London.
- 92, l. 27. *Harlot all French.* Louise Renée de Penencovet de Quérrouaille, Maid of Honour to the Duchess of Orleans, Duchess of Portsmouth, mistress of Charles II. (See note, p. 374.)
- 92, l. 29. *Cleveland.* "This lady, who makes so distinguished a figure in the annals of infamy, was Barbara, daughter and heir of William Villiers, Lord Viscount Grandison, of the kingdom of Ireland, who died in 1642, in consequence of wounds received at the battle of Edgehill. She was married just before the Restoration to Roger Palmer, Esq., then a student at the Temple, and heir to a considerable fortune. In the thirteenth year of King Charles II he was created Earl of Castlemaine in the kingdom of Ireland. She had a daughter, born in February, 1661, while she cohabited with her husband; but shortly after she became the avowed mistress of the King, who continued his connections with her until about the year 1672, when she was delivered of a daughter, which was supposed to be Mr. Churchill's, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, and which the King disavowed. Her gallantries were by no means confined to one or two, nor were they unknown to His Majesty. In the year 1670 she was created Baroness of Nonesuch, in Surrey, Countess

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of Southampton and Duchess of Cleveland. . . . In July, 1705, her husband died, and she soon after married a man of desperate fortune, known by the name of Handsome Fielding, who behaving in a manner unjustifiably severe towards her, she was obliged to have resource to law for her protection. She obtained a divorce, and lived for two more years, dying of dropsy on October 9th, 1709. Her name appears in almost all the satires of the time. She is said to have been in love with Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer. Some reference to her occurs on almost every page of Grammont's Memoirs. 'She was a woman,' says Burnet, 'of great beauty, but most enormously vicious and ravenous; foolish, but imperious; very uneasy to the King, and always carrying on intrigues with other men, while yet she pretended she was jealous of him. His passion for her, and her strange behaviour towards him, did so disorder him that often he was not master of himself, nor capable of minding business, which in so critical a time required great application.' "

- p. 92, l. 31. *The Empress Messaline.* (See note, p. 386.)
- p. 92, l. 43. *Nineveh and Jonah.* "Jonah . . . said, Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown. . . ." (*Jonah* iii. 4 *seq.*)
- p. 93, l. 4. *Heliogabalus' Sin.* "Heliogabalus not only deflowered but also married a virgin Vestal, saying it was reason that Priests should marry Nuns, because that in times past he had been Priest of the Sun." [*The Canting Academy, or Villanies Discovered.* London, 1674.]
- p. 95, l. 13. *Linsey Woolsey Bawd.* (See note, p. 381.)
- p. 96, l. 3. *Moore-Fields Author.* Moorefields was a neighbourhood famous for its brothels. Grub Street was in the Moorefields district.
- p. 96, l. 20. *Mrs. Nelly.* Eleanor ("Nell") Gwyn. (1650-1687.) Burnet speaks of her as "the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in a Court." Colley Cibber's criticism of her is less injurious. "She had less to be laid to her charge than any other of those ladies who were in the same state of preferment. She never meddled in matters of serious moment, or was the tool of working politicians; never broke into those amorous infidelities which others are accused of, but was visibly distinguished by her particular personal inclination to the King, as her rivals were by their titles and grandeur." It has been suggested that at one time she lived with the Earl of Rochester, but the suggestion is insufficiently supported by fact.
- p. 96, l. 24. *Hart.* Charles Hart (d. 1683), the actor, and one of the first lovers of Nell Gwyn, whom he is said to have put on the stage. He was a grand-nephew of Shakespeare.
- p. 96, l. 24. *Buckhurst.* Charles Sackville, sixth Earl of Dorset and first Earl of Middlesex (1638-1706).

"None ever had so strange an art
His passion to convey
Into a list'ning virgin's heart,
And steal her soul away."

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Song by Sir Carr Scrope (wrongfully attributed to Sedley) in Etheredge's *Sir Fopling Flutter*. One of Lord Rochester's brightest companions in many adventures. In later life he became more serious, was thrice regent for William III, Knight of the Garter and Lord Chamberlain, 1687-1697. His poems were published with those of his friend Sedley in 1701.

- p. 97, l. 8 *Rowley*. The King obtained the nickname of Old Rowley from that of a horse in the royal stud, which was renowned for the number and beauty of its offspring. There is a story preserved that Charles, happening to pay a visit to one of the maids-of-honour, found her singing a libellous song on "Old Rowley the King." After listening at the door, he knocked and Mrs. Howard's voice cried, "Who's there?" "Old Rowley himself, madam," replied the King, opening the door. The lady-in-waiting is variously mentioned as Mrs. Holford and as Miss Lawson. Mrs. Howard was housekeeper to the Duke of York.
- p. 97, l. 18 *seq.* *She's now the darling Strumpet of the Crowd*, etc. An old story tells how Nell Gwyn, mobbed at Oxford in mistake for her rival, the Duchess of Portsmouth, put her head out of the carriage window and cried: "Pray, good people, be civil; I am the Protestant Whore!"
- p. 97, l. 25. *Monmouth*. James, Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II by Lucy Walters, was born at Rotterdam on the 9th of April, 1649, and until the Restoration took the name of James Crofts. He was educated in Paris under the care of Thomas Ross, who later became secretary to Mr. Coventry, English Ambassador to the Court of Sweden. At the Restoration he made a magnificent début at Court, the beauty of his features and the elegance of his manners filling everyone, except the jealous *maîtresse en titre*, the Duchess of Cleveland, with amazement. But ambition inspired with an inherited talent for intrigue set him in violent opposition with his uncle, the Duke of York, whom he wished to exclude from the throne. He was often in disgrace at Court, and in 1679 Charles II, irritated by Monmouth's quasi-royal progress through the country, deprived him of his generalship and publicly declared his illegitimacy, thus exploding the legend that a marriage contract between himself and Lucy Walters was concealed in a black box. "His figure and the exterior graces of his person were such that nature perhaps never formed anything more complete. . . . He had a wonderful genius for every sort of exercise . . . but then he was greatly deficient in mental accomplishments." [Hamilton.] As a result of an ineffectual rebellion on the accession of James II, Monmouth was taken prisoner and beheaded on Tower-hill, July 15th, 1685.
- p. 97, l. 29. *Prince Perkin*. The Duke of Monmouth. Nell Gwyn is said to have called him "Prince Perkin" to his face. When the Duke replied that she was ill-bred, she retorted: "Ill-bred! Was Mrs. Barlow (Lucy Walters, his mother) better bred than I?" [*Gentle-*

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man's Magazine.] Evelyn, it will be remembered, calls him "this Perkin."

- p. 97, l. 31. *Mrs. Barlow.* Lucy Walters, mistress of Charles II and mother of the Duke of Monmouth. The succession of her son depended on his legitimacy, which was the subject for much discussion and scandal after her death. Charles declared, on oath to Bishop Burnet, that there was no marriage certificate. The story is intimately connected with the famous "Black Box" (which did not contain the marriage bond) and the "Hatfield Spirit." (See note, p. 403.)
- p. 97, l. 37. *Rymer.* Thomas Rymer (1641-1713), the author of *A Short View of Tragedy*. He composed a preface for the 1691 edition of the Earl of Rochester's *Poems*, and wrote, with poor success, a play in rhymed verse and other poems.
- p. 97, l. 40. *Oxford Prisonery.* Nell Gwyn's father died there. Many of its prisoners benefited by his daughter's generosity. She also left £20 per annum to be used for the relief of prisoners in the London gaol in Whitecross Street.
- p. 98, l. 6. *The Martyr of the Ditch.* Nell Gwyn's mother:

"The pious Mother of this flaming Whore,
Maid, Punk, and Bawd, full sixty years or more,
Dy'd drunk with brandy in a common shore."

(Etheredge, *The Lady of Pleasure*.)

Mrs. Gwyn was found drowned in a ditch at Westminster in July, 1679.

- p. 98, l. 26. *Irish Cattle.* Anno 18. Caroli II. Cap II: "An act against importing cattle from Ireland and other parts beyond the seas, and fish taken by foreigners." [Pickering, *Statutes at Large*, 1763.] The Act was enforced on February 2nd, 1666.
- p. 98, l. 28. *The Coots Black and White.* The sense of this remark is obscure, but it is related to the various proverbial interpretations of the word Coot in such expressions as: Bald, or Black as a Coot, coot being used to imply a fool or ninny.
- p. 98, l. 28. *Clanbrazil.* "Lord Bartlett . . . is come out of Ireland, and he hath brought a fine gay Lady Clanbrassill that some say is so much his owne mistress that his wife will follow Lady Lauderdale into France." [MS. letter at Belvoir Castle from Lady Chaworth to Lord Ross.]
- p. 98, l. 28. *Fox.* I have been unable to trace this lady. She was probably of Irish descent, since her name is coupled with that of Lady Clanbrassill.
- p. 99, l. 1. *Father Patrick.* Simon Patrick (1626-1707), Bishop of Chichester and Ely, and the author of an imitation of *The Pilgrim's Progress* which is mentioned by Lord Rochester in a poem (see p. 37). He was domestic chaplain to the St. Johns, Lady Rochester's family, at Battersea, and afterwards vicar of that parish.
- p. 99, l. 15. *Martin.* Martin Luther.

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- p. 99, l. 26. *He managed the Cause, as he did the Sea-Fight.* The action in Southwold Bay on June 7th, 1672.
- p. 99. *The Royal Angler.* Charles II was devoted to fishing. (See further note *infra*.)
- p. 99, l. 33. *Such was Domitian.* The real character of Domitian, emperor, A.D. 81-96, is uncertain, as the evidence consists chiefly of the encomiums of his flatterers and the violent denunciations of Tacitus, in whose opinion he was suspicious, vindictive, gloomy, timid and tyrannical; probably this is only a heightened account of the truth. The atmosphere of the last years is best described in the closing chapters of the *Agricola*, and there are illuminating stories in *Suetonius and Juvenal*, Sat. IV.
- p. 100, l. 1. *Dochet.* Datchet. A small village on the Thames near Windsor, was a favourite resort of the King, who passed many hours there fishing. "1st July, 1679. Little was done all day but going a fishing." (Henry Sidney, Lord Romney. *Diary*, I, 20.)
- p. 100, l. 6. *Gudgeons.* The poem is entitled "Flatfoot, the Gudgeon taker" in various commonplace books.
- p. 100, l. 14. *Lawson.* Daughter of Sir John Lawson and Catherine Howard. She is supposed to have preserved her innocence amid all temptations. She is mentioned constantly in the lampoons of the period as a woman offering unnatural resistance to her lovers; Sir William Musgrave considered her of "too great modesty." It is uncertain whether she was ever the King's mistress, in spite of the designs of her aunt, Mary Villiers, Duchess of Richmond.
- p. 100, l. 27. *Nell and Lory.* Nell Gwyn and Lawrence Hyde.
- p. 100, l. 30. *My Lady Mary.* Mary Villiers, Duchess of Richmond, sister of the Duke of Buckingham, took as second husband Thomas Howard. She was the aunt of Miss Lawson, and it was her endeavour to procure her niece for the King.
- p. 100, l. 32. *Old Richmond.* Lady Mary Villiers, Duchess of Richmond. (See note *supra*.)
- p. 100, l. 34. *Her Brother Buckingham.* George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham (1627-1688), whose name needs no advertisement. "The portrait of this duke," says Lord Orford, "has been drawn by four masterly hands. Burnet has hewn it out with his rough chisel; Count Hamilton touched it with that slight delicacy that finishes while it seems but to sketch; Dryden caught the living likeness; Pope completed the historical resemblance." His intrigue with the Countess of Shrewsbury was as infamous as it was of long duration. As Zimri, in *Absalom and Achitophel*, he is vividly presented as:
 "... Everything by starts, and nothing long.
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon;
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking."
 He had been imprisoned for contempt of Parliament in 1677. He

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- was released at his own request and by the influence of "the merry gang" for a month. He was pardoned, however, before the month had passed. (See note on p. xli. of Introduction.)
- p. 100, l. 38. *Dunkirk first was sold by Clarendon, and now Tangier is selling by the Son.* The Earl of Clarendon was turned out of office in 1667. One of the three chief accusations against him was the selling of Dunkirk to the French in 1662 for £400,000. Tangier was finally abandoned to the Moors, owing to the cost of its upkeep, in 1684.
- p. 100, l. 40. *A barren Queen,* etc. Katherine of Braganza bore no children to her sovereign, which was a matter of perpetual reproach at Court, where she patiently endured the confinements of her rivals, the Duchess of Cleveland and the Duchess of Portsmouth.
- p. 101. *Lais Senior.* The one of modern British race was Barbara, Lady Castlemaine, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, *maîtresse en titre* of Charles II.
- p. 101, l. 24. *Candish.* William Cavendish (known until 1684 as Lord Cavendish), first Duke of Devonshire (1640-1707), leader of the anti-court and anti-romanist party, 1666-1678, an enthusiastic horse-racer, a distinguished rake, and the builder of Chatsworth.
- p. 101, l. 25. *Henningham and Scroop.* Harry Henningham and Sir Carr Scroope. (See notes, pp. 365 and 385.)
- p. 101, l. 26. *scabby Ned.* Ned Villiers. (See note, p. 401.)
- p. 101, l. 27. *sturdy Franck.* Frank Newport.
- p. 101, l. 29. *Fockey.* The Duchess of Cleveland's lap-dog. My authority is a note in the 1731 edition.
- p. 102, l. 1. *Lais.* (See note, p. 388.)
- p. 102, l. 2. *Julia.* Daughter of Augustus and Scribonia, born in 39 B.C. and thrice married; a most notorious adulteress, she was banished to the islet of Pandateria in 2 B.C. when her father at last discovered her crimes and died, probably from starvation, in A.D. 14. (See *Tac. Ann.*, I, 53.)
- p. 102, l. 5. *Minotaurus' birth.* Pasiphaë, the daughter of the Sun and wife of Minos, was inspired by Aphrodite with love for a beautiful bull. The offspring of their union was the Minotaur. "Hic crudelis amor tauri suppositaque furto Pasiphae mixtumque genus prolesque biformis Minotaurus inest." [Cf. Virgil, *Æn.*, VI, 24.]
- p. 102. *Portsmouth.* The beauty and infamy of Louise Renée de Quérouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth and Aubigny, need no comment. In 1671 she became *maîtresse en titre* to Charles II, a position which enabled her to insinuate herself in the foreign policy of her adopted country. From the beginning she was a tool in the hands of Louis XIV, who employed her as an agent at the two secret treaties of Dover. Evelyn suggests her extravagance in this description of her rooms at Whitehall: "Following His Majesty this morning through the gallery I went with the few who attended him into the Duchess of Portsmouth's dressing-room within her bed-chamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing her, newly

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out of bed, his Majesty and the gallants standing about her; but that which engaged my curiosity was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment. . . . Here I saw the new fabric of French tapestry—for design, tenderness of work and incomparable imitation of the best painting, beyond anything I had ever beheld.

. . . Then for Japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney furniture, sconces, branches, braseras, etc., all of massive silver and out of number."

- p. 103, l. 19. *Scroggs and Jeffries*. Sir William Scroggs (1623?-1683), Lord Chief Justice, and Judge Jeffreys (1648-1689). Scroggs is remembered for the part he played during the infamous Popish plot of 1678; on the evidence of such men as Oates and Bedloe he condemned many innocent persons, expressing his extreme satisfaction at having found them guilty. Judge Jeffreys presided over the "Bloody Assizes" after the Battle of Sedgemoor.

- p. 104. *Satire for which he was banished*. This was in 1676. Rochester lay concealed in the poorer quarters of the town, and acted the part of the Astrologer on Tower Hill with phenomenal success. (See Alexander Bendo's Advertisement, p. 155, and Introduction, p. xl.)

- p. 104, l. 6. *French Fool*. Louis XIV.

- p. 104, l. 13. *Hector of France*. Louis XIV.

- p. 104, l. 13. *Cully of Britain*. Charles II.

- p. 104, l. 20. *Carewell*. The popular name for the Duchess of Portsmouth, a corruption of her French surname—Quéroutaille. A variant spelling is Carwell.

- p. 104. *Hyde*. Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon (1609-1674), Lord Chancellor. His ministry fell in 1667, and the hatred of the people drove him into exile abroad. [Cf. Marvell, *Last Instructions to a Painter*.] He died at Rouen and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He conducted the sale of Dunkirk to the French, was responsible for the ill success of the Dutch War, and was everlastingly reproached for arranging the marriage between Charles II and Catharine of Braganza. Catherine presented her master with Tangier, but with no successors, male or female; hence "*Tangiers compounder for a barren sheet*."

- p. 105, l. 7. . . . *the Stones he took*

From Aged Paul's, to make a nest for Rook.

"The Nest for Rook" was the house Clarendon built for himself in the Mall, from the proceeds, it was said, of the sale of Dunkirk to Louis XIV. The unpopularity he brought on himself by the vast sum of money spent during its erection hastened his fall from power.

"Upon His House."

"Here lie the sacred bones
Of Paul beguiled of his stones:
Here lie golden bribes,
The price of ruin'd families;

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The cavalier's debenter wall,
Fix'd in an eccentric basis,
Here's Dunkirk Down and Tangier Hall,
The Queen's marriage and all,
The Dutchman's *templum pacis*.

[A. Marvell, *Poems*.]

p. 105, l. 17. *The Wiltshire Hog*. Hyde came of a Wiltshire family; he was the son of Henry Hyde, of Dinton in the county, by that gentleman's wife, Mary, daughter of Edward Langford of Trowbridge.

p. 106, l. 4. *Sternhold and Hopkins*. Authors of the famous metrical version of the Psalms. The first edition appeared early in 1549: "Certayne Psalmes . . . drawen into English meta by Thomas Sternhold." In 1549 appeared a second edition with a supplement of seven psalms by Hopkins, who requested that his additions should not be "fathered on the dead man" because they were not "in any part to be compared with his most exquisite doinges." The British Museum has more than six hundred editions printed between 1549 and 1828.

These verses were said to have been recited extempore at Bodicote Church in the parish of Adderbury. [Cf. *Adderbury*, by H. Gepp, 1924.]

p. 106. *The King's Epitaph*. Scott, without any authority, affirms that the epitaph was made at the King's request. It has been suggested that Rochester composed it extempore, and the slight variations in the text might support this view. The most important variations occur in the first line, which has been printed:

"Here lies our Sovereign Lord, the King," etc.

Another variant of the first line, recorded by Herne, is:

"We have a pretty, witty King," etc.

As an example of the licence of editors in the early part of the eighteenth century it is interesting to note that the second line is put into a past tense in many of the editions after Charles' death, with the result that the rhyme is lost.

p. 109. *Anacreontick*. It is interesting to compare this poem with one very similar by Abraham Cowley, whom Rochester imitated.

Drinking.

The thirsty Earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks and gapes for drink again.
The Plants soak in the Earth and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
The Sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
So fill'd that they or'e flow the cup.

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The busie Sun (and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the Sea, and when h'as done
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun.
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal Health goes round.
Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I,
Why, Man of Morals, tell me why ?

- p. 110, l. 26. *Ye sacred Nymphs of Lebethra.* This is orthographically incorrect. Libethrum, an ancient town in Macedonia, was sacred to the Muses—hence Libethrides: The Muses.
- p. 110, l. 27. *Polymnia.* More commonly Polyhymnia. One of the nine Muses: her special province was the sublime hymn. Later she came to stand, like Euterpe, for lyric poetry. [Cf. Horace, Car. 1. 1. 33.]
“nec Polyhymnia
Lesbium refugit tendere barbiton.”
- p. 112, l. 43. *Tarpeia.* Tarpeia, daughter of Spurius Tarpeius, commander of the Capitol, promised to betray the citadel to Tattius, the Sabine, in return for what he and his men wore on their left arms, meaning their gold bracelets. They, however, cast on her their heavy shields under which she was crushed to death. The Tarpeian Rock on, the south-east side of the Capitol was named after her.
- p. 113, l. 7. *Semiramis.* Consort and successor of Ninus. (Cf. note below.)
- p. 113, l. 10. *Ninus.* Son of Belus, first King of Assyria, husband of Semiramis, with whom he founded Nineveh. They must both be regarded as mythical personages. Their history is related by Diodorus (ii, 1-20), who borrows his material from the mythical history of Ctesias.
- p. 113, l. 11. *The cruel Bellides.* The Danaides. [Cf. Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, 1, 73.]
- p. 114, l. 1. *Woman was made Man's Sovereignty to own.* Cf. *Paradise Lost*, Bk. IV, 299.
- p. 116, l. 4. Thetis, to prevent her son Achilles from going to the Trojan War, sent him to Scyros, where he was disguised as a maiden, and lived at the Court of the king Lycomedes.
- p. 116, l. 5. Heracles, having killed his friend Iphitus, was commanded by the Delphic oracle to live in bondage for three years. He became the slave of Omphale, Queen of Lydia, and was by her dressed in woman's clothes and made to spin.
- p. 118. *Corneilius Gallus.* “A Roman Knight, who died in the very action of his filthy lust.” [The *Canting Academy*, 1674.] A friend of Vergil. He disgraced himself in Egypt, and Vergil was compelled to cancel the end of the Fourth Georgic which had been written in his honour.

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- p. 119. *Apollo's Grief.* The story is familiar. Hyacinthus was loved by Apollo and Zephyrus. Zephyrus, jealous of his rival's success with the youth, deflected Apollo's quoit during a game so that it struck Hyacinthus and killed him instantly.
- p. 119, l. 26. *And Feasts be call'd by thy dear Name.* The festival of Hyacinthus. The Hyacinthia was celebrated at Amyclae in Sparta.
- p. 120. *Written under Nelly's picture.* This description is given in several commonplace books to Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland.
- p. 122. *Tunbridge-Wells.* The romance of this once fashionable watering-place, like that of Epsom Wells, has disappeared, but after the Restoration it became the scene of the wildest frolics, and was a favourite resort of the Court. Hamilton describes the famous visit which the Queen made in 1664. "Never did love see his empire in a more flourishing condition than on this spot: those who were smitten before they came to it felt a mighty augmentation of their flame; and those who seemed the least susceptible of love laid aside their natural ferocity, to act in a new character."
- p. 122, l. 14. *Sir Nicholas Cully.* A part in Sir George Etherege's *Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub*, created by the actor Nokes.
- p. 122, l. 15. *A Natural Nokes.* Nokes, the actor. (See note, p. 361.)
- p. 123, l. 25. *pert Bayes.* Samuel Parker, Bishop of Oxford (1640-1688). He criticized Plato, Aristotle, Descartes and Hobbes, attacked the Puritans and wrote on ecclesiastical history and political science. As an undergraduate he was "esteemed one of the precious young men in the University." His chief work was a discourse on ecclesiastical politics.
- p. 123, l. 30. *Tho' Marvel has enough exposed his folly.* Marvel had exposed it in his *Rehearsal Transpros'd* (q.v.).
- p. 123, l. 37. *silly Macks.* Contemptuous expression for Celtic Irishmen; a variant of the usual "Mac." Compare these verses (c. 1688) in *Third Collection of Poems*:
- "Who's Rid, and Impos'd on, by many a score,
Of Priests, Macks, and Footmen, his Queen and his Whore."
- p. 124, l. 6. *Mum-bacon Women.* There is no indication of the meaning of Mum-bacon in the *New English Dictionary*. It is possible that it is compounded of the verb "mumble": to chew with difficulty; and *bacon*, in which case it may be regarded as one of the earliest forms of the slang expression: "chaw-bacon." On the other hand, it may be a compound of "Mum," a kind of German beer, and *bacon*.
- p. 124, l. 29. *Cribbage.* An invention of the seventeenth century, the most popular card game after the Restoration.
- p. 127, l. 15. *a Writ of Habeas Corpus.* In spite of an article in the Great Charter, and of the Petition of Right (1627), it was not until 1679 that the energy and experience of Lord Shaftesbury succeeded in passing through both Houses (in the Upper House, it is said, by counting

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one stout nobleman as ten) the famous Habeas Corpus Act (31. Car. II. c. 2).

p. 127, l. 21.

*That Treason it should be for any,
Without a Parliament to raise a Penny.*

Charles II had increased his private exchequer by selling Dunkirk, by an annual income from Louis XIV, by the scandalous "Stopping of the Exchequer," and by embezzling various sums of money laid aside for the Dutch War.

p. 127, l. 40. *He kickt the Commons out of door.* Parliament was prorogued in April, 1671, and did not sit again until February, 1673. On January 2nd, 1672, occurred the unscrupulous "stopping of the Exchequer."

p. 128. *Signior Dildoe.* Dildoe, Dildo, or Dil Doul may be variously interpreted. Here it is used in its obscene sense. A poem in *The Cabinet of Love* supplement to the edition of Rochester's and others' poems, 1731, describes the method of employing the instrument.

The expression is found in several songs of the period, and is used euphemistically for Husband or Companionship, for example: "The Maid's complaint for want of a Dil Doul." Black letter Ballad in the Bagford Collection, 1682-3.

"But none to me ever yet proffer'd such love,
As to lye by my side, and give me a shove
With his dil doul, dill doul, dil doul."

p. 128, l. 17 *Lady Southesk.* Anne, daughter of William, Duke of Hamilton, and wife of Robert Carnegie, Earl of Southesk. She was at various times intimate with many courtiers, among whom were the Duke of York and the Earl of Falmouth. Her husband, according to Hamilton, to revenge himself on the Duke of York, went to the most infamous places to seek for the most infamous disease. His revenge, however, was only half completed, for after he had gone through every remedy to get quit of his disease, his lady did but return him his present, having no more connection with the person for whom it was so industriously prepared.

p. 128, l. 21. *Lady Suffolk.* Barbara, the daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, and widow of the Hon. Charles Wenham, was married a second time in 1650 to James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk.

p. 128, l. 23. *Lady Betty.* Lady Betty Felton, wife of Sir Thomas Playford, and daughter of Barbara Howard, Countess of Suffolk. She died suddenly the day after her mother's equally sudden death in December, 1681. She was Groom of the Stole to the Queen. "Mr. Felton has at last got my Lady Betty, and has her at lodgings in the Mall. Her parents are very disconsolate in the point, and my L^d Suffolk swears all manner of oaths never to be reconciled." [Savile Correspondence, July 8th, 1675.]

p. 129, l. 1. *The Countess of Falmouth.* Elizabeth Bagot. She married Charles Berkley, Earl of Falmouth, and, after his death, Charles Sackville, Duke of Dorset. She is described by Hamilton as the possessor of

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“that sort of brown complexion which, when in perfection, is so particularly fascinating, and more especially in England, where it is uncommon.”

- p. 129, l. 17. *The Dutchess of Modena* (1658–1718). She married the Duke of York, through the influence of Louis XIV, in 1673, and was afterwards Queen of England.
- p. 129, l. 25. *Red Howard*. Moll Howard. (See note, p. 379.)
- p. 129, l. 25. *Red Sheldon*. Presumably a woman of the Court.
- p. 129, l. 25. *Temple*. Miss Anne Temple, waiting-lady to the Duchess of York, and the second wife of Sir Charles Lyttleton. She is frequently mentioned in Hamilton's *Memoirs*, where she is described as “simple and vain, credulous and suspicious, coquettish and prudent, very self-sufficient and very silly.”
- p. 130, l. 1. *Moll Howard*. (See note, p. 379.)
- p. 130, l. 5. *St. Albans*. Henry Jermyn, first Earl (d. 1684), a courtier of Charles I and of Charles II, a patron of Abraham Cowley.
- p. 130, l. 13. *Tom Killigrew's Wife*. Charlotte, the daughter of John de Hesse. She was Killigrew's second wife; her marriage took place at The Hague on January 28th, 1654–5. She was appointed Keeper of the Sweet Coffers for the Queen in May, 1662, and first lady of the Queen's privy chamber, June 4th, 1662. [Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 20032. f. 44. quot. D.N.B.]
- p. 130, l. 17. *The Cockpit*. A private theatre in Whitehall belonging to the Crown.
- p. 130, l. 18. *Madam Knight*. A celebrated singer and rival of Nell Gwyn. Waller has a song sung by her to the Queen, and Evelyn praises the compass of her voice (1674). She was a devout Catholic, and is represented before a crucifix in a painting by Lely.
- p. 131, l. 9. *Lady Sands*. This must be Lady Katherine Sondys (baptized 1658), daughter of George, Earl of Feversham, and wife of Lewis Watson, afterwards Earl of Rockingham.
- p. 131, l. 26. *Since Reeve is turn'd Nun*. Mrs. Anne Reeve, who acted in Dryden's plays as Esperanza in *The Conquest of Granada*, Philotis in *Marriage à la Mode*, Ascanio in *The Assignation*. Dryden conceived a passion for her, but she left the stage and retired to a foreign cloister (c. 1675). Her name is often mentioned with that of Dryden: e.g. Shadwell in his *Medal of John Bayes* remarks that [Dryden's] “prostituted muse will become as common for hire as his mistress Revesia was, upon whom he spent so many hundred pounds.”
- p. 131, l. 28. *But Apollo had got gentle George in his eye*, etc. George Etherege (see note, p. 358), indolent, as they are forced to be who spend their nights and days in intercourse with their friends, hearing Rochester's voice upbraiding him for idleness, produced in a short time his best comedy, *The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter*. (See Introduction, p. xxxviii.)
- p. 132, l. 15. *Nat Lee*. (See note, p. 359.)
- p. 132, l. 24. *Ibrahim with preface torn out*. *Ibrahim the Illustrious Bassa*. A Tragedy. Acted at the Duke's Theatre, 1677. Madeleine de

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- Scudéry wrote one of her interminable romances under the title *Ibrahim, ou l'illustre Bassa*. It was first printed in 1641. [Cf. Pepys, Feb. 24th, 1667-8.]
- p. 132, l. 27. *And Bancks, cry'd Newport, I hate that dull rogue.* John Banks, or Bankes, the dramatist, wrote seven plays, chiefly on historical subjects. Two of them, *Virtue Betray'd, or Anna Bullen* (4to, 1682) and *The Unhappy Favourite, or the Earl of Essex* (4to, 1685), were very successfully produced.
- p. 132, l. 33. *Don Carlos his pockets so amply had fill'd,* etc. The reference is to Otway's return in rags from an expedition to Flanders as a cornet in a troop of cavalry. He was appointed by Lord Plymouth, who had compassion on his poverty.
- p. 132, l. 36. *Tom Essence's author.* "Mr. Thomas Rawlins, principal Graver of the Mint in the Reign of Charles I and II. *Tom Essence*, or *The Modish Wife*—a comedy. This play succeeded very well. Part of it is taken from Molière's *Le cocu imaginaire*." [Jacob's *Poetical Register*.] Rawlins wrote one other play, *The Rebellion, a tragedy*, acted in 1640. *Tom Essence* is often stated to be anonymous, and there is no very strong evidence that Rawlins was the author.
- p. 132, l. 41. *Little starch Johnny Crown.* (See note, p. 364.)
- p. 133, l. 10. *The poetess Afra.* Mrs. Aphra Behn (1640-1689), poetess, novelist and dramatist. She wrote a prologue for Rochester's *Valentinian*. (See Textual Notes, p. 335.)
- p. 133, l. 20. *his dear Madam Fickle. Madam Fickle: or the Witty false One.* A Comedy by Thomas D'Urfey, acted at the Duke's Theatre, and printed in quarto, 1677.
- p. 133, l. 24. *Tom Betterton* (1635?-1710), an actor highly esteemed by his contemporaries. He played an important part with Harris and Charles D'Avenant in the management of Dorset Garden Theatre. One of the most important men connected with the stage after the reopening of the theatres.
- p. 133, l. 31. *That he had MAID plays,* etc. The pun evidently refers to Betterton's own play, *The Roman Virgin*, adapted from Webster's *Appius and Virginia*, and acted in 1679.
- p. 138, l. 7. *T'was in a Leaf,* etc. Cf. Vergil, *Æneid*, VI, 74:
"Foliis tantum ne carmina manda
 Ne turbatur volent rapidis ludibrig ventis."
- p. 139, l. 16. *A Linsey Woolsey Gown.* The figurative sense of "Linsey Woolsey," meaning a curious medley, being neither one thing nor the other.
"A Lawless Linsey Woolsey Brother,
 Half of one order, Half another."
[Cf. Butler, *Hudibras*.]
- p. 139, l. 19. *With List for Garters 'bove her Knee,
 And Breath that smells of Firmity.*

List is a kind of felt. Compare D'Urfey, *Pills*, I, 263: "Pulls off her Garter of Woolen List." Firmity, one of many forms of the

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- word Frumenty. "A dish made of hulled wheat boiled in milk, and seasoned with cinnamon, sugar, etc." (N.E.D.)
- p. 140, l. 8. *With butter'd Hair, and fucus'd Breast.* Compare D'Urfey, *Pills* (1719): "With greasy painted faces, With butter'd Hair." Fucus was in common use in the seventeenth century as a paint or cosmetic for beautifying the skin. Compare Phillips, *Trans. Plutarch's Morals* (1691): "The Sibyl . . . uttering Sentences, altogether thoughtful and serious, neither fucus'd nor perfum'd."
- p. 144. *Julian.* Mr. Julian, in his self-elected office of Secretary of the Muses, attended Will's Coffee House and there recited lampoons which had been entrusted to him by their authors who were careful to remain anonymous. "He is described," says Malone, "as a very drunken fellow, and at one time was confined for a libel." Several "Epistles to Julian" are recorded. It is said that after his death, and that of his successor, Summerton (who went out of his mind), the lampoon fell from fashion. Thus Julian's ghost speaking from the shades remembers his career: "A knave was called a knave, a fool a fool, a jilt a jilt, and a whore a whore. And the love of scandal and native malice, that men and women have to one another, made me in such request when alive, that I was admitted to the lord's closet, when a man of letters and merit would be thrust out of doors. And I was familiar with the ladies as their lap-dogs, for to them I did often good services; under pretence of a lampoon, I conveyed a *billet-doux*; and so whilst I exposed their vast vices in the present, I prompted matter for the next lampoon."
- p. 144, l. 6. *The needy Secretary.* Mr. Julian, Secretary of the Muses.
- p. 144, l. 12. *Cup of Nants.* Brandy, distilled at Nantes on the Loire. "A tost and Ale, or perhaps, a Cup of cool Nants." [*Humours of the Town*, 1693.]
- p. 144, l. 31. *Prying Poult'ney, and of Bully Carr.* These are presumably Sir Carr Scrope and the son of Sir William Poulteney, of whom little is known save that he killed a Mr. Howard in 1682 for having committed adultery with his wife. For a note on Sir Carr Scroop, see p. 385.
- p. 144, l. 34. *Florid Huntingden and civil Grey.*
- p. 145, l. 3. *More than France, Oats, or Bedloe from the Pope.* The reference is to hearsay evidence offered to Prance and his fellow-perjurers by certain Jesuits for the incrimination of the Earl of Powis and Lord Arundell. Miles Prance, a goldsmith, Titus Oates, and William Bedloe, a clockmaker, were the movers of the famous Popish Plot, 1678-9; Lord Rochester's attitude on that occasion was strongly anti-papist, and it is expressed in his satires. Considering the mass of literature produced at that time, it is noteworthy that Rochester added little to the heap of abuse.
- p. 145, l. 4. *Thyrsis has gain'd preferment by a song.* The reference is to Edmund Waller's *The Story of Phœbus and Daphne Applied*. See *The Way of the World*, Act IV, Scene 1, where Mrs. Millamant recites the line: *Thyrsis, a Youth of the Inspir'd Train*.

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- p. 145, l. 5. *Hudibras*. On November 6th, 1677, Henry Savile sent two books to Lord Rochester, at Woodstock, with a letter in which these interesting remarks occur: "This is onely to enclose these last workes of Mr. Waller which I promised you in my last. Hee has found noe more applause from them than I doubt Mr. Butler will from a third volume of Hudubras hee has newly putt out, whereby it is humbly conceived that a muse is apt to decay towards four score as well as other mortalls. I wishe your Lordship would take the opportunity as you have formerly in your indispositions done, to shew us that five and twenty is much a better age for poetry." [Longleat MSS.] *Hudibras* was published in three parts in 1663, 1664, 1668, but in spite of its popularity its author was neglected by the Court and died in poverty (1680).
- p. 145, l. 7. *There lives a Lord*. . . . The Earl of Clarendon. (See note, p. 375.)
- p. 145, l. 18. *Hewet's Billet-doux*. Sir George Hewit, a well-known fop at Court.
- p. 145, l. 19. *her little Grace*. The Duchess of Monmouth.
- p. 145, l. 20. *May Anglesey think Bribery a Sin*. Arthur Annesley, first Earl of Anglesey, a servant of his country during twenty years, cautious, laborious (though Wood gives to his writings the epithets "smooth, sharp and keen"), filled from 1673 until 1682 the post of Privy Seal, in the fulfilment of which he secured large sums of money. He was ever careful of his own interests, but whether he was guilty of receiving bribes is open to question. In 1668 his accounts were examined but no charge was sustained.
- p. 145, l. 22. *Arlington*. Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, was a member of the Cabal ministry. The charges brought against him in 1674 are significant of his character as a politician. (1) The constant and vehement promotion of popery. (2) Self-aggrandisement and embezzlement. (3) Frequent betrayal of trust. Hamilton writes of him: "à l'abri de cette contenance composé d'une grande avidité pour le travail, et d'une impénétrable stupidité pour le secret, [il] s'était donné pour grand politique." Towards the end of his life Echard records that it was a common jest for some courtier to put a black patch upon his nose and strut about with a white staff in his hand. Arlington died in discredit on July 28th, 1685.
- p. 145, l. 22. *May Arlington his little brat despise*. "A sweete child if ever there was any," writes Evelyn in 1672.
- p. 145, l. 24. *puzzling Howard*. Edward Howard, brother of Sir Robert Howard, was the butt of some of the fiercest lampoons of the time. (See note, p. 356.)
- "Ned Howard, in whom great Nature is found,
Tho' never took Notice of till that Day,
Impatiently sat till it came to his Round,
Then rose and commended the Plot of his Play."
["Session of the Poets." *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1705.]
- Dorset's brilliant apostrophe is better known:
- "Thou damn'd Antipodes to Common-Sense."

- p. 145, l. 28. *Betty Mackrell*. Mackrell seems to be a nickname; the word is better known in French, "maquereau, maquerele"; the meaning in this case seems to be "Betty, the procuress, or the bawd"—possibly the well-known Betty Morris.
- p. 145, l. 29. *Villain Franck*. (See note, p. 365.)
- p. 145, l. 29. *Mazarine*. Hortense Mancini, Duchesse de Mazarine, niece of the Cardinal, came over to England in 1675, refused to become mistress to Charles II, but received from him a considerable pension (£4000). She was perfectly beautiful, and her talents were praised by Bayle, who writes of her: "Elle avait des charmes surprenants dans son esprit et ses manières; elle avait de l'étude; elle aimait à lire; elle se plaisait à la conversation des savants"; and by the epicure Saint Évremond, her devoted attendant, many of whose works were written expressly for her. "Madame de Mazarine," he writes, "n'est pas plus tôt arrivée en quelque lieu, qu'elle y établit une maison qui fait abandonner toutes les autres; on y trouve la plus grande liberté, on y vit avec une égale discrétion; chacun y est plus commodément que chez soi et plus respectueusement qu'à la cour. Il est vrai qu'on s'y dispute souvent, mais c'est avec plus de lumière que de chaleur; c'est moins pour contredire les personnes que pour éclairer les esprits. Le jeu qu'on y joue est peu considérable, et le seul divertissement y fait jouer." She died at Chelsea in 1699.
- p. 145, l. 35. *What upstart Fops in Julian's volumes are*. (See note on Julian, p. 382.) Julian wrote Weekly News Letters to regular subscribers in the country. In *Poems on Affairs of State* he addresses Rochester's ghost:
- "Thou who through all thy Life hast shown
A Love of Scandal equal to my own."
- p. 146, l. 5. *since Drunkenness has been Found Treason*. In 1679 the Lord Mayor made a Proclamation: "... Every Drunkard is to pay for the first offence Five shillings, and in default thereof to sit six hours in the Stocks, and for the second offence to find sureties for the good behaviour, or to be committed to the common gaol. And the like punishment is to be inflicted upon all common haunters of ale-houses and taverns, and common gamesters and persons justly suspected to live by any unlawful means, having no visible living. And no person is to continue tipling or drinking more than one hour, unless upon some extraordinary occasion, in any tavern, victualling-house, ale-house, or other tipling house, upon the penalty of ten shillings for every offence upon the master of such house; and upon the person that shall so continue drinking, three shillings and four pence.
- p. 146, l. 18. *The Queen Street lewd inhabitant*. Possibly Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, who entertained the King's mistresses at his house in Queen Street, and is known to have lost vast sums of money there to the Duchess of Portsmouth in 1671.
- p. 148, l. 9. *The Tangier Bullies*. Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, sailed for Tangier in June, 1680.

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- p. 148, l. 13. *The undiscerning and Impartial Moor.* i.e. the inhabitants of Tangier.
- p. 148, l. 20. *Sir George Hewit and Sir Carr Scrope.* These two courtiers are constantly associated together in lampoons as being lady-killers and men about town.
- p. 148, l. 28. *Shrewsbury.* (See note, p. 366.)
- p. 148, l. 33. *Plimouth.* (1657?–1680.) Charles Fitzcharles, Earl of Plymouth ("Don Carlos"), the illegitimate son of Charles II by Catherine Pegge. He married Lady Bridget Osborne, third daughter of the Duke of Leeds, in 1678, but died without issue at Tangier in 1680.
- p. 148, l. 33. *Mordaunt.* Charles Mordaunt, third Earl of Peterborough (1658–1735), admiral, general and diplomatist. (See note, p. 366.)
- p. 148, l. 38. *Frazier.* Alexander Fraser, the King's physician, and a favourite at Court. He died in 1681. Munk describes him in the roll of the Royal College of Physicians as a man whose "character was never of the highest." He appears to have had the skill of a charlatan and the graces of a courtier. With his mercury and sudorifics he spent much of his time treating the ladies of the Court for various disreputable diseases.
- p. 149, l. 3. *Lord Sunderland.* Robert Spencer, the second Earl (1640–1702), paid much attention to Charles II's mistresses (1671–2) and was sent on embassies to Madrid and Paris. His marriage with Anne Digby brought him great wealth. He is rightly regarded as the most unscrupulous and at the same time the most subtle politician of his age. His administration is anterior to the period of Rochester's life. His name is connected with Laurence Hyde, the succeeding Earl of Rochester, who became a violent rival, and William Godolphin; they were known as the "Chits." [Cf. Dryden's *Young Statesman*, sometimes attributed to Rochester.]
- p. 149, l. 3. *Godolphin.* William Godolphin, of Christ Church, Oxford. Secretary to Lord Arlington and M.P. for Camelford. He was a great favourite at Court, and was knighted on the 28th of August, 1668. It was said of him that he was never in the way, never out of it.
- p. 149, l. 3. *Chit Lory.* Laurence Hyde.
- p. 149, l. 16. *Little Worth.* Worth or Wroth was one of Monmouth's Six Life-guards: Sir Thomas Sands, Captain O'Brian, Parry, Reeves, Little Wroth, Lake. (Note in *Roxburghe Ballads*.)
- p. 149, l. 18. *Kate.* Katherine of Braganza, the Queen. (See note, p. 402.)
- p. 149, l. 26. *Tangier (like Maestrich) is at Windsor storm'd.* A reference to a curious entertainment provided by the King for the entertainment of his mistresses at Windsor, which was a mimic representation of the storming of Maestrich.
- p. 149, l. 27. *Where is he, etc.* The Duke of Monmouth. (See note, p. 371.)
- p. 149, l. 35. (*Armstrong and Vernon*). Sir Thomas Armstrong (1624?–1684), Gentleman of the Horse at the Restoration, and intimate with Monmouth. According to Burnet, "he led a very vitious life." For his part in the Rye-House Plot, Spratt describes him as "a debauch'd Atheistical Bravo." James Vernon (1646–1727), Secre-

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- tary of State. In 1672 he was appointed secretary to the Duke of Monmouth, but resigned the office in 1678.
- p. 149, l. 40. *Rosse*. Tom Ross (the spelling varies: Ross, Rosse) was the Duke of Monmouth's tutor.
- p. 149, l. 43. *Proger's Bastard*. Edward Progers, "confidant des Menus plaisirs," of Charles II, was for a time supposed to be the father of the Duke of Monmouth. It is certain that one of Progers' children bore a striking resemblance to the King, so that both Progers and his master may be said to have had fair satisfaction of one another. Progers died in 1713 on the first day of the new year from the pain of cutting four new teeth.
- p. 150, l. 1. *Brandon*. Charles Gerard, Baron Brandon, Earl of Macclesfield (d. 1694). He was an adherent of the Duke of Monmouth, and was dismissed in 1681 from his position of Gentleman of the Bed-chamber for that reason.
- p. 150, l. 18. *Buckingham*. George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham. (See note, p. 373.)
- p. 150, l. 26. *All his exploits from Shrewsbury to Le Meer*. The Shrewsbury exploit was his duel with the Earl of Shrewsbury, 16th January, 1667, as a result of which the Earl of Shrewsbury died and the Duke of Buckingham took possession of the Countess of Shrewsbury, who is said (though without foundation) to have held her lover's horse during the fight, and afterwards went to bed with him stained with her husband's blood. "His exploits at Le Meer" evidently refers to his attempt to treat for peace with the Prince of Orange which was not successful.
- p. 150, l. 30. *renowned Mazarine*. (See note, p. 384.)
- p. 150, l. 40. *Sussex, Brughill, Betty Felton*. Three women who became famous for their intrigues. Anne, Countess of Sussex, was debauched at Paris by Montague, the English Ambassador. [Cf. Savile Correspondence in MSS. Longleat, July 2nd, 1678.] (See note on Betty Felton, p. 379.)
- p. 151, l. 3. *The great Pelean Youth*. Alexander the Great. Pellean, for Alexander was born at Pella in Macedonia in 356 B.C. [Cf. Juvenal, *Sat.*, X, 168: "*Unus Pellaeo iuveni non sufficit orbis*."]]
- p. 151, l. 11. *Lewd Messaline*. Valeria Messalina, a descendant of Augustus and wife of the Emperor Claudius, who rivals Julia in reputation for licentiousness. She destroyed Silanus, a noble who rejected her advances; her undoing came with her intrigue with Gaius Silius, an ambitious aristocrat. She even devised a means of marrying him. Before he started on a journey, Claudius was warned by soothsayers that evil would befall the husband of Messalina, and accordingly he permitted a mock marriage with Silius. But before he had gone far his great freedman, Narcissus, informed him of the real state of affairs, and he returned to find them celebrating a vintage festival in riotous company. Silius was put to death at once, and Messalina was executed the next day by the orders of Narcissus, who feared that otherwise the emperor would relent [Cf. Juvenal, *Sat.* VI.]

Notes on Alexander Bendo's Advertisement

- p. 155. *Alexander Bendo's Advertisement.* Alexander Bendo's Advertisement is reprinted from the text in the 1691 edition of his poems. An advertisement, of a similar nature, prefixed to the 1710 edition of Sedley's works and entitled "Eximia Prædico," has been falsely attributed to Rochester. (*Notes and Queries*, VI, 1, 496.) The publisher of the 1711 edition of Rochester's poems insists, in his Preface, on the correctness of the version presented here.
- Quack doctors, charlatans, pedlars and astrologers were numerous in Western Europe at the end of the seventeenth century. They were able to impose themselves on the superstitious and simple-minded far into the eighteenth century. Casanova, several times a quack for his own amusement, represents in his *Mémoires* some of the frauds committed by them. It has been suggested that Rochester took upon himself the rôle of the celebrated Dutch astrologer Hans Buling.
- p. 156, l. 17. *Qui alterum incusat probri.* Plautus, *Truc.*, 1. 2. 58.
- p. 158. *Aretine's Dialogues.* *Capricciosi e piacevoli Ragionamenti di M. Pietro Aretino.* Parigi [Venezia], 1534. According to the Rev. Montague Summers, the earliest English translation seems to be *The Crafty Whore*, London, 1658. Aretine's sonnets, illustrated with the famous postures, were popular after the Restoration.

Notes on Valentinian

- p. 164. The name of Claudia, lady-in-waiting to Lucina, is misprinted among the *Dramatis Personæ* of the quarto as Celandia.
- p. 165, l. 1. *The Emperour.* Valentinian, third emperor of that name, died in A.D. 445. He was entirely given up to pleasure, and was despised at Rome for his luxury and extravagance, which were an offence to the senate. The story of the violation of the wife of Petronius Maximus is founded on history; the drama shows little divergence from facts recorded by various historians.
- p. 174, l. 23. *Nero.* Roman emperor, A.D. 54–68. He was the son by adoption of Claudius; his succession was contrived by his mother, Agrippina, to the exclusion of Britannicus, whom he later put to death, together with his mother and his wife Octavia. He committed suicide on the revolt of Vindex and Galba.
- p. 175, l. 36. *Tiberius.* Tiberius Cæsar, emperor, A.D. 14–37, was the stepson of Augustus. The chief figure of his reign was Sejanus his great minister, put to death, 31. His nature was cruel and suspicious, but probably he owes much of the discredit which is unjustly his to the genius of Tacitus.
- p. 175, l. 36. *Caligula.* Emperor, A.D. 37–41, son of Germanicus. His real name was Gaius. He ruled well for eight months; but the rest of his reign consisted of a series of monstrous crimes, till his murder by a tribune of the Prætorian Guard.
- p. 179, l. 41. *Alexander's tutor.* Alexander's tutor was the philosopher Aristotle (384–322 B.C.), whose father had been physician to King Amyntas II. He was invited by Philip in 342 to undertake the education of his son then in his fourteenth year. He accepted, and became Alexander's tutor until he came to the throne seven years later. Aristotle then returned to Athens.
- p. 184, l. 9. *A Numa or greater than Octavius.* Numa, the second King of Rome, was a Sabine of great sanctity; his reign was peaceful and devoted to the development of law and religion. He was fabled to receive advice from a nymph, Egeria.
Octavius, the first emperor, grand-nephew of Julius Cæsar, ruled from the defeat of his rival Antonius at Actium in 31 B.C. till his death in A.D. 14.
- p. 205, l. 32. *The Rape of Lucrece.* See Livy 1, 57 *et seq.*
- p. 220, l. 23. *Messalina.* (See note, p. 386.)
- p. 220, l. 23. *Lais.* Lais, the name of two famous Greek courtesans; the elder was probably Corinthian and lived in the time of the Peloponnesian War; the younger is said to have been born at Hycara in Sicily somewhat later.

Notes on Letters

- p. 252, let. II. *I wou'd make me. at the Session.* The Earl of Rochester sat in Parliament with fair regularity during the last years of his life, and served on several committees. [Cf. Lords Journal.] A speech, made by him against the succession of the Duke of York, is recorded by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in whose works it is printed. [*Works* . . . in two volumes. Printed for S. Briscoe, 1715.]
- p. 252, let. II. *Lord Lisle.* Philip Sidney, who became, in 1677, third Earl of Leicester.
- p. 252, let. III. This letter was answered by Savile on November 1st, 1677. "If your Lordship," he writes, "was as ill as you told mee in your letter, either you are a greater philosopher in bearing pain or a greater hypocrite in making it more than it is than we can ordinarily meet with in these parts. However the case stands, I was mighty glad to find a man both lame and blind could be soe merry."
- p. 252, let. III. *Sir G. H. or Sir Carr.* (See notes on George Hewit and Carr Scrope, p. 385.)
- p. 252, let. III. *For the hideous Deportment.* (See Introduction, p. xli.)
- p. 253, let. III. *the king and the D.* i.e. The king and the Duke of York.
- p. 253, let. III. *Coranto.* The French "Courante," a running dance.
- p. 253, let. III. *Rosamund's Fountain.* A fountain that stood in Saint James's Park.
- p. 253, let. III. *The best Present I can make at this time is the Bearer.* . . . Savile wrote, in answer to this letter: "I obeyed your commands to His Majesty who has heard with very great delight Paisible's new compositions, and was not lesse pleased att all the complements you bestowed upon him." [Cf. Longleat MSS.]
- p. 254, let. IV. *Manchester's flaunting it in Court.* [Cf. Savile Correspondence, Longleat MS., Nov. 1st, 1677.] "My Lord Manchester has to the astonishment of all his acquaintance a new suit, but it is black and therefore foully suspected it was left him by his sister Irwyn for mourning. Else his Majesty concludes that ceremony had been performed in the ancient russet his Lordship used to wear upon the like occasions."
- p. 254, let. IV. *this marriage.* i.e. the marriage of the Prince of Orange to Mary, daughter of James, Duke of York by Anne Hyde.
- p. 254, let. IV. *For the Libel you speak of.* It seems probable that this is the satire printed in *Poems on Affairs of State*, Vol. II, 1703: "A Satyr upon the Poets, being a Translation of the 7th Satyr of Juvenal." It contains a reference to the Earl of Rochester:

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Sedley indeed, and Rochester might write
For their own Credit, and their Friends' Delight,
Showing how far they cou'd the rest outdo,
As in their Fortunes, so their Writings too.

Savile had written: "The whole tribe [of poets] are alarumed att a libell against them lately sent by the post to Will's coffee house," and suspected that one of Rochester's guests at Woodstock was the author.

p. 255, let. v.

Adderbury. (See Introduction, p. xxvi.) After Pope had slept in the Earl of Rochester's bed at Adderbury House in 1739, he wrote these lines:

"With no poetic ardour fir'd
I press the bed where Wilmot lay,
That here he loved or here expir'd
Begets no numbers, grave or gay."

p. 255, let. vi.

Mr. Povy. Constantly mentioned by Pepys. He was First Treasurer of Tangier. Evelyn describes him as "a nice contriver of all elegancies, and exceedingly formal."
[*Diary*, Feb. 29th, 1675-6.]

p. 255, let. vi.

Your Glorious Disgrace. Savile had been banished from Court after a quarrel with Lauderdale.

p. 255, let. vi.

the Lady you wot of. . . . Savile, in a letter, dated June 4th, 1678, had related a piece of Court scandal: "My Lady Hervey who allwayes loves one civill plot more, is working body and soule to bring Mrs. Jenny Middleton into play. How dangerous a new one is to all old ones I need not tell you, but her Ladyship, having little opportunity of seeing Charlemayne [Charles II] upon her owne account, wheadles poor Mrs. Nelly into supping twice or thrice a week at W. [Chiffinch's] and carrying her with her; soe that in good earnest this poor creature is betrayed by her Ladyship to pimp against herself, for there her Ladyship whispers and contrives all matters to her own ends, as the other might easily perceive if shee were not too giddy to mistrust a false friend." [Longleat MSS.]

p. 256, let. vii.

If Sack and Sugar be a Sin. Falstaff in *Henry IV*, Part I. Act II, Scene 4, 17.

"If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved."

[Cf. Savile's answer, Bath MSS.] "... If the good gentleman who loved sack and shugar so well was soe lucky as to bring mee into your mind, I wish there were more of them, though meethinks, since the death of poor Sir Simon Fanshawe that sorte of excellent breed is allmost extinguished, or att least

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- soe farr decayed that except an old cavalier corporall that I beleeve you have seen begging in St. James's Park, there is noe more any such person than a phoenix to bee found in these parts."
- p. 256, let. VII. *Lautherdale.* Charles Maitland, third Earl, commissioner of Parliament for Edinburgh.
- p. 256, let. VII. *The Monkey we have here.* It is worth noting that one of the best portraits of Rochester, at Warwick Castle, represents him crowning a small ape with a laurel wreath. Monkeys were fashionable pets after the Restoration. (See letter from Artemisa . . . to Cloe . . . p. 30, l. 14.)
- p. 256, let. VIII. *Palaces in Leather Lane.* In Leather Lane were situate the houses of the "Mrs. Fourcards," where sudorific and mercurial treatments were undertaken by unfortunate courtiers. Henry Savile, writing on July 2nd, 1678, from "Leather Lane in Hatton Garden" (the letter to which Lord Rochester's is an answer), says: "Here I have chosen to finish the last act of a long tedious course of physic which has entertained me ever since December last. . . . I confess I wonder at myself and that mass of mercury that has gone down my throat in 7 months, but should wonder more were it not for Mrs. Roberts for behold, a greater than I, she is in the same house." (Bath MSS., Longleat.)
- p. 256, let. VIII. *Barton and Ginman.* They were attendants (skilled or otherwise is not certain) in the Palaces in Leather Lane. [Cf. Bath MSS., Longleat, June 2nd, 1678.] "As for me, writes Henry Savile, you cannot but have heard the misfortunes that have befallen both my body natural and body politic. How I have been sacrificed to that filthy dog Lauderdale and how the returns of my . . . pains have thrown me back to dry mutton and diet drink. . . . How soon, his Majesty, will deliver me from the one and Mr. Barton from the other, lies in the one's royal breast and in the other's skill chirurgical."
- p. 256, let. VIII. *Mrs. Roberts.* One of King Charles's mistresses, who for a time gave her heart to Rochester, but found that it was not in her power to hold his affections for long. "The Lady," it is recorded, "after the first indignations of her Passion subsided, grew as indifferent, and considered upon the proper means of retrieving the King's Affections. The Occasion was luckily given her one morning while she was dressing: she saw the King coming by, she hurried down with her hair dishevelled, threw herself at his feet, implored his Pardon, and vowed constancy for the Future. The King, overcome with the well-dissembled Agonies of this Beauty, raised her up, took her in his Arms, and protested no Man could see her, and not love her. He waited on her to her Lodging, and there completed the Reconciliation."

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- p. 256. *envious F*——. i.e. Fanshaw, who likewise was undergoing a course of treatment. "The other day," writes Savile (July 2nd, 1678), "Mr. Fanshaw came and made a third with us, but will have his worse pox than ours passe for the scurvy out of civility to his lady, though the rogue bee a filthier leaper than ever was cured in the gospell, and without another pool of Bethesda or another Saviour hee is the most incurable animall that now crawles upon the earth."
- p. 257, let. ix. *Your Journey to France*. Henry Savile was sent over to France "on a private concern" on July 14/15th, 1678, with Lord Sunderland. [Cf. Belvoir MSS., Vol. II, p. 52.] Ill-health prevented Lord Rochester from fulfilling his intentions of travelling abroad and of passing the winter at Montpelier, whither Savile had directed him.
- p. 258, let. xi. *The severity, you say, the D. of Portsmouth shows to me*. . . . Evidently as a result of the rumour which had arisen of her having been in part responsible for the "Rose Alley" affair. (See Introduction, p. xlii.)
- p. 259, let. xi. *Mr. Shepheard*. This is Fleetwood Sheppard, a friend of Rochester's, an important figure in the inner history of the Court. Antony Wood writes of him: "After Eleanor Quinn or Guinn had a natural son by Charles II, Fleetwood Sheppard became her Steward, and afterwards to that natural child called Charles, Earl of Burford (since D. of St. Albans), and managed all their concerns. So that by that Employment coming to the knowledge of the said King, he became one of his Companions in private to make him merry." (*Athenæ Oxoniensis*.)
- p. 259, let. xi. *Lord Halifax*. George Savile (1633-1695), brother of Henry Savile, and biographer of Charles II. He was one of the most able statesmen of his age.
- p. 259, let. xii. *the Present you sent me*. Savile had dispatched from Paris, in April, 1679, "a pott of Aigre de Cedre, and two bottles of Syrope de Capilaire, both great coolers . . . a bottle of poudre de cypre to keep the ladyes heades sweet, and a bottle of myrtle water to keep their tiales straight. . . ." The letter that is referred to by Lord Rochester is among the manuscript correspondence at Belvoir Castle.
- p. 260, let. xii. *D. H.* i.e. Duke Hamilton.
- p. 260, let. xii. *What the D. of Monmouth will effect*, etc. This refers to the Duke of Monmouth's expedition into Scotland in the summer of 1679, which resulted in the battle of Bothwell Bridge. [Cf. "On the Duke of Monmouth's Expedition into Scotland in the Summer Solstice, 1678 (*sic.* for 1679)" in Edmund Waller's Poems, Part II, 1690.] The expedition is the subject of numerous contemporary pieces, and is intimately connected with the "Jack Presbyter" lampoons.
- p. 260, let. xii. *Mr. Langhorn*. Richard Langhorn, a Counsellor-at-Law, a victim

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of Titus Oates, who accused him of possessing incriminating "Commissions." He was tried on June 14th, 1679, and condemned to death. The Popish plot, like the Dreyfus affair, stirred up all conditions of men, and more satires were written about it than about any other subject. One of the most important (reference to Langhorn occurs in the ninth stanza) is "A Narrative of the Popish Plot," printed among 180 Loyal Songs, 1685, which begins:

" Good People, I pray, give ear unto me,
A story so strange you have never been told,
How the Jesuit, Devil and Pope did agree,
Our State to destroy, and Religion so old":

- p. 260, let. XII. *Mr. P.* Possibly Miles Prance, the perjurer. (See note, p. 382.)
- p. 260, let. XII. *Your high Protestantcy in Paris.* Savile had been sent as envoy to Paris in 1679 on the return of the ambassador, Algernon Sydney. "In this capacity he seems to have exercised unwonted discretion. He sent home some valuable reports of the French Government's treatment of the Protestants during the important years preceding the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and pressed upon the English Council, with some success, the adoption of measures to facilitate the reception of Protestant immigrants into England." (*Dictionary of National Biography*.)
- p. 260, let. XII. *Mr. S.* Mr. Sheppard. (See note, p. 392.)
- p. 260, let. XII. *Sir William Coventry* (1628?-1686). "A wise and witty gentleman," an intimate friend of Pepys. Burnet speaks of him as "a man of great actions and eminent virtues, the best speaker in the House."
- p. 260, let. XII. *the unfortunate Pilgrims.* The story of the unfortunate pilgrims is told by Savile in a letter, in which he upbraids Rochester for neglecting to answer letters. "After all I will hope that there is noe more in this matter than a little idle remissnesse to our absent friends, to which God knows the frailty of our poor natures does too much expose us all, but for a mortall sinner in this kind commend mee to that stinking whelp Sheppard to whom I recommended a lady's concern three monthes since without ever having heard more of him, or her either, but that going in pilgrimage to Loretto shee with two other worthy persons of the same sex and nation, were robbed, stript of their men's cloathes, and beeing discovered to bee shee-pilgrims were layd in jayl." [Letter, dated Paris, June 30th, 1679. MSS. Longleat.]
- p. 260, let. XII. *that Fair Unfortunate.* She remains anonymous, although she is mentioned by Savile in the letter where he describes the adventure of "the unfortunate Pilgrims." "But not to entertain you," he writes, "with ladyes you doe not know, the inclosed was sent mee yesterday by one you doe know, I have not seen

her, nor heard of her till shee had need of my conveyance for this letter to your Lordship. I doubt shee is a great object of charity. I am sure shee had had mine if shee had sent for it, for I allwayes thought her one of the most unfortunate and most meritorious of all the numerous train of clean and unclean that have gone into William Chiffinch his arke or my Lord Manchester's chamber."

- p. 261, let. XIII. *Godfrey*. (See note, p. 402.)
- p. 261, let. XIII. *Black and Fair Countess*. Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland (see note, p. 369), was distinguished for her beauty; her hair was dark and her eyes were blue.
- p. 262, let. XIV. *Gyaris et carcere digna*. Juvenal, *Satire*, I, 73. *Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris aut carcere dignum*. Gyris was a desolate island in the Ægean to which prisoners were sent. Epictetus speaks of it as a type of desolation. [See also Tacitus, *Ann.* III, 68-69.]
- p. 262, let. XIV. *Mr. Baptist*. "This pretty fool the Bearer" was probably the Earl of Rochester's valet, John Baptist Bell Dosse.
- p. 262, let. XIV. *Lord S*. Viscount Stafford, who was accused by Oates of being treasurer of the Catholic Army, and by others of wishing to assassinate Charles II. He was beheaded in 1680. [Cf. *A True Narrative of the Horrid Plot and Conspiracy of the Popish Party*, by Titus Oates, 1680.]
- p. 262, let. XIV. *George Porter*. A companion of Rochester and Savile in their revelries. Savile mentions him in two of his letters (Bath MSS.), Dec. 17th, 1677: "George Porter has been here a fortnight and is allready three surfeits before you, one of spratts, one of tripes, and the third of Newarke ale. . . ." June 25th, 1678: "George Porter about a fortnight since brought a little stock of Berkshire health to tounne which he has since swilled away in tavernes, and now lyes soaking in bedd for more breath."
- p. 262, let. XIV. *Mr. Grimes*. (Robert Graham, died 1701) was a Colonel and Trappist monk. He and his brother were two of the most scandalous libertines at Court. His excesses are said to have startled London, Flanders and Paris. In the reign of James II, when the Court was at St. Germain, he was regarded as the most accomplished scoundrel of his time. After alternate fits of rioting and fasting, of drink and religion, he entered the Monastery of La Trappe, where he became one of the most ingenious and cruel self-tormentors. His death—one may call it suicide—deprived the English Court of one of its most edifying attractions.
- p. 262, let. XIV. *Lady D——'s death*. Possibly Lady Denham, whose death was caused by an infusion of poison in chocolate. Rochester's mother is said to have been implicated in this affair.
- p. 262, let. XIV. *Lady P——s and Capt. Dangerfield*. Lady Powis' husband was one of the Lords imprisoned in the Tower upon the accusation of Oates, Prance and their complices in the Popish Plot. Captain

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- p. 263, let. xv. Dangerfield was one of their assistants. [Cf. "The Examination of the Countess of Powis, in Mr. Tho. Dangerfield's particular Narrative of the late Popish Design." London, 1679.]
- p. 263, let. xv. *Mr. Oates.* The notorious Titus Oates. See p. 53 of Captain Dangerfield's narrative, "Sir James Butler owned the taking of an Affidavit of Lane about Buggery charged upon Mr. Oates." In 1674, while curate to his father at All Saints', Hastings, a similar charge was brought up by him and his father against a local schoolmaster, but the indictment was quashed and Oates was arrested in an action for £1000 damages.
- p. 263, let. xv. *I have sent you herewith a libel,* etc. The reference is to the famous "Essay on Satire," written by Mulgrave, Duke of Buckingham, which contained libellous remarks about Rochester's conduct. The result of its coming to his notice was the assault on the harmless, irresponsible Dryden. (See Introduction, p. xlii.) In a "Satire on the Poets," in *Poems on Affairs of State*, these interesting lines conclude the poem:
- "More I could say, but care not much to meet,
A Crabtree Cudgell in a narrow Street."
- p. 263, let. xv. *My own share in it.* See the Introduction for the reference to Lord Rochester in this satire.
- p. 264, let. xvi. *That I am out of favour with a certain Poet.* i.e. John Dryden.
- p. 264, let. xvi. *my Lord L[ovelace]'s generous Philosophy.* It is possible that it was not Lord Lovelace's philosophy to which Rochester referred but Lord Leicester's, which expressed itself in three words: "'tis all one." But it is difficult to reconcile these words (which were spoken in 1677 when Philip Sidney became Earl of Leicester) with Rochester's reference to Dryden and "Black Will with a Cudgell", which certainly belongs to the year 1679. I am inclined, therefore, to believe that Rochester was thinking of a particular friend and neighbour, Lord Lovelace, and a particular enemy, Lord Mulgrave. "The declining D." is the Duchess of Portsmouth, who was passing through a serious illness at that time.
- p. 264, let. xvi. *Alderman G——y.* Research has not identified this person. It may have been the courtier Godfrey. He is referred to elsewhere. [Cf. letters x and xi.]
- p. 267. *Mrs. Barry.* Rochester's mistress. The story of her life is one of the most romantic passages in the history of the Court and of the Stage under Charles II. Dryden writes of her in his Preface to Cleomenes: "Mrs. Barry, always excellent, has in this Tragedy excell'd herself, and gain'd a Reputation, beyond any Woman I have ever seen on the theatre." At one period Otway tried to engage her favour, without success. For a further account of this remarkable woman, refer to the Introduction (p. xxxiii).

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- p. 268, let. xxii. *Mrs. N——'s.* This is probably Mrs. Nunn. (See note, p. 402.)
- p. 269, let. xxvi. *Your safe delivery.* In 1677 a daughter was born to Rochester by Mrs. Barry. The child, for whom Rochester showed a real affection, lived to the age of fourteen. [Cf. Savile Correspondence, Longleat MSS., December 17th, 1677]: "The greatest news I can send you from hence is what the King told me last night that your Lordship has a daughter born by the body of Mrs. Barry of which I give your Honour Joy. I doubt she does not lie in much state, for a friend and protectress of hers in the Mall was much lamenting her poverty very lately, not without some gentle reflections on your lordship's want, either of generosity or bowels towards a lady who did not refuse you the full enjoyment of her charms."
- p. 272, let. xxxiii. *The Duke's Play-house.* This theatre was hurriedly built soon after the Restoration, when permission was given for the acting of plays. It was placed on the site of a tennis-court on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was popularly called "the Opera," from the nature of the performances given there. For illustrations of it, see the engravings to the Empress of Morocco, 1675.
- p. 280, let. lv. *De Ruyter and East India Fleet.* Michael de Ruyter, a famous Dutch admiral, was born in 1607. He was an extremely active man, and while in charge of a small fleet, sailing round the coast of England, did as much damage as the whole of the Dutch Fleet did in any of their larger engagements. He died on the 26th April, 1676, of wounds received in a fight with the French off Syracuse.
- p. 280, let. lv. *Bergen.* The naval engagement against the Dutch was fought in the harbour of Bergen in August of the year 1665; Rochester volunteered his services. (See Introduction, p. xxiii.)
- p. 280, let. lv. *Lord Sandwich.* Sir Edward Montague, born in 1625, died in action against the Dutch in Southwold Bay on May 28th, 1672. Evelyn deploras his loss: "One of the best accomplish'd persons, not onely of this Nation, but of any other. He was learned in sea affairs, in politics, in mathematics and in musiq: he had been on divers embassies, was of a sweete temper, sober, chast, ingenious, a true Nobleman, an ornament to the Court and loyal to his Prince, nor has he left any behind him who approach his many virtues. He had, I confesse, serv'd the tyrant Cromwell when a young man, but 'twas without malice, as a souldier of fortune; and he readily submitted, and that with joy, bringing an entire fleete with him from the Sound at the first tidings of his Majestie's Restauration. I verily believe him as faithful a subject as any that were not his friends." (May 31st, 1672.)
- p. 281, let. lv. *Sir Thomas Teddeman* (died 1668). English vice-admiral. In May, 1664, he commanded the *Revenge*, the ship on which

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- Lord Rochester fought at Bergen in 1665. Teddeman was on board the *Royal Catherine* at that engagement, and in the four days' fight in the following year, June 1-4.
- p. 281, let. LV. *Mr. Mountegue.* (See Introduction, p. xxiii.) This was Edward Montague [cf. *Arlington Letters*, II, 87], formerly Master of the Horse to the Queen, and brother of Ralph Montague, who took an active part in the prosecution of the Popish Plot in 1678, and at the Revolution, and who died, Marquis of Monthermer, Duke of Montague, in 1709.
- p. 281, let. LV. *Thomas Windham's Brother.* Little is known of this person. He was probably the brother of Sir William Wyndham, baronet, who is mentioned in Rochester's Will as a trustee.
- p. 282, let. LVI. *Mrs. Fourcards.* "This Lady was the proprietress of a bathing establishment, possibly a kind of convalescent home for the sufferers from the pox, where they could sweat the disease out of their system." [Cf. MS. Harleian 6913, p. 166.]
- " 'Twas Foorcard kill'd thee and not I,
O destructive Mercury! "
- p. 282, let. LVI. *Lady Anne.* The Earl of Rochester's first child, by his wife. She was baptized August 30th, 1669. She was married, first to Henry Baynton of Wiltshire, Esq., and secondly to Francis Greville, son of Fulke Lord Brook.
- p. 282, let. LVII. *Lady Warr[e].* The Earl of Rochester's mother-in-law.
- p. 282, let. LVII. *The Duchess of Richmond will lose an eye.* She was badly disfigured by an attack of smallpox in 1668.
- p. 282, let. LVII. *Dutchess of Monmouth.* "The charming Annabel" (Dryden), was Lady Anne Scott, of great fortune, only daughter of Francis, Earl of Buccleugh. She was betrothed to "Mr. Croft" at the age of thirteen; unhappiness was the only fruit of their union. "She was a virtuous and excellent lady, who brought him great riches and a second dukedom in Scotland." (Evelyn.) Pepys records the elegance of her dancing and the accident mentioned by Rochester: "Feb. 3rd, 1664-5—a masquerade before the King and Court the other day, where six women (my Lady Castlemaine and the Duchess of Monmouth being two of them) and six men . . . in vizards, but most rich and antique dresses, did dance admirably and most gloriously. God give us cause to continue the Mirth." A later entry, May 9th, 1668: "We are told that, last night, the Duchesse of Monmouth, dancing at her lodgings, hath sprained her thigh." May 15th: "The Duchesse of Monmouth's hip is, I hear, now set again, after much pain." "My Lady Duchesse of Monmouth is still lame and likely always to be so; which is a sad chance for a young lady to get, only by trying of tricks in dancing." Her husband openly misconducted himself with Lady Henrietta Wentworth at this lady's home at Toddington Manor in Bedfordshire,

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- leaving his wife to intercede for him with the King and the Duke of York. She was received by her husband in prison, coldly at first, but with more affections when his children were brought to him, "all crying about him." But in the last hours of his life Monmouth's thoughts were with the Lady Henrietta, to whom he sent his latest tokens, speaking of her with the utmost tenderness. The Duchess married again Charles, Lord Cornwallis, and died at the age of eighty-one in 1732.
- p. 282, let. LVII. *Puppy-dog water.* The urine of certain animals was valued as an ingredient in cosmetics.
- p. 283, let. LIX. *The Sad Accident of Madame's Death.* Henriette d'Angleterre, sister of King Charles II, and the subject of one of Bossuet's most magniloquent funeral orations. King James in his diary writes: "On the 22nd of June [1670] the news of the Duchess of Orleans' death arrived. It was suspected that counter-poisons were given her; but when she was opened, in the presence of the English ambassador, the Earl of Ailesbury, an English physician and surgeon, there appeared no grounds of suspicion of any foul play." [Macpherson's Papers, I. See also Appendix to *Arlington Letters*.]
- p. 284, let. LIX. *The Ranger.* i.e. the Ranger of Woodstock Park, Sir William Fleetwood.
- p. 286, let. LXVII. *Somerset.* The home of Rochester's wife's family was at Enmore in that county, where he owned estates. He seems to have visited them regularly, and in the last months of his life rode there post, but fell into a decline and was carried to his home at Woodstock to die. He was Deputy-Lieutenant of the county, and an alderman of its chief town, Taunton. There is a royal grant to his children, permitting them to navigate on the canal between Bridgwater and Taunton.
- p. 287, let. LXIX. *Blancourt.* The Earl of Rochester's attorney.
- p. 288, let. LXX. *My Aunt and my good Unkle.* Sir Walter St. John and Lady St. John.
- p. 288, let. LXXI. *Lord Willmott.* Charles, the Earl of Rochester's second child and heir. (See note, p. 399.)
- p. 289, let. LXXIII. *Cannington.* Three miles from Bridgwater in Somersetshire, and near the Earl of Rochester's estates at Enmore.
- p. 289, let. LXXIII. *The King's Evil.* Daines Barrington in his *Observations on the more ancient statutes* gives an account of a conversation he had with an old man who was supposed to have been cured, but who observed with a significant smile "that he believed himself never to have had a complaint that deserved to be considered as the evil: but that his parents were poor, and had no objection to a bit of gold." Barrington continues: "It seems to me that this piece of gold which was given to those who were touched accounts for the great resort on this occasion (Queen Anne at Oxford) and the supposed afterwards miraculous cures."

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- p. 290, let. LXXIV. *Rake Hells*. According to the *New English Dictionary* this expression was in common use from c. 1550–1725 to denote any utterly dissolute person. Cf Mackenzie, *Siege of Londonderry*, 1690: “These Rake-hells (who were the very scum of the country)” ; and *New Bath Guide* (1766): “Brother Simpkin’s grown a rake-hell, Cards and dances ev’ry day.”
- p. 290, let. LXXVI. *Newmarket*. The race-course at Newmarket was one of Charles II’s favourite resorts. Horse-racing, indeed, was the most popular pastime of the Court. It was in the town of Newmarket that a comic adventure befell King Charles. He was taken to see a woman of the place by Lord Rochester who made himself responsible for repaying her for her kindness. He disappeared, however, leaving his master embarrassed in a strange house with nothing about him except his signet ring. This he pledged, but the woman refused to accept it, seeing so rich a jewel and fearing that it was most likely counterfeit, until a goldsmith had been summoned, who immediately computed its value. Falling on his knees, he cried that nobody but the King would carry so priceless a stone, and prayed for pardon. The woman did likewise; pardon was granted, and the King was able to depart unmolested. [Cf. Hare, *History of Newmarket*.]
- p. 292, let. LXXIX. *Mr. Cary*. John Cary of Woodstock, esquire, one of the Earl of Rochester’s executors, and signatory to the Codicil of his Will. [Cf. Wills from Doctors’ Commons, Camden Society.]
- p. 293, let. LXXXI. *Dr. Wetherley*. Sir Thomas Witherley, M.D., Cambridge, 1655. Physician-in-Ordinary to the King, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians 9th April, 1677, and President, 1684–5–6–7. He was a signatory to the Earl of Rochester’s Will. He died on March 23rd, 1693–4. (Munck, *The Roll of the Royal College of Physicians*, London, 1861.)
- p. 296, let. LXXXVIII. *Charles*. Son and heir to the Earl of Rochester, was baptized January 2nd, 1670. He seems to have been a sickly child, and died prematurely at the age of twelve on November 12th, 1681; he was buried by his father’s side in the family vault at Spilsbury. “Young Lord Rochester, who although scarce ten years old, is of parts beyond twenty, and of whose life Dr. Radcliffe is hopeless.” [November 12th, 1681. Ormonde MSS., Kilkenny Castle.]
- p. 297, let. xc. *Sir John Warre*. The Earl of Rochester’s uncle and brother of Sir Francis Warre, who was present at the reading of the Earl of Rochester’s Will, July 27th, 1680.
- p. 297, let. xci. *Lord Lichfield*. Sir Edward Henry Lee of Ditchley, who married Lady Charlotte Fitzroy, natural daughter of Charles II by Barbara Villiers. He held various offices connected with Woodstock Park and town.
- p. 298, let. xciii. *The Earl of Essex*. Arthur Capel (1631–1683).

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- p. 298, let. xciv. *Dr. Pierce* (1622-1691). Master of Magdalen College, Oxford, and afterwards Dean of Salisbury.
- p. 299, let. xcv. *Letter to Doctor Burnet*. "The Earl of Rochester's letter to Doctor Burnet as he lay on his death-bed at his lodge in Woodstock Park, wrote by his own hand June y^e 25, 1680, at 12 at night." Rochester was buried at Spilsbury on August 9th, and his mother's chaplain, Robert Parsons, M.A., preached a funeral sermon, which was afterwards printed at Oxford in quarto. His Will was proved on the 23rd of February, 1680. He left four thousand pounds to each of his three daughters, one hundred and fifty pounds to a Mrs. Patience Russell, a year's wages and a suit of mourning to the servants employed by him at the time of his death. To his valet, John Baptist Bell Dosse, he gave all his "cloathes, lynnens, and other things expressed in an inventarie in his keeping." He expressed, also, a wish that there should be a "happie correspondencie betweene my deare mother and my deare wife": they were appointed guardians to his son Charles. To an infant child (possibly Mrs. Barry's daughter) he left an annuity of forty pounds. The executors were his wife, Sir Walter St. John, Sir Allen Apsley, Sir Richard How and John Cary. The Will was signed by William Fanshawe, Thomas Witherley, Robert Parsons, John Dyke, Robert Jacob. A codicil was added on June 22nd, 1680, and his valet was a signatory to it. The Will was read on July 27th, 1680, "in the presence of the right Hon^{ble} Ann Countess-Dowager of Rochester, Elizabeth Countess of Rochester and of John Cary, in the presence of Fra. Warre, Isabella Wheate, Martha Gey." [Wills from Doctors' Commons, Camden Society, 1863, p. 138.]

Notes on Appendices

- p. 304. "The Encouragement." In Michael Drayton's *Heroic Epistle of King John to Matilda* are these lines:
- "Th' Arabian bird which never is but one,
Is only chaste, because she is alone:
But had our mother nature made them two,
They would have done as Doves and Sparrows do."
- My attention was drawn to this plagiarism by the article on Drayton in *Biographia Britannica*, Volume III, 1750 (q.v.).
- p. 305, l. 20. *Swan*. "This gentleman, who was as great a gambler as a punster, regaled with his quibbles the minor class of the frequenters of Will's coffee house, who, having neither wit enough to entitle them to mix with the critics who associated with Dryden, and were called 'The Witty Club,' or gravity enough to discuss politics with those who formed the Grave Club, were content to laugh heartily at the puns and conundrums of Captain Swan." [Note, p. 97, Vol. XIII, Dryden's *Works*, 1808.]
- p. 305, l. 20. *Chevins* [1602?–1688]. This is the notorious William Chiffinch, confidant of the King's amours, and scandalmonger of the "backstairs." He was a Page of the Bedchamber, Keeper of the King's Private Closet, and receiver of His Majesty's French Pension. Pepys frequently mentions him, and on one occasion was taken to see "a great variety of brave pictures in the King's closet which Chiffinch knew how to commend," and sometimes they held together a revel "over wines and pickled herring or cold chickens." Like May, he had considerable sums of money passing through his hands. There are more than fifty entries to his name in the Secret Service list of the reigns of Charles II and James I. "Purchase of wines, presents of hawks, payment for flowers, red coats for falconers, paving Windsor, curious clocks, dog kennels, pump work and water carriage in Hyde Park" are some of the items paid for by him. Altogether more than £14,000 was handed over to him.
- p. 305, l. 21. *Mrs. Villiers*. Elizabeth, Countess of Orkney (1657–1733), sister of "Ned" Villiers, first Earl of Jersey, envoy in Holland and at Paris, accompanied Princess Mary to Paris as lady-in-waiting in 1677. [Cf. Savile's Letters, Bath MSS.] She became mistress of the Prince of Orange. She outlived this period by many years, her days being fully occupied with political intrigues.
- p. 305, l. 43. *Buckhurst's private, artful Whore*. Nell Gwyn, who was Buckhurst's mistress after her intrigue with Charles Hart, the actor. Buckhurst removed her from the Theatre Royal, according to Pepys, on July 13th,

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- 1667, and kept "merry house" with her at Epsom, but is said to have cut her off a month later, August 26th, when Hart's former admiration also turned to hatred.
- p. 306, l. 5. *Let him remain in Otway's care.* Nell Gwyn's son, Charles Beauclerk, whose tutor was Sir Fleetwood Sheppard, is said to have had part of his education entrusted to Otway.
- p. 306, l. 15. *And she fleering in thy face.* i.e. laughing coarsely or scornfully. The word is of Scandinavian origin. (N.E.D.)
- p. 306, l. 21. *Mall Hinton* was a well-known woman of the town.
- p. 306, l. 24. *Dryden not mouze a whore.* I am uncertain whether this refers to Dryden's love-affair with the actress Reeve (see note, p. 380), or whether it is simply abusive and untrue.
- p. 306, l. 27. *Tartar Cox.* Miss Cox was a woman of the Town: little is recorded of her. She may have been the actress who played in Dryden's *Marriage à la Mode*.
- p. 307, l. 3. *Old Portugal Kate.* Katharine of Braganza (1638-1705) was married to Charles II on May 21, 1661. She took little part in either the political or social life of the times, but endured much at the hands of the King and of his favourites. Like Patience on a monument, she taught herself to suffer in silence and with discretion, and Pepys relates that she never entered her dressing-room without warning, for fear of surprising her consort in the arms of her waiting women. She was a devoted tea drinker, and her tastes were simple, though possibly dowdy. "Though not overcharming," writes Pepys, "she had a good modest and innocent look." She died of colic, while Regent of Portugal, on the last day of the year 1705.
- p. 307, l. 6. *Godfrey's Crane.* Arabella Churchill. (See note, p. 403.) She had a scraggy neck and long legs, and resembled a crane. She married Charles Godfrey.
- p. 307, l. 7. *Aunt Nunn.* Madam Nunn, an attendant on Queen Catherine, and sister of the celebrated Mr. Chiffinch. (See note, p. 401.) Pepys met her at dinner 26th May, 1669.
- p. 307, l. 17. *Villiers.* (See note, p. 401.)
- p. 307, l. 21. *Godolphin.* (See note, p. 385.)
- p. 307, l. 25. *Temple.* (See note, p. 380.)
- p. 307, l. 30. *Chiffinch.* (See note, p. 401.)
- p. 308, l. 5. *Modest Betty.* Betty Felton. (See note, p. 379.)
- p. 308, l. 17. *Little Jockey.* (See note, p. 374.)
- p. 308, l. 21. *More able than Dragon, than Darcey or Gee.* These names seem to refer to race-horses, the training of which was the pastime of many noblemen and of the King himself. Charles was often at Newmarket (see note, p. 399) for the horse-races. At Woodstock races on September 16th, 1679, Lord Rochester won the Woodstock Plate (Lord Anglesey's Diary).
- p. 310. *The Tune of an old Man with a Bedfull of Bones.* This is the same tune as "Cock Lorrel," or "Cook Lawrel." It is given this title in *The Dancing Master*. "An Old Man is a bed full of Bones,"
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- from a song in Rowley's *A Match at Midnight*. [Chappell, *Popular Music*, I, 160.]
- p. 310, l. 7. *Whetstone's Park* "is a narrow roadway between the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields and the south side of Holborn, named after William Whetstone, tobacconist and overseer of the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields in Charles I reign and during the Commonwealth." (Wheatley.) "An unsavoury neighbourhood, now elevated into a mews, but formerly notorious for the Doll Tearsheet Sisterhood." [Note to the *Roxburghe Ballads*.]
- p. 310, l. 11. *Tetuan*. The only open port of Morocco on the Mediterranean.
- p. 310, l. 17. *A lady fair, who from Dunhill was rais'd to a player*. Nell Gwyn, whose origin is somewhat uncertain. (See note, p. 370.)
- p. 311, l. 11. *The Tartar*. i.e. Miss Cox, to whom this epithet was regularly applied.
- p. 312, l. 7. *Richmond*. Frances Stuart, Duchess of Richmond ("La Belle Stuart"), one of the most celebrated women at the Court, renowned for her beauty and love of intrigue. She refused to become a Royal Mistress, and eloped with the Duke of Richmond. Pepys and Hamilton record many of the events in her life.
- p. 312, l. 11. *Mistress Bulkley*. Lady Sophia Bulkley, sister of "La Belle Stewart" and wife of the Honourable Henry Bulkley, Master of the Household. Saint Évremond writes of her: "[Elle] faisoit la Prude, et affectoit de paraître dévote quoi-qu'elle ne fut point ennemi de la galanterie."
- p. 312, l. 12. *Godolphin*. (See note, p. 361.)
- p. 312, l. 13. *Arundell*. She is mentioned as one of the courtesans of Whitehall in "Rochester's Ghost." [*Poems on Affairs of State*.]
- "And here, would time permit me, I could tell,
Of Cleveland, Portsmouth, Crofts and Arundel,
Moll Howard, Sussex, Lady Grey and Nel,
Strangers to good, but bosom friends to Ill,
As boundless in their Lusts as in their Will."
- p. 312, l. 23. *Hatfield Spirit*. During the quarrel for the succession between Monmouth and York, the ghost of Lucy Barlow, Monmouth's mother, is said to have appeared to a virtuous lady at Hatfield and declared the legitimacy of her son and the existence, in the famous "Black Box", of her marriage contract with Charles II.
- p. 313, l. 4. *Her great Prince*. i.e. The Duke of York.
- p. 313, l. 31. *Churchill*. Miss Arabella Churchill (1648-1730), mistress of the Duke of York, to whom she bore three children. She afterwards married Charles Godfrey, Esq., Clerk-Comptroller of the Green Cloth and master of the Jewel Office. She was Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York. Hamilton says she was a "tall creature, pale-faced, and nothing but skin and bone," but adds to his description a story of her falling from a horse, from which we are to infer that the lack of beauty in the face was compensated by the unexpected attractions of her legs.

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p. 322, l. II. *Asses Milk.* Venereal disorders were treated by administering the milk of an ass that had been subjected to inunctions of mercury. The object of this curious method was to give the patient the advantages of mercurial injection without the dangers attendant on its direct application. Casanova in his *Mémoires* is somewhat sceptical about the efficacy of this treatment.

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